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CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memory of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman; containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman; of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of his surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befall him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.



ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and put him on to perform a very curious mission in Salisbury. He meets him, and finds that Manning is still mixed up in his affairs as an enemy. Among other things he steals his horse.

CHAPTER XII.

I TAKE THE ROAD UPON MY OWN ACCOUNT.

SURE enough, next morning the ostler brought to the door a handsome roan mare, fully equipped. Upon putting her through her paces and look-

ing her over, Jacobus and I, both professed horse-copers, found her to all appearance sound: and after returning the amount of his bond to the



landlord, we set forth. We rode along the coast together so far as Charmouth, where our roads parted: Jacobus travelling north-east by Sherborne and Frome to Compton Chamberlayn, in Wiltshire; while my route lay further south through Bridport, Dorchester, Blandford, and Cranborne Chase to Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, where dwelt Mr. William Jenkins, Captain of the Hampshire contingent. Jacobus had near upon seven leagues further to ride than I: while Compton Chamberlayn lay three hours further from Salisbury (where both regiments were to muster at five in the morning of April the second) than Fordingbridge: but the Captain reckoned by means of incessant riding, frequent change of horses, and his knowledge of the country, to accomplish his journey in the time. The allowance of another day could have caused no jot of harm: while (as events fell out) the time gained might have saved many a loyal life. But the Captain was never content, unless he were doing just a little trifle more than any other man would be satisfied to accomplish.

During the next few miles after I had parted from Jacobus, the mare stumbled badly twice or thrice: but I thought little of it, rode easy, and stopped at Bridport to bait her and to drink a tankard of October. By the time we were well out on the Dorset Downs, under the shoulder of Shipton Beacon, the nag began to trip again: I dismounted, and examined her hocks, which were swollen and tender, and which must have been bandaged for a week before, to have reduced them to the normal condition in which they seemed that morning. There was nothing for it but to push on: and on we went. But presently, going down hill, the mare stumbled again and fell heavily, pitching me into the road. I came down upon my head, which seemed to explode like a petard at the concussion. I do not know how long I lay there: but when I sat up the ground heaved in billows, the sky was dark and raining stars. After drinking a little Hollands from my flask I felt better, though my head ached infernally, and my right arm was bruised and swollen from shoulder to elbow. Coming a little more to myself, a horrible pang seized me: I staggered to my feet and looked round.

There was no mare to be seen. 'She was clean gone, with thirty broad pieces in the saddle-bags, and my pistols—Manning's pistols—in the holsters. Doubtless that devilish nag was far on the road to Lyme by now. Mine host of the Blue Garland was avenged. I was sick as a dog, and every bone rebelled: but the urgency of my errand burned within me, and, hardly knowing what I did, I set my face to the east and began to plod forward. My mind growing clearer as I walked, I began to consider the situation. A horse I must have; for, although 'twas barely possible to tramp the distance in the time, a mistake in the direction, or a few hours' rain (for already the roads were soft), would defeat me, and I dared not risk it. Searching my pockets, I found (I remember accurately) three Jacobuses, a crown, seven shillings, and a groat. Certainly I could not buy a horse with those remunerations.

When necessity sets the grip upon a man, 'tis wonderful how it changes his opinion of the Ten Commandments. He perceives, in a wink, the margin of that absolute document to be close written with a great number of profitable saving clauses, hitherto unnoted. And, after trudging valley and upland for some three hours, I had resolved, like iron, that the first reasonable good nag I met should somehow change owners.

'Twas already falling dusk on those desolate wolds when I was aware of a horseman approaching on a bright bay stallion. As he drew near, I hailed him.

"Give you good-den, sir," I said; "I would have a word with you."

Seeing, I suppose, that I had not the air of a common foot-pad, the man drew rein: without, however, giving himself the trouble to return my salutation. He was a big, sulky-looking farmer fellow, plainly clad in grey homespun, with an uphill nose and a monstrous jowl like a bull-dog, and he carried a stout holly staff.

"Will you sell me your horse?"

"I will not, certainly," he returned in surly accents. "Is that all you wanted? Out o' my way!"

I caught his bridle with my left hand. "Sir," I said, "I am about an errand of life and death. A horse I must have. What is your price?"

He considered a moment. "Forty broad pieces, down on the nail," said he.



"SETTLING HIM IN AS EASY A POSTURE AS I COULD"

"Meet me at the Poultry Cross in Salisbury the day after to-morrow, and I will give you sixty."

"Belike!" said the farmer, his great face flushing. "And who are you, my fine sir, with the bloody coxcomb?"

"That is my business," quoth I.

"I can tell thee, nevertheless. Thou'rt a mountebank tricked up, or a ruffling bloody Cavalier—" and I saw that he had cropped his locks, which a Royalist yeoman would not do. "Take hand from my rein, man, or I will break the rest o' thy head for thee. Sneek up!"

He raised his cudgel; I drew a dag* from my belt, grasping it by the barrel,

A small pistol.*

for 'twas unloaded. For a moment we watched each other warily; then my yeoman struck at me, at the same time spurring his horse, which reared, for I held the bridle fast. With a quick motion of the head I avoided his blow, which fell upon my left shoulder, that was defended by the leathern pauldron of my buff coat, and I brought down the pistol-butt upon my antagonist's right wrist with all the force I could muster in my maimed arm. The stroke sounded as though I had beaten a billet of wood to flinders, and the man dropped his cudgel with a snarl like a baited bear. Still holding the rein, I stooped swiftly to pick it up, and the plunging of the

frightened nag gave me enough to do to reach it. As I rose with the staff in my hand, the farmer's fist caught me a swinging buffet on the side of the head. I was near stunned, and lost control of my anger. You are to remember that while the nag meant no more than saleable horseflesh to the churl, it meant the world to me. I struck at the rider's head. He warded the blow with his left arm; I beat it down, and brought the holly with a goodly thwack upon his pate. The big man swayed sideways and fell bodily upon me, bearing me to the ground. 'Twas all I could do to loose his boots from the stirrups and to prevent the nag kicking us both to death. So soon as I had quieted the horse, I bent over the prostrate yeoman and explored his head. The skull was whole, so doubtless he would recover; and, settling him in as easy a posture as I could, I mounted the bay and spurred forward.

By this time the sun had vanished, and white mists crawled in the valleys: and presently I saw the lights of Dorchester town twinkling through the haze. Fearing lest a hue-and-cry should be raised before morning, I avoided the town and pushed on through the gathering darkness. The day's misadventures began to press sore upon me: red-hot hammers beat within my head: my arm ached to agony from the violence I had used: and I heard strange sounds and beheld flitting and strange visions. Sometimes I would hear bells chiming, and methought they were the bells of Salisbury and I was riding thither: then I would see Barbara in a room alone with Manning in his red hair, and hear her cry aloud for help. At that I would start to my senses, gather up the reins, and stare into the dark: then again dreams and stupor would steal upon me. I seemed to have been riding in pain and darkness since the day I was born: when at last my trusty nag ambled into a village nestling at the base of a great hill, and called, as I learned in the morning, Troy Town. The lighted windows aroused me, and I had sense enough to steer into the stable-yard of the Inn, where I had no sooner dismounted, than I swooned upon the stones. The people of the house must have carried me within-doors and hapt me up in bed: for there I was when I awoke, with a comely white-haired old dame bathing

my temples. She gave me something mighty comforting to drink, and bade me to sleep: whereupon I sank straightway into a dreamless slumber.

'Twas broad daylight when I woke again, feeling stiff and sore indeed, but well enough and mighty hungry — so potent a medicament is youth. When I appeared downstairs my hostess cried out as though I had been a ghost, and would have it I must to bed again. But upon beholding the breakfast I consumed, she thought better of it, and after bandaging my head and arm afresh with some wonderful decoction of herbs and simples, and reiterating a hundred wise cautions, she let me go. My hostess of Troy Town tavern was a kindly, winsome old lady, in her clean lilac gown and great white cap: one of those whose simple nature is all to do good to others: and who, methinks, in this rude world's march, are too often shoved aside and trampled on.

The nag I had won by force of arms was a good nag, strong, steady, and handsome; and in the saddle-bags I found twenty-three broad pieces, some loose silver and copper, three little soiled linen bags containing samples of corn, and a new whip-lash. My friend the Roundhead yeoman must have prospered in Dorchester market the day before. As for me, now I came to think of it by morning light, I had committed a common highway robbery; there was the plain fact. Anthony Langford of Langford Manor was no better than a thief and a robber.

Hitherto I had regarded my friend Captain Jacobus with a moral reservation: he was this and that, and 'twas excellent well; but there was a flaw in the crystal of his honour. Now I began to perceive he entertained precisely that opinion of myself; and (it appeared) with the better reason, and the greater forbearance. I recalled my heady speech the day we halted above Winchester city, that lay glittering in the valley. I thought myself something heroical at the time: and yet I had but figured as a pragmatical whipster, blown up with swelling conceits. Well, there seemed no certitude in morals, and for the first time it began to dawn upon my raw intelligence, that life is not a routine to be smoothly undertaken by the aid of maxims (as your cook by recipe makes kickshaws and pigeon-pasty), but a

delicate, chancy business, necessitating an alert habit of diplomacy.

My luck was surely out for the time: for a thick rain and mist, driving before an east wind, soaked me to the skin; there was no sun to steer by; and the road, at best a mere cart-rut, perplexed me continually by its divergences. So it was that after riding endlong over hill and heath all day, I came at dusk upon a desolate table-land where the wind blew salt, and the fog, rolling clear, unveiled beyond the trending coast-line some two miles distant a great plain of waters. Nearer hand, beside the sullen gleam of a river, the wet roofs of a town glistened in the fading light. I had travelled in a circle and come to the sea again. There was nothing for it but to go down into the town and lodge there for the night. I found the place to be Wareham, near by Poole Harbour, and thus, instead of arriving at Fordingbridge as I had reckoned, I was still, upon a reasonable near guess, some thirty miles distant. Moreover the nag was wearied out, and I myself could no longer sit

upright in the saddle. The Hampshire troop would be late at the muster, for all I could do: 'twas the woundiest hindrance, but the lot I must bear in spite of my teeth.

Next morning I was on the road again long ere sunrise, taking the ostler of mine inn to guide me so far as Woolbridge: and so I arrived at Fordingbridge and the house of Mr. Will Jenkins at ten in the fore-noon, five hours after the whole troop should have kept tryst at Salisbury. Mr. Jenkins despatched half-a-dozen riders hot-foot to the gentlemen concerned in the conspiracy, who were billeted with their followers in the manor and farmhouses of the neighbourhood: while his wife and a bevy of comely daughters made me great cheer, pressing me to stay and be healed of my bruises, or at least to await the riding of the troop. But I had scarce patience to eat some bread and meat and drink a stoup of wine: and borrowing a fresh horse, I struck spurs in and rode off at top speed for Salisbury.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE ROYALISTS OCCUPIED SALISBURY TOWN.

MY road lay along the familiar banks of Avon, and through my own estate and village of Langford. As I rode up the street the desperate clatter of hoofs brought women to their cottage-doors; and more than one fellow, recognising me, waved his cap and cried out a greeting.

A wild clangour of bells came faintly down the wind. Coming in sight of Salisbury Cathedral, pale against the lowering grey sky, I discerned, above the battlement where the steeple rises from the tower, a black speck like a fly crawl out upon the yellow stonework, and unfurl a speckle of gold and scarlet that twinkled in the wind. Methought I saw a pigmy arm flung up (no bigger than a bristle), and I knew the man was cheering the Royal Standard. The city was won, then. A frenzy of excitement seized me: I remember rising in my stirrups, waving my hat and holloing till the wood and water rang. The pealing clamour of the great bells swelled momentarily louder until the whole air was filled with clashing tintinabulations; and presently horse and man galloped across the Chapel Bridge where

John Manning had lain in ambush for me, and where (curse him!) I had let him go free.

The city was in a mighty turmoil. The houses seemed to have emptied into the streets, which were thronged with a shouting tide of cits, shopmen, 'prentices and idle fellows, setting towards the Market Place. Here and there a Royalist trooper in steel cap, back and breast, with a couple or more led horses jibbing at his elbow (conveyed without doubt from the nearest stable), would be thrusting his way through the press with oaths and the butt of his arquebus. Not a shop was open, and many of them were being fortified and barricadoed by the fat burgesses and greasy tradesfolk, with doors wrenched off their hinges, floor-boards, and ends of timber. They sweated at the work like men possessed: so hot was their hurry that (although I noted it not at the time) I recollect my memory of one such engineer, his puffy face all crimson, who, smiting at ten-penny nails with a great hammer, struck his fingers till a red stain came out upon the wood; yet he never blenched nor paused.

Across the top of the High Street at its entrance into the Market-place, a double file of cavalry was posted to keep the mobile back. Upon giving the word, "A Roland," one returned the counter, "For Oliver," the ranks opened, closed

Joseph Wagstaff. Except for the troopers, the Market-place was empty, files being stationed at the entering in of the streets. The windows of all the houses were white with faces and alive with gazing eyes: the roofs and gables



"WAVING MY HAT AND HOLLOING TILL THE WOOD AND WATER RANG"

behind me, and I found myself in the Market-place. A squadron of cavalry was drawn up in the form of a hollow square, in the midst of which stood a knot of gentlemen on horseback conferring together, amongst whom I perceived Sir John Penruddock and Sir

were moving with spectators: a grey and still sky brooded over all, so that the motley of colours were singularly distinct; and save for the incessant tumult of the bells overhead, there reigned an ominous silence. I would have pushed through the horsemen to Sir John Penruddock,

to inform him of the speedy arrival of the Hampshire troop; but a major near by, hearing a commotion, turned with an oath and commanded order: and at that moment the ranks on the further side of the square opened out: I caught a flash of moving scarlet; and two judges, in their robes of red trimmed with ermine, and the sheriff in his furred gown, marched into the midst of the Market-place, conducted by a couple of troopers on either hand with swords drawn, and halted in front of the group of gentlemen. Sir Joseph Wagstaff put his horse a pace forward, and began a speech, of which I could only catch a word here and there. But the pealing of the bells suddenly ceasing, the words rang clear and echoed.

"And so, my lords, and you, Mr. Sheriff, are condemned by the King his Majesty, against whom y'are taken in rebellion, seditiously administering rebel ordinances upon the bodies of his loyal and faithful subjects, to be hanged by the neck until ye be dead, and may God have mercy on your souls."

He ceased, and a kind of murmur and tremor ran through the multitude. Then the Lord Chief Justice Rolles stepped forward, with his parchment of commission unfurled in his hand, and began to speak. I could not hear his words; but before he had done, Sir John Penruddock spurred up to Sir Joseph Wagstaff, and rounded him eagerly in the ear. The rest of the gentlemen crowded round, and they conversed together, the two bearded men in scarlet looking quietly on, with no sign of trepidation. In a little Sir John Penruddock put his horse toward them, and cried out in a great voice:

"My lords, upon due consideration of your plea for mercy, ye are reprieved for this time. For you, Mr. Sheriff, y'are arrested."

The sheriff, who was standing a little back, hurried forward and fell on his knees before the knight, with clasped hands upraised, crying aloud for mercy in a weeping voice.

"God-a-mercy, Sir John," cried one of the gentlemen, "hang all or none! Truss up the pitiful knave, and bring him along for a hostage."

At a word from Sir Joseph, two of the troopers who had been guarding the judges took the wretched sheriff by the

elbows, jerked him to his feet, and bound his arms behind him. I heard the men about me cursing freely. "This is no way to set about the business," quoth one, "to condemn one minute and to pardon the next." And, indeed, I was much of the same opinion.

The judges, after exchanging a few words with the officers, delivered up their commissions and turned to depart, the gentlemen raising their hats to them, and the ranks opening out again to let them through. The people at the windows and upon the house-tops set up a great shout, but whether for joy or anger I could not tell. As the troops began to move and to re-form I spurred through the press to Sir John Penruddock.

"Mr. Langford, I think," said he, saluting me. "Where are the Hampshiremen, sir?"

I explained the delay as best I could, but he scarce heard me out.

"'Tis no matter," he said. "We have done very well without them, as you see. The city surrendered at discretion. We march down West, whither they may follow at their leisure. Give you good-den, Mr. Langford," and, raising his hat, he turned away. Sir John was plainly a good deal elated, but (had he only known it) no man had ever less reason in this world.

Making my way to the Poultry Cross, I gave my horse to a trooper, and, with beating heart, went up to the door of Mayor Phelps's house. I knocked in vain, and finding the door upon the latch, I entered the hall. Methought as I crossed the threshold that I heard a noise of hammering, as of someone cleaving wood; but no sooner had I closed the door behind me than the sound ceased. I stood quiet and listened. There was nothing to be heard save the tick-tack of the tall clock in the corner. I hurried from room to room, but all were empty; the door of Barbara's chamber stood open, and I went in softly, with a sense of profanation. 'Twas all in confusion, cupboards and chests standing open, clothes and dainty gear tossed upon the bed and upon the floor, where, spying a pair of tiny, red-heeled shoon, I put them in my pocket. Pausing to weigh this strange condition of affairs, I heard the knocking sounds beginning again downstairs. I descended swiftly to the hall, but before

I had reached the stair-foot all was once more still.

The hall was a long, sombre room, with a wide, diamond-paned window looking on the street at one end, and a massive staircase ascending at the other. Dim portraits of men in armour, and demure ladies in ruff and stomacher (for the Phelps's came of a good lineage), were framed in the brown panelling that lined the walls from oaken floor to oak-beamed ceiling. As I stood gazing in absence of mind at the profile of a helmed warrior whose picture was next to the great stone fireplace, I suddenly beheld his eyeball move, a shining speck in the gloom. My skin crept upon me, and I glanced fearfully round at the shadows that lurked in the corners: then I looked again. The dead Elizabethan was gazing in front of him under painted lids. My brain was tricking me again, I supposed; and small wonder, for my battered head ached sorely whenever I had time to think about it. I drew a step nearer, staring at the picture: when my heart gave a bursting leap, for a voice issued from the wall.

"I fear I must put you to the trouble of releasing me, Mr. Langford," it said, in muffled tones. "Touch the spring, and undo the bolts, if you please."

I had no notion there was a secret chamber, or priest's hole, in that place: and marvelling greatly, sought for the spring. The voice continued to direct me; and at length, a massy steel lever shot back, the whole picture opened outwards like a door; and who should step over the wainscot but Manning, with his high look and superior air, and neatly tied love-lock, just as I had last beheld him under that roof.

"Give you good-den, Mr. Langford," said he, politely. "I am sorry to have put you to so much trouble. But I made no doubt you knew the secrets of this house at least so well as I," said Manning, with sarcasm.

There were a good many questions which I should have liked Manning to resolve for me. Had he aught to do with the deprivation of my estate, and what was the Plymouth Plot? Why had he spied upon me from the window of the inn among the Flemish sand-dunes? Why he had pried into my pockets that night upon the *Saint Gabriel*, masquerading in the French language, and a wig?

Why he had stolen my horse from the Blue Garland? How he dared? Where was the paper of three seals, and the three thousand pounds? And where Jacobus? Above all, where was Barbara? Why was the house empty, while he was bolted into the priest's hole? And again, what the devil was he doing there, after my warning and challenge on the Chapel Bridge?

Manning stood gazing insolently at me, hand on hip, as I ran these things over in my mind. Looking at him, it came upon me that the only proposition in the world I could make to such a fellow was the last on the enumeration. I accordingly propounded it: and so it was that I never got solutions to any of my problems from John Manning.

"My privy business, I have the honour to presume," answered Manning.

"Well, you remember what I told you?" said I.

"I recollect me perfectly of your singular courtesy," returned Manning. "'Sblood, how much longer will you dilly-dally about this business?" he shouted, in sudden insane fury. "Must I spit in your face, you dog, to make you fight?" and therewith he caught me a buffet on my wounded head, that struck like a bolt of fire.

Half blinded with the pain, I drew upon him: our rapiers hissed from the scabbards at the same instant; and we set-to like a couple of bulls. I used both hands, to ease my maimed arm that was mighty sore and stiff, holding the blade just over the hilts with my left gauntlet, as one does at the end of a long bout of fencing. Manning fought with the light of the window in his eyes, so that I held a small advantage; and my arm growing easier and my head clearer, I began to press him hard. The sweat glistened on his forehead, and he panted aloud: but he was a staunch fighter, full as good at tricks of fence as I, and in far better trim: and I began to wonder how long I could hold out. I had pricked him once or twice, and my foot had near slipped in my own blood: the sparks were flying, and the room ringing like a stithy, when a door clapped, and in another moment our blades were stricken up by old Richard Phelps, with a half-pike he must have snatched from the wall as he entered. Instantly Manning slipt behind the

Mayor, and ran out of the house, slamming the door in my face. Next moment I was out and after him, to see him with a slash of his sword cut down the trooper who held my horse, leap upon the nag's back, drive spurs

shoot from the walls, I was fain to stop and lean upon my sword for breath. In a paternoster-while, a big dragoon with a couple of led horses in his fist, drew rein beside me.

"What, man! Hast been in a fray,



"A man's good sword is his life."
You remember what I told you said I

CUTTEN JACOBY 1690

in, and away, the people running this way and that at the rattle of the hoofs. Pursuing him hot-foot, the bloody rapier naked in my hand, I kept him in sight until we cleared the streets, where troopers were still straggling out after Sir John Penruddock's main body. But I was already spent; and scarce a bow-

and gotten the worst o't, by'r Lady Art for Cæsar? What will ye give me for Roland, then?"

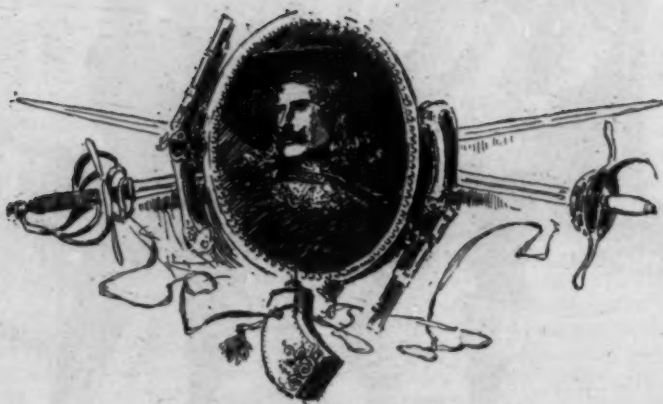
"Oliver," I said, gasping.

"Right so! Why, then, get astride the nag."

I laid hold of the animal, but had not the trooper dismounted to help me, I

could not have climbed upon his back. We rode together to Wilton, where we halted at the Orle of Martlets. Giving the man a crown to drink my health, he brought me out a tass of wine, which revived me somewhat, and I rode on alone into Grovely Wood, where by good fortune I stumbled upon the track to the Thieves Chapel. By this time I

was become so horribly ill that methought I should never live to get there; and rode in agony, lying on my horse's neck. As we came out upon the clearing where stood the Chapel, I beheld the figure of Barbara standing on the threshold, and heard her voice, and saw her run towards me, and rolled senseless at her feet.



Of English Schools of Music.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG.

NO impartial onlooker can fail to have been impressed by the fact that the principal honours in British musical life are almost invariably secured by executants who have been trained by some famous foreign master, or at one of the big Continental schools, and who are of other nationality than ours. How this has come about it is at first very difficult to understand. If the intelligent observer, for instance, in the pursuit of better knowledge, sends for the reports of the Royal College of Music, or the Royal Academy of Music, or the Guildhall School of Music, he does not, as perhaps might be expected, find that those institutions are partial failures. On the contrary, his mind is gladdened with a record of magnificent work done among several hundreds of students, together with faithful accounts of several noteworthy individual triumphs. But if he then turns to the lists of executants who "star" by themselves, or who appear with a party at the leading concerts in London and the provinces, he is astounded to see how seldom appear therein the names of those whom our great British musical organisations delight to honour. Nearly every space, indeed, is filled by some foreign celebrity who knows nothing of the glories of Prince Consort Road or Tenterden Street, but who, more often than not, flaunts his foreign origin and decorations.

If the spirit of the earnest investigator

is still hot within him, our intelligent and dispassionate critic may perhaps follow my example, and address a respectful inquiry on the subject to the heads of our principal schools—say for the benefit of the readers of some important magazine like *THE LUDGATE*. Let us hope, then, that they will not "with one consent begin to make excuse"—



SIR A. C. MACKENZIE
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

that Sir A. C. Mackenzie will not find that, owing to pressure of work, he is unable to comply with the invitation; that Sir George Grove, whilst regarding the question as an interesting one, will not regret that his health will not allow him "to undertake any more work than he has at present in hand"; and that even the most urbane and courteous Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry will not find "there is so much to be said on the question that it

is impossible for him to enter upon it at present." For, as I ventured to point out respectfully to these most excellent teachers, "in times of patriotic ferment like these, the importance of this question cannot, from the point of view of musicians or the general public, be easily over-estimated; and a few words from such eminent authorities might do much to remove popular misconception and prejudice!" And surely that would have been good and not bad work!

Luckily, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, one of the greatest of our composers, has found time to answer the question, "Why nearly all our chief pianists and violinists are foreigners?" and he thinks

the reason is this: "Owing to the comparative scarcity of high-class concerts throughout the country, and the prejudice



SIR GEORGE GROVE

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

which still, unfortunately, exists to a great extent against English executants, our native instrumentalists have, in most instances, as soon as they have attained proficiency in their art, to resort either to teaching or to playing in orchestras, in order to gain a livelihood, thus not only causing a deterioration in the talents they may possess as solo artists, but also considerably lessening their chances of making a reputation as such. The foreign executant, on the contrary, has such a wide field before him all over the Continent, and the chances of so many high-class engagements at the numberless orchestral concerts which take place there, that he can, in most instances, afford to devote his life to this branch of his art, and allow his talents to develop without need of the extraneous help I have referred to. That we do possess considerable executive talent amongst us I could bring forward many examples to show. Such artists as Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and others are already doing a great deal to overcome prejudices both at home and abroad, and

I believe in this, as in other branches of the art, the time is not far distant when our native executants will have a much larger scope for their talents, and will be enabled to take equal rank with all, or nearly all, foreign competitors."

On the other hand, Mr. David Bispham (who, by-the-way, I read is now busy making arrangements for a tour in America in 1897) says: "I cannot answer your question as to why so many of the famous pianists and violinists come from abroad except by propounding some similar questions, namely: Why are Russians such good linguists? Why do some families of birds sing better than others? Or why do 'dogs delight,' &c.? The answer to all of which is: 'For 'tis their nature to.'" This is clever and characteristic, but a trifle intangible; as, indeed, is the reply of Mr. William Smallwood, a veteran composer the copyright of whose composition "The Fairy Barque" was recently sold at a public auction for over £1,800, a fabulous price even in these times of plenty, when America and the Colonies are keen competitors. Mr. Smallwood contents himself by saying the matter is a

grievance of long standing, and has remained the same ever since the time of



SIR HUBERT PARRY

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

his boyhood—most unjustly, he believes. Dr. Coward, of Sheffield, whose work and influence in Yorkshire it would

not be easy to estimate, however, carefully and most boldly analyses the causes of this undue preference. He writes: "There are, and have been, many influences at work to cause so many pianistes and violinists to come from abroad, but these may be classed,

not associate with English musicians, as they think it *infra dig* to be on anything like equality with even a clever man who has some regard for self-respect. Here the adaptability of the foreigner comes in, as he does not object to fawn upon those who are wealthy, and often



MR. F. H. COWEN
Drawn by T. H. Wilson

roughly, of course, under the heads of (1) Lack of patriotism amongst the English themselves, and (2) the adaptability of foreigners to English needs. It would take a long article to discuss these things in detail; all I can do is merely to indicate lines of thought which you may fill up.

"From the social side, we display lack of patriotism. Our wealthy people will

makes it up by his arrogance to those whom he feels he can treat with disdain. Then, again, the unpatriotic disparagement of English bands, English players, and English music is a saddening feature. If you get speaking of the merits of an English orchestra, some one, with a swaggering desire to show superiority, says 'Oh! but you should hear the band at the Grand Opera,

Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin'—the farther off the better. In fact, there has been, and is, a system of self-glorification used by great numbers of English people at



MR. WILLIAM SMALLWOOD
From a photograph by Hogg, Kendal

the expense of native artists which is almost fatal to English music and musicians. Here again the adaptability of the foreigner comes in. I have never heard a foreigner speak of artistes in any branch of music—except his own, of which *he*, of course, was the chief exponent—without hearing him glorify his country at the expense of poor, despised England.

"The newspapers are also unpatriotic and unfair to English musicians. They will scarcely chronicle anything pertaining to Englishmen, whereas the most unimportant fact about a foreign artist is greedily inserted, the editors apparently being under the impression that this chronicling of foreign items shows smartness. A case in point occurred only recently, a long paragraph going the round of the papers, of Mascagni's opinions and tremendous puffing of his own two unfinished operas, and also of an unperformed trifle of Rossini's, which latter was to show the transcendent genius of Rossini: as though the world had not made its opinion of his light confectionery long ago! Then again, when a new English work is produced, the critics have a different standard of judgment to that employed in foreign

countries. We say a thing is very good and was well received, but for the same measure of success the Italian papers would go into hysterics, saying it was transcendent, glorious, &c., which paragraphs, getting copied into English papers, give Englishmen the notion that their composers are not in it.

"Was ever such fulsome adulation given to a work as to *Cavalleria Rusticana*? and did it deserve a tithe of it? These adaptable foreigners and their deep designing representatives in England, knowing how greedily this kind of news is taken by English newspapers, deliberately make these glowing notices for exportation, and by-and-bye they appear in our English papers. I will not say aught about the letters craving puffs—a mixture of unblushing 'cheek' (pardon the slangy expression) and sycophancy received from these long-haired gentlemen—but I think I have said sufficient to show that it is a wonder that we have any English artistes at all.

"What is wanted is for the nobility, the public, and the newspapers—or, in other words, the classes, masses, and the press—to see through the deep designs to which they have too long submitted;



DR. COWARD
From a photograph by Crosby, Sheffield

and the great revival of English composers and artistes of the highest rank, which we are witnessing at present, will land us in the future, as we were in the

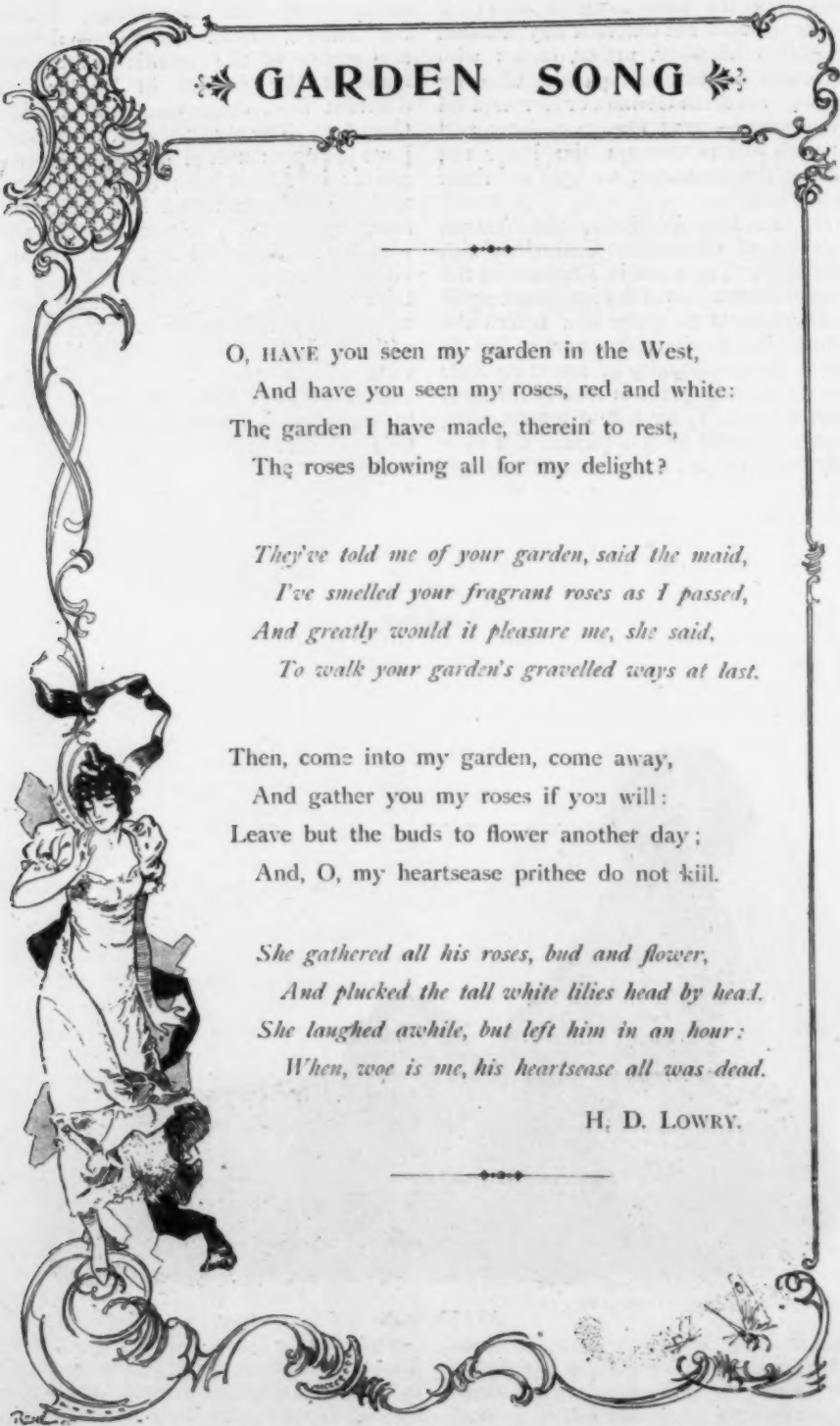
far past, in the front rank of music. I forgot to notice the different way in which English critics—or, rather, critics who represent English newspapers, who, by the way, are often German or Germanised Englishmen—treat foreign artistes and English artists through the latter not having the assurance to 'get at' these said critics."

Dr. C. Lee Williams, the famous organist of Gloucester Cathedral, also holds that "There are in England at the present time artists of the front rank equal in all respects to those now before the public who bear foreign names, but to whom the opportunity of asserting their powers as solo pianists and violinists is denied them (1) by astute agents, who, treating the art from a commercial view only, nurse the public weakness for foreign

names, and, naturally enough, 'follow the money'; (2) because the conditions and purity of the artistic atmosphere amongst the masses in England is different from other countries, notably Germany. The youth of a nation should have the opportunities of absorbing early artistic influences with their bread and milk. I for one would have *children's concerts* of carefully-selected, simple, and pleasing music in all styles of the art. Other countries are more inclined to take music to the people; in England we expect people to come to the music, without having first developed their taste from childhood. Hence, perhaps, violinists and pianists are more plentiful in countries where the first invaluable artistic instincts are carefully nursed."



ATTENTION



❖ GARDEN SONG ❖

O, HAVE you seen my garden in the West,
And have you seen my roses, red and white:
The garden I have made, therein to rest,
The roses blowing all for my delight?

*They've told me of your garden, said the maid,
I've smelled your fragrant roses as I passed,
And greatly would it pleasure me, she said,
To walk your garden's gravelled ways at last.*

Then, come into my garden, come away,
And gather you my roses if you will:
Leave but the buds to flower another day;
And, O, my heartsease prithee do not kill.

*She gathered all his roses, bud and flower,
And plucked the tall white lilies head by head.
She laughed awhile, but left him in an hour:
When, woe is me, his heartsease all was dead.*

H. D. LOWRY.



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

A CASE OF INGRATITUDE.

"THE most foolish thing a man can possibly do," said Smurthwaite, dogmatically, "is to pay the smallest heed to the troubles of his friends."

"And yet," I said, "in the case of Murray. . . ."

"Oh," cried Smurthwaite, "I don't pretend that I have never been foolish, or that there are not exceptions to the rule I have given you. I speak generally."

"And apropos of what?" I asked, noting that his usually serene temper was more than a little ruffled.

"Well, it is hardly a story, but you might be interested in the history of my relations with a man who called on me to-day. The thing began—as did Murray's affair—in my Edinburgh days, where I knew one George Allison. When I came to London he asked me to call on his brother, Jim, a medical student, and I did so. This brother was not the sort of person to whom I felt myself greatly drawn; but we saw a great deal of one another, and passed for very good friends.

"You know how the stage, and those connected with it, fascinate a young man: Jim Allison knew a family whose daughters were all engaged in professions more or less connected with the

theatre. As a matter of fact, these girls were his cousins. He introduced me, and I still enjoy the memory of certain evenings when we did our best to entertain them royally. One of the girls, Alice Thornley, I liked immensely. She liked me, also, I fancy, and we were soon the best friends in the world.

"I had known the Thornleys for some months when Jim Allison asked me to go and take a holiday with him, at the house of his father, a clergyman, in a pleasant suburb of Bristol. I had nothing in particular to keep me here in London, so I consented to go, and spent a very happy fortnight there. Old Allison was extremely popular, and we were invited to no end of dances and dinners.

"Among our hosts was a naturalised German, one Begelheim. I saw little enough of him, and what I saw was not particularly attractive. But I did like his son, Arthur. In appearance he was very much like a perfect regiment of plain and heavy sisters, except that he was singularly handsome. He had a most beautiful smile, and could convey to any man the conviction that he was the friend whom Arthur Begelheim valued. He did not impress me so strongly as he might have done, but I liked him, and remembered him well when much

of what happened at Bristol was forgotten.

"Some little time passed, and then he was recalled to my memory very curiously. I had seen comparatively little of Allison for some months, and

result that Alice is now Mrs. Arthur Begelheim.

"When his father got to know it there was no end of a row. The old man, being the most intensely passionate man alive, prides himself on being above all things cool and impassive. He went to my father and put the case before him. His only omission was that, having slandered the actress who was his daughter-in-law about as completely as was possible, he forgot to tell my father her name. The result was that my father, influenced by the old man's vehemence, gave him the exact sort of advice which he wanted, and only realised a day or two later, when he learned that the actress in question was Alice, that he had done his best to ruin the earthly prospects of his own niece."

"Arthur has already been cut off with a shilling. He was a partner in his father's business: he is now without a situation of any kind. My father made an attempt to make things straight—for Alice's sake—but he failed abjectly. Arthur and his wife are living in furnished lodgings down in Erfurt Street, Pimlico. Will you call and see if you can suggest any way out of the present situation? They will

both be glad to see you in any case; and if you can do anything to put matters right you will be doing a kindness to other friends besides them."

"Of course I promised, and made a note of the address. But you can understand I had no hope of being able to do anything to better the condition of Alice and her husband. I had made no particular study of old Begelheim, but I knew well enough from what I had seen of him that he would not be an easy customer to deal with. However, I made the promise, and there the matter ended for the night.

"I think I have said before that I find coincidences a great deal commoner in real life than they are even in the most machine-made of fiction? The very next night I went out to dinner.



"HE WENT TO MY FATHER AND PUT THE CASE BEFORE HIM"

was a trifle surprised when he called on me one night. I soon perceived that he was in difficulties of some sort, and, knowing that he possessed a very exaggerated idea of my sagacity, I prepared myself to give advice with the proper judicial air.

"Do you remember young Arthur Begelheim?" he asked presently.

"At Bristol?" I said. "Perfectly."

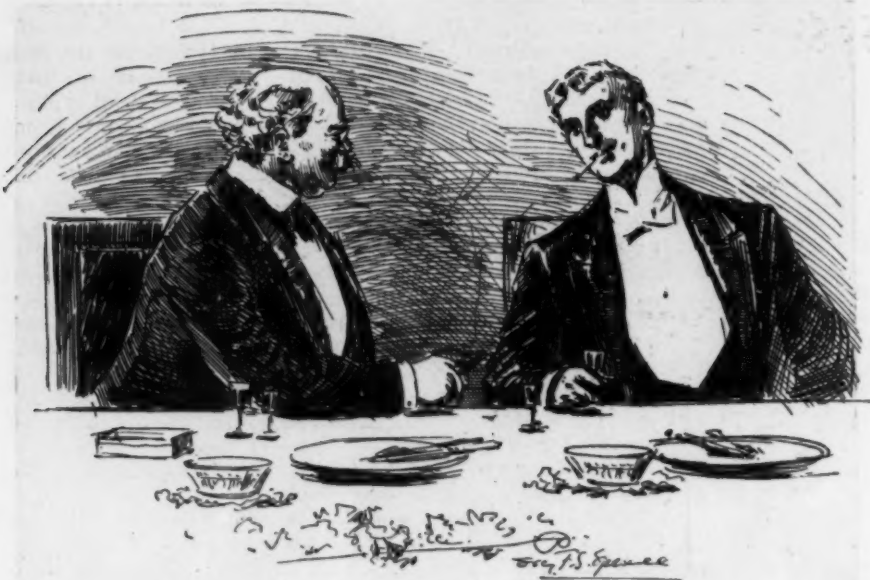
"And you were always a big pal of little Alice's," he continued. "I take it you'll be glad to do them both a good turn. The fact is, Begelheim's people hate the stage a little more strongly than they appear to hate the devil. Alice was down at Bristol in comic opera the other day, and young Arthur saw her. He fell in love on the spot, and got an introduction: with the



"WE HAD NOT LONG BEEN SEATED AT THE TABLE"

I arrived a little late, and was only introduced to the lady whom I was to take down, but we had not long been seated at the table when I heard someone—the hostess, I think—address a ‘Mr. Begel-

heim.’ I was immediately on the *qui vive*. The name is not common, and, having my mind full of Alice and her husband, I could not but jump to the conclusion that the guest was somehow connected



"CH HIMMEL"

with them. He was a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man, clearly a bachelor and a *bon viveur*. He spoke both French and English with the accent of which a German is never able to rid himself.

"I waited my time until the ladies had retired. Then I asked the host to introduce me, and without delay started upon the subject in which I was interested. 'There is a Mr. Begelheim who is well known in commercial circles in Bristol,' I said. 'Is he a relation of yours?'

"My new acquaintance laughed. 'Ach Himmel! Is he a friend of yours? He is my brother, but we are not friends.'

"I looked at him with new hopes, for he seemed both prosperous and kindly.

"Do you remember your nephew, Arthur?' I asked.

"Yes, indeed,' he answered. 'He was a fine little boy. I saw the other day that he had ceased to be his father's partner. I do not wonder. I was his father's partner once, and I soon found the position one for which I was unfitted.'

"You can imagine how quickly I realised my opportunity. I told him young Allison's story, and invited him to come down to Pimlico at once. I was eloquent upon the subject of Alice's charms and virtues. It took little to persuade him, and, after a few words with our host, we left the house. I took

a cab to the address which I had been given the night before.

"I was glad we had chanced to come on this particular night, for I saw that Arthur and his wife were in the deepest dejection. To make matters worse, Alice—who had always been delicate—was suffering from some painful affection of the throat. She looked hopeful when she saw that I had brought a stranger, and they both cheered up wonderfully when they knew who their visitor was.

"We had a long conversation. It appeared that when old Begelheim had quarrelled with Arthur's father, he had left England and settled in Paris, where he flourished exceedingly. He was evidently much interested in his nephew and niece, and undertook to do his best to put them into a better position. The fact that Arthur had broken with his father seemed to intensify the good-will borne him by his uncle.

"We stayed with them for some hours, and then drove back to Begelheim's hotel, where he reiterated his intention to look after the hapless couple, and made a note of my address. Some days after I received a telegram from the old man, who had returned to Paris, asking me to come over and see him immediately. I happened to be crossing the Channel in connection with a matter of business in a few days' time. I replied

to the telegram, and when I did go, my first call was upon Begelheim.

"Well," he said, "I have not forgotten my promise to little Arthur. I think I have found him something to do." He went on to explain that a certain French bank was establishing a branch in London. He had been using his influence, and had secured a post for his nephew.

"I need not tell you of the events which followed. I went down to Pimlico on my return to London, and told the Begelheims of their change of fortune. They were naturally delighted, and thanked me with an almost exaggerated show of gratitude. Some few weeks afterwards Arthur entered upon the duties of his new position, and from that time forth I heard nothing of him for several years. He had got what he wanted out of me, and for the present I was of no further use to him. He had forgotten me, and I quickly did the same with him.

"The whole thing had almost entirely faded from my memory when I read a paragraph which reminded me of Arthur, and made me wonder what he would do. The bank in which he was engaged had not been such a success in London as the promoters had hoped, and the branch was to be closed. He had had a very good position, but I knew the man sufficiently well to be pretty confident that he would not have saved anything during the time of his prosperity. I was rather inclined to wonder whether he would find some other friend to help him out of his difficulties.

"About a month later, having in the meantime heard nothing further of Arthur and his affairs, I went one day to Madame Tussaud's."

Smurthwaite looked at me deprecatingly. "What on earth took you there?" I said. "I thought the place was wholly meant for the delectation of the country cousin."

"Precisely so," said Smurthwaite. "A client from the country who was possessed of an exorbitant desire to visit the famous show, induced me to accompany him to Baker Street one afternoon. That is my excuse.

"We were loitering about when I caught sight of a lady whom I recognised immediately. It was Alice Begelheim, and, observing her surreptitiously, I saw that Arthur was with her. I guessed at once, seeing him unoccupied

at this time of the day, that he had not yet found any situation.

"I did not mean them to see me, for I realised that they would only be too glad to renew the acquaintanceship, which they had so carefully dropped, now that there was some chance that I might be useful to them again. I drew my companion to a distance as quickly as possible, but as I did so I was conscious that I had done it too late.

"Alice had seen me, and in a moment she had addressed me. 'Good afternoon, Mr. Smurthwaite. What an age it is since we met.'

"I could not get away. 'It is a long time, isn't it?' I said. 'But you seem remarkably well. Is Mr. Begelheim all right?'

"She turned and looked down the room. 'Arthur!' she cried, and in a moment Arthur Begelheim turned from his contemplation of a group, and came towards us.

"'Why, it is Smurthwaite!' he said. 'How are you, old man?'

"'I am well enough, thank you,' I said, and then we drifted into conversation, I eyeing my late companion furtively, and endeavouring to make it plain that I wanted to rejoin him. Alice saw this at last.

"'We musn't keep you from your friend,' she said. 'Will you come and dine with us to-morrow?'

"I promised, foolishly, and rejoined my friend. The next day I went to the Begelheims. Once more they were in a state of depression. Arthur had not saved anything while he was prosperous, and the closing of the bank had left him nearly destitute. Would I, said Alice, suggest what should be done. I had helped them once before in a way they could never forget, and if I would tell them how to effect a reconciliation with Begelheim *père* they would be still more deeply and eternally grateful.

"I suppose my vanity was flattered. At any rate I made the only suggestion that occurred to me. Old Begelheim happened to be stopping in London at the time. His grandchild, who had arrived upon the scene soon after Arthur got his post in the French bank, was much in evidence during the half-hour before dinner.

"'I believe it is always best to do the obvious thing,' I said. 'In this case that would be for you two to put on com-



"ALICE SANG TO US"

paratively shabby clothes, invade the old gentleman's sitting-room, and present his grandchild to him before he has had time or opportunity to refuse the introduction.

"Do you think it would be of any use?" asked Alice, doubtfully, yet with a certain look of wanting to try.

"It is always absolutely successful in novels," I said, "and I fancy it should be not ineffective for once in real life. He has never met you, has he?"

"He never would see me," replied Alice.

"Arthur broke in and settled the matter. 'By Jove, it is the very thing! I wonder why we never hit upon the plan before? But it is always you, Smurthwaite, who help us out of our difficulties.'

"After that the evening went gaily. Alice sang to us with something of the gaiety and spirit which had charmed me in the days before her marriage. I left them, resolved to follow my advice the next day, and they promised to let me know the result of their action immediately.

"The following letter reached me two days later:

"My dear Smurthwaite—

We shall be eternally grateful! I needn't tell you how it went, for you've read the scene in a score of novels. The old man was charmed with Alice, and more than charmed with the son and heir. So I am taken back into favour, and am to have my old position in the firm. You must give me a chance to do as much for you some day if you would complete your kindness to us.

Yours always,

"Arthur Begelheim."

Smurthwaite paused.

"Well?" I said.

"That is the whole of the story, practically. It so happened that in the years which followed I had to journey pretty frequently by a fast train which was used by Arthur Begelheim in returning to Bristol when business had brought him to London. He did just recognise me, and that was all. He never stopped to tell me how he and Alice and the child were prospering, or to ask if the time had come when he might do me the great favours which he

had so lavishly promised. He would have dropped me altogether if it had not been for these accidental meetings, which he could not avoid."

"But he called on you to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said Smurthwaite, grimly. "He has become the agent of a company which insures agricultural

implements. I did not ask him if his father had once again quarrelled with him. That was apparent. I simply told him I saw no chance of putting any business in his way, and got rid of him as quickly as I could. The story has ended now: you may be sure of that."



AN AWFUL EXAMPLE

DRAWN BY A. C. GLENDINNING

In Praise of "Greater Liverpool."

BY T. J. BROWN.

WITHIN the last twelve months three events have tended to direct special attention to the "second city of the empire"—first, the exertion to retain the great Atlantic passenger traffic; secondly, the scheme for the enlargement of the city's boundaries; and, thirdly, the selection of a peer to fill the position of chief magistrate. When the great land-

of 28 pages was published, it seems there were four churches, two docks, six licensed houses, and 30,000 inhabitants.

Liverpool must therefore be looked upon as a very modern city, and the visitor must not desire to search for ancient fabrics or other illustrations of early English life. Cowper has said that "trade is the golden girdle of the globe," and Liverpool must be considered



THE LANDING STAGE
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

owning Derby family first became associated with what is now a great centre of commerce and shipping there existed but a fishing village with few inhabitants; yet, small as were its dimensions, the loyalty of the people was such as to secure a charter of incorporation from King John, while in 1295 it became entitled to send two members to Parliament. In 1766, when the first directory

as representing all that is vigorous and vital in English commerce. A little over a year ago the bold efforts of Southampton to secure the great Atlantic traffic rather startled the local ship-owners and aroused great interest in the city. The Dock Board, which in the opinion of some had failed to keep pace with the times, was stirred to an appreciation of the loss that would fall upon

Liverpool if the passenger traffic across the ocean were diminished, and as a consequence six months only elapsed ere a fine station was erected on the quay overlooking the landing-stage, and arrangements made for the great liners to come to the stage and swiftly discharge passengers and merchandise to be conveyed in a few hours to London. On June 12th last the White Star steamer *Germanic* gracefully floated up to the landing stage, and since then numerous "greyhounds of the ocean" have been enabled to participate in the new arrangements.

Much space would be required in order to give an idea of the vast shipping industry of Liverpool. On one side of the Mersey the handsome docks and warehouses stretch for over six miles, and on the Cheshire side they extend one mile along the bank and two miles inwards. The water area of the docks and basins on the Liverpool side of the river is equal to 381 acres, and there are $25\frac{1}{4}$ miles of quayage; on the Cheshire side $164\frac{1}{4}$ acres represents the water space, and there are $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles of quayage. It is in the latter portion of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board estate that

1,592,436 tons; last year the total was 11,000,000 tons—truly a wonderful increase. Belfast and the Clyde appear to have taken away the shipbuilding,



ALDERMAN T. HUGHES
THE MAKER OF "GREATER LIVERPOOL"
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

once so prominent a feature in Liverpool's trade, and now there remains but one great shipbuilding yard—that of Laird's—whence torpedo-boats and great warships, such as the *Royal Oak*, have been completed to the order of the Government. There can be no doubt that the recent threatened absorption of a great portion of the sea commerce, on which the prosperity of Liverpool mainly depends, has aroused the Dock Board to a sense of duty, and much has depended upon the wisdom and diplomacy of its Chairman, Mr. John Brancker, whose portrait we give.

Not many months ago large ships could not, except at high water, cross the Bar of the Mersey—a sand bank situated at the mouth of the river—but here again the careful expenditure of money upon huge dredgers resulted in the removal of the obstruction, and now even the immense Atlantic liners may cross at all stages of the tide, thus saving time, and certainly dissipating the well known causes of delay in the rapid landing of passengers from America. If the visitor to Liverpool desires to gain some idea of her vast trade he must journey down to the landing stage, and, after viewing the vessels that pass in-

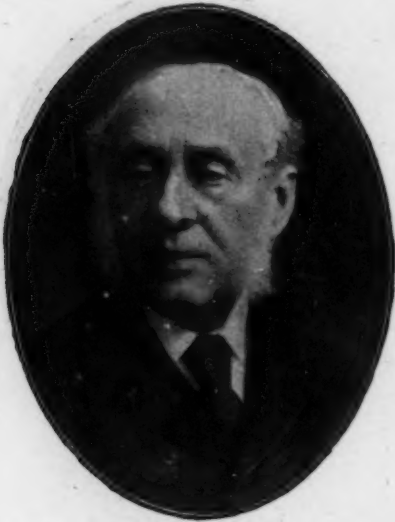


MR. R. D. HOLT
FIRST LORD MAYOR
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

the large Cunarders find accommodation when in port. There are twenty-three graving docks and an imposing array of warehouses.

In 1831 the tonnage amounted to

wards and outwards along the broad Mersey, he should travel by the Overhead Electric Railway, which runs along the whole line of docks, affording a splendid view.



MR. JOHN BRANKER

From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

Reference has already been made to another prominent point in the history of the city—the extension of her boundaries so as to constitute what has been described, with perhaps somewhat too great iteration a “greater Liverpool.” The population now numbers 631,350, but if the residential districts on both sides of the Mersey—“the sleeping places” of the men who trade, as a certain alderman has described them—are included, the total number of inhabitants could not be estimated at less than a million, so that even the recent attempt on the part of Glasgow to gain the title of the “second city of the empire,” in point of population, at once vanishes into thin air. The enlarged city now covers 13,236 acres, of which 8,026 have just been added; 138 miles of roads have been taken over, making a total of 415 miles; there are now 663 miles of main sewers, the added portion consisting of 106 miles. The tramway system—which is somewhat handicapped, so far as horseflesh and cheap fares are concerned, by the hilly nature of the thoroughfares leading from the centre of the city—now consists of 68 miles of lines. It is generally admitted that the success of the scheme for enlarging the

boundaries of the city, and thus bringing in those whose interests were similar, and who had the advantage of the fine series of institutions gradually erected in the city, was the outcome of the great tact displayed by Alderman Thomas Hughes, a local timber merchant and a prominent member of the City Council. Mr. Hughes, who is the embodiment of courtesy and local patriotism, is now the leader of the Conservative party in the council chamber, and, if his style of oratory be florid, it has the advantage of being the frame in which pictures of common sense are carefully placed. Lord Derby, who has renewed the connection of his family with Liverpool by becoming Lord Mayor—in olden times the lords of Knowsley filled the office of Chief Magistrate—makes an ideal chairman, and, as expected, has initiated at the Town Hall a series of festivities which will give a much-needed fillip to the social life of the city.

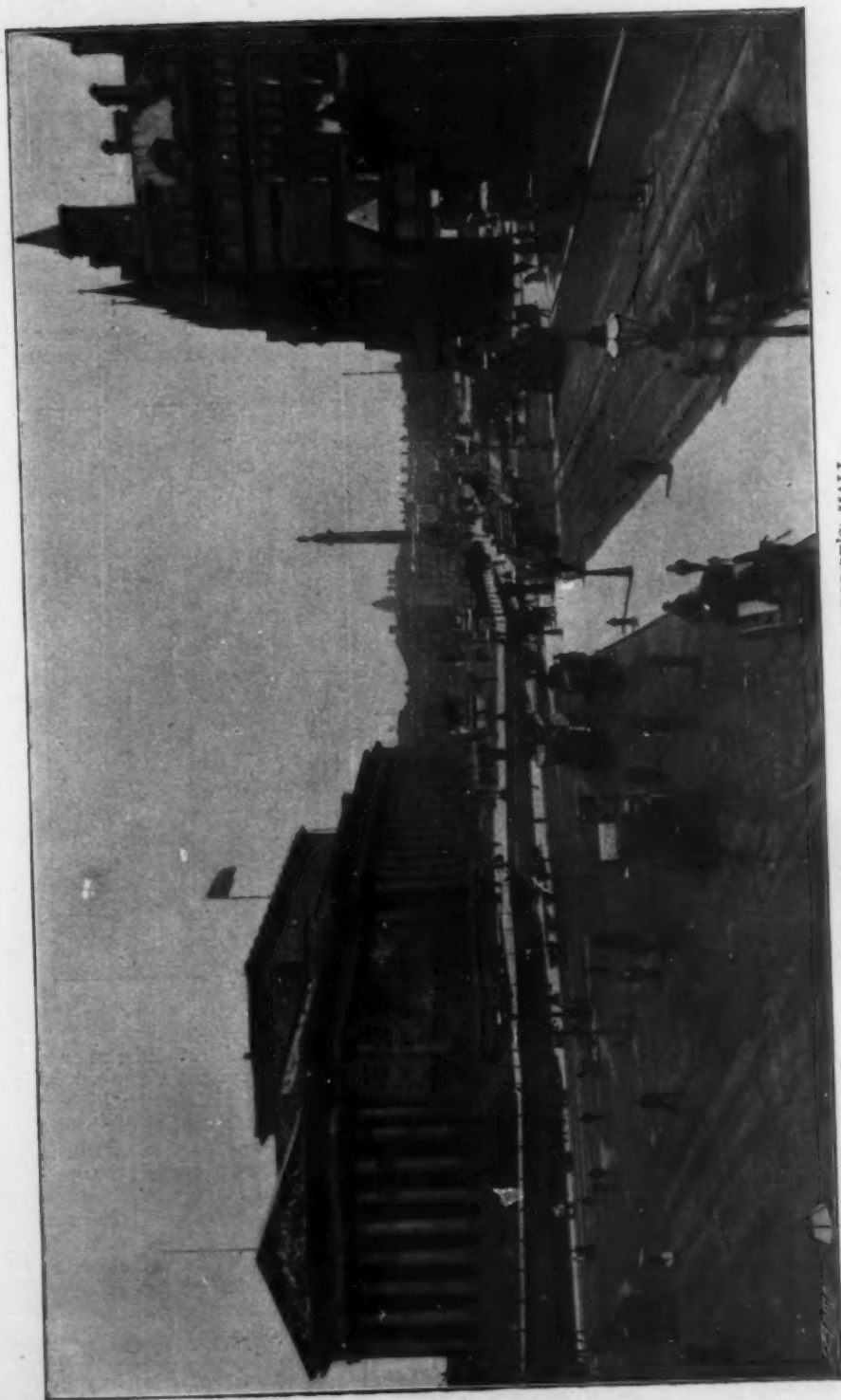
Lord Derby, whose career in Parliament, and afterwards as Governor-General of Canada, was marked by



THE EARL OF DERBY

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

striking success, is still a great lover of sport, as the members of his family have been for generations. On this point an interesting item of history may be revived. About two miles from New

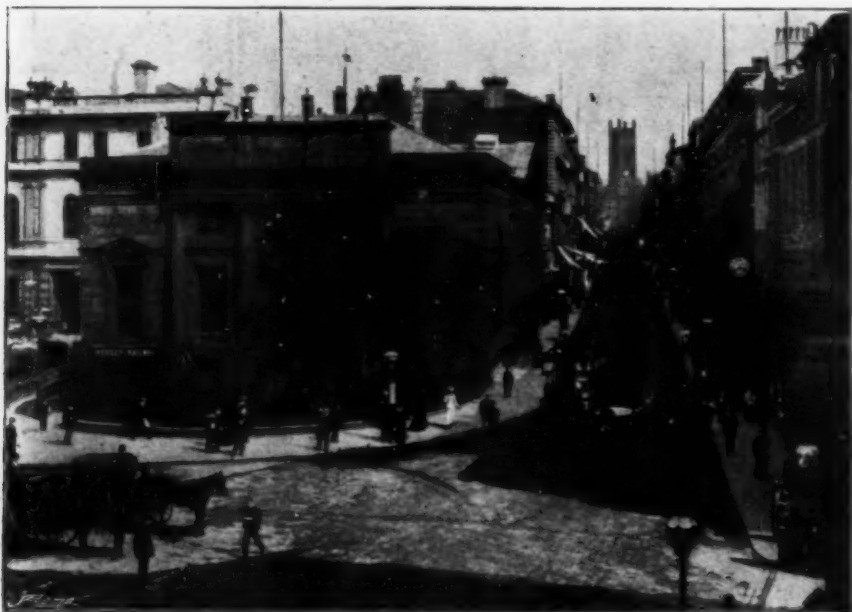


THE QUADRANT, WITH ST. GEORGE'S HALL
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN, EAMES AND BELL

Brighton, a small watering place whose pier may be discerned from the landing stage, there stands Leasowe Castle, which it was recently proposed to convert to an hotel but for the decision of local magistrates, who refused a licence. This castle was supposed to have been built by the Earls of Derby in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of witnessing the races which were anciently held there. It was at these races that the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, rode his own horse and won the plate, which he presented to his god-child, the daughter of the Mayor of Chester.

Another conspicuous figure in the civic life of Liverpool is Sir A. B. Forwood, M.P., a well-known shipowner who, besides being the leader of the Conservative party, has taken part in all the movements for the development of his native city. It was during his Mayoralty in 1877-78 that steps were taken to form the Diocese of Liverpool and found the University College, now the centre wherein the youth who are to become Liverpool's future citizens worship at the shrine of learning.

The last few years have evidenced a strong desire on the part of Liverpoolians



BOLD STREET

From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Fell

Liverpool attained the privilege of denominating its chief magistrate "Lord Mayor" only so far back as 1892, when Mr. Robert D. Holt, a member of an old firm of cotton brokers, succeeded to the chair. Mr. Holt, who for some years led the Liberal party in the city, is one of three brothers whose generous benefactions to the city have been so much appreciated, but much to the disappointment of his friends he refused Mr. Gladstone's offer of a baronetcy. Only recently his brother, Mr. Philip Holt, presented to the city a splendid park, whose value is represented by the sum of £80,000.

to erect buildings which shall be at once creditable to so important a commercial city and likewise useful in the highest degree. Another year must elapse before the new Post-office—the site of which, owned by Lord Derby, cost £250,000—is available for the transaction of the rapidly-increasing mass of business. One of the finest blocks of buildings consists of University College, the Walker Laboratories, the Tate Library, and the Royal Infirmary, all forming a memorable tribute to the architectural skill of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A. They are also an indication of the sense of duty shown by the men who, in building-up



THE UNIVERSITY
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

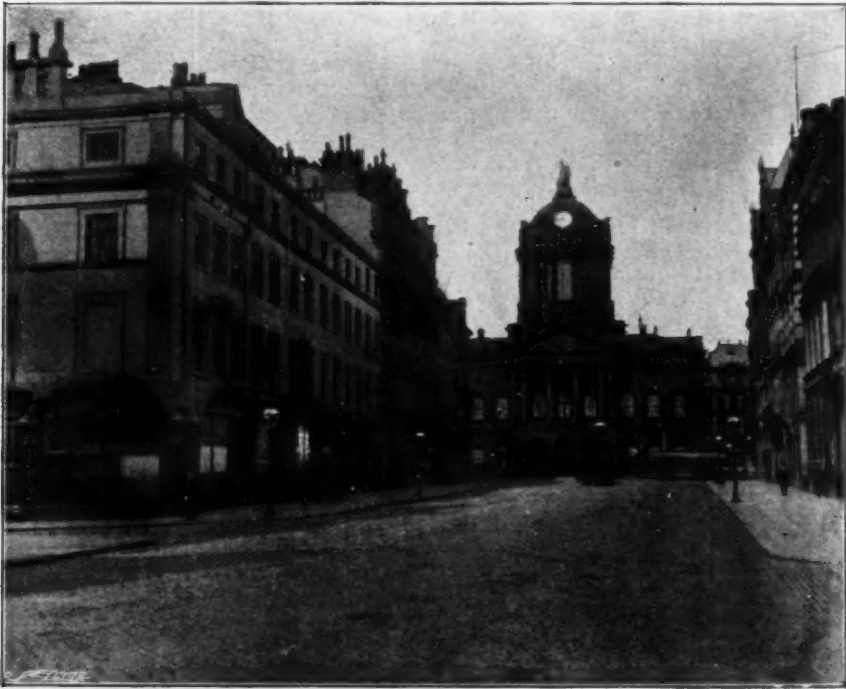


THE FLAGS AT MIDDAY

their own fortunes, have not been unmindful of the axiom that wealth brings its duties as well as its privileges—the Rathbones, the Holts, the Brunners, the Muspratts, the Gilmours, the House of Derby, and Sir A. B. Walker, (the founder of an extensive brewing business.)

Few who come to Liverpool fail to pass from the Town Hall to the Exchange, on whose extensive flags the principal cotton business of the world has long been transacted. They naturally wonder why, in wet weather, in sunshine,

a reading public, but in the case of Liverpool the last ten years have produced a striking change. It would seem that there is a revival of the efforts of the great Roscoe in the early part of this century to make Liverpool a centre, not only of industry, but of learning and intellectual activity. Technical education has received special attention, consequent on the Government grants; but a still more noticeable turn towards the appreciation of literature has been gained by the extension of the library system—in



THE TOWN HALL

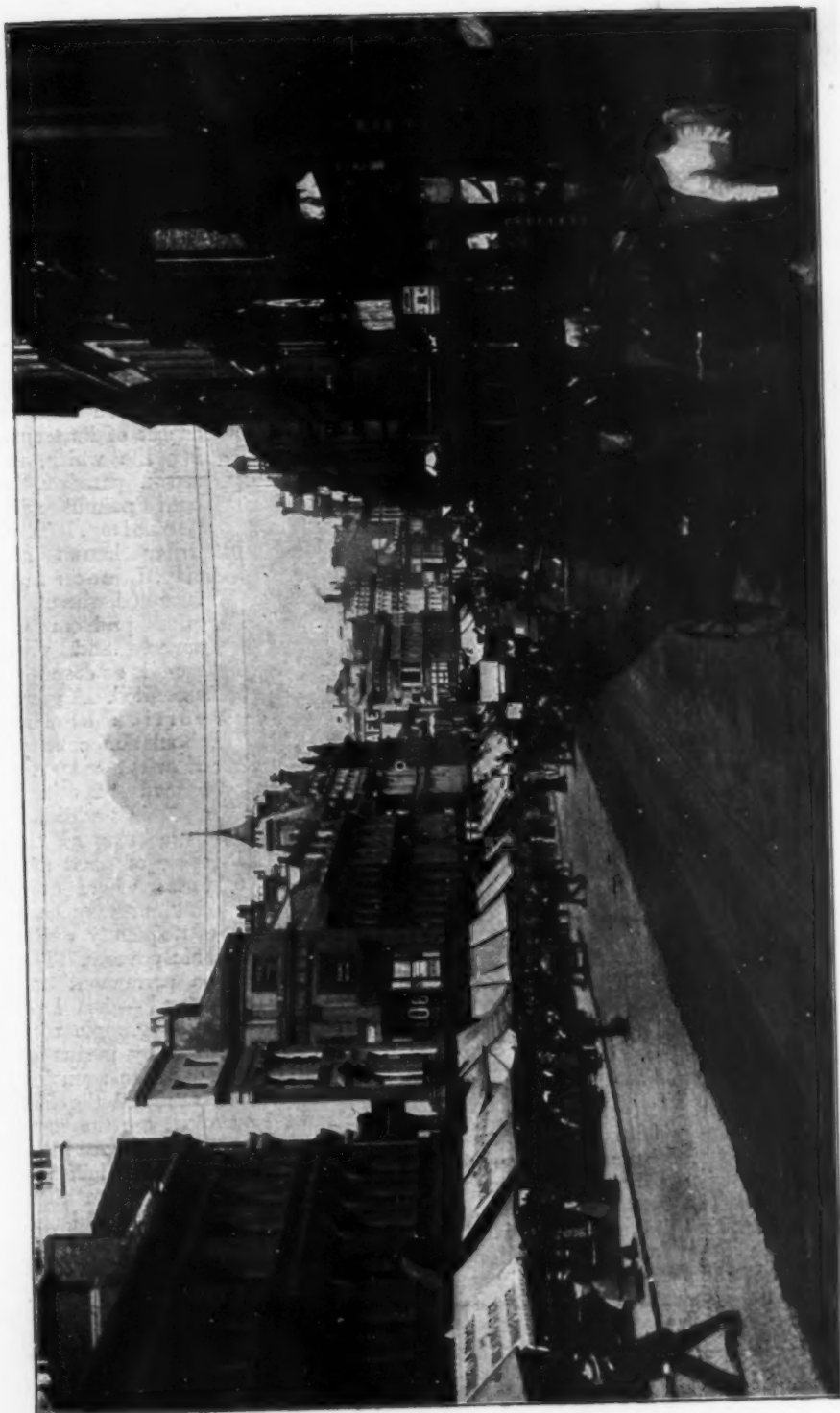
From a photograph by Brown, Barnes and Bell

or in storm, the merchants should congregate to "bear" and to "bull," when more inviting inside quarters might be secured. Old customs disappear, and so it happens that in future, instead of engaging *en plein air* in the cotton business in which Liverpool has held the foremost place for a hundred years, the merchants and the brokers will now enjoy the benefits of an Exchange of ample size and height, and certainly one not to be surpassed by any similar building in the country.

The unromantic pursuit of commerce is seldom conducive to the formation of

this respect Liverpool is still much behind Manchester—and the establishment of numerous literary and debating societies.

Then, again, in the last decade, the city has sent forth several of her sons to seek and to find a high place in literary circles. Chief in the world of fiction are Hall Caine and Ian Maclaren, while a rising novelist is Mr. William Tirebuck; poetry is worthily represented by William Watson and Richard le Gallienne; sound and graceful criticism has a disciple of great merit in Ashcroft Noble. During his early career in Liverpool Hall Caine



LORD STREET
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN, BARNES AND HELL



IAN MACLAREN: THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.
From a photograph by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool

did much useful work for the *Liverpool Mercury*, and, as he admitted when writing a sketch, *My First Novel*, for a London monthly, he owed his start along the path of fiction to the wise counsel and genial influence of its late editor, John Lovell.

London has attracted Liverpool's chief litterateurs, but there still remains in residence, engaged in ministerial work and occupying his leisure by the issue of charming sketches of Scottish character, one whose name is now "familiar as household words" throughout the world—the Rev. John Watson, popularly known as Ian Maclaren. The handsome Presbyterian church in Sefton Park, to which he has been attached for some years, has been filled Sunday after Sunday

by a congregation of earnest and thinking men and women. Great as a writer, he is perhaps better known in the city of his adoption as the leading preacher.

No pen and ink sketch of some of the leading features of "The Second City of the Empire" would be complete without reference to one aspect of its teeming life which, to use a paradox, is both painful and pleasing. The writer knows no city, London not excepted, where the grim problem of poverty and progress is so cogently presented. A great portion of the population consists of what may be termed "floating," and in addition, there being an absence of great factories where even children may earn

a livelihood, there consequently exists a large mass of chronic poverty. The temporary antidote—a permanent one has yet to be discovered—has long lain in bold attempts to grapple with this condition of things by means of charitable and other alleviate agencies. The subscription lists reveal the fact that the most benevolent are the merchant princes. But over and above mere gifts is the work of the leading ladies of the city. So unostentatious are their labours, though withal so successful, and so modest are their inclinations that it is feared no writer will ever succeed in collecting the necessary material for writing, or the gallery of portraits for illustrating, what may truthfully be described as "the Good Samaritan Life of Liverpool."

From Generation to Generation.

DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF GRAFTON



THE FIRST DUKE



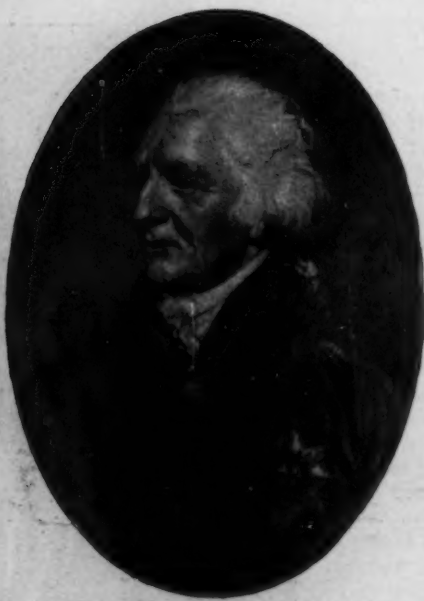
THE WIFE OF THE FIRST DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE



THE WIFE OF THE THIRD DUKE



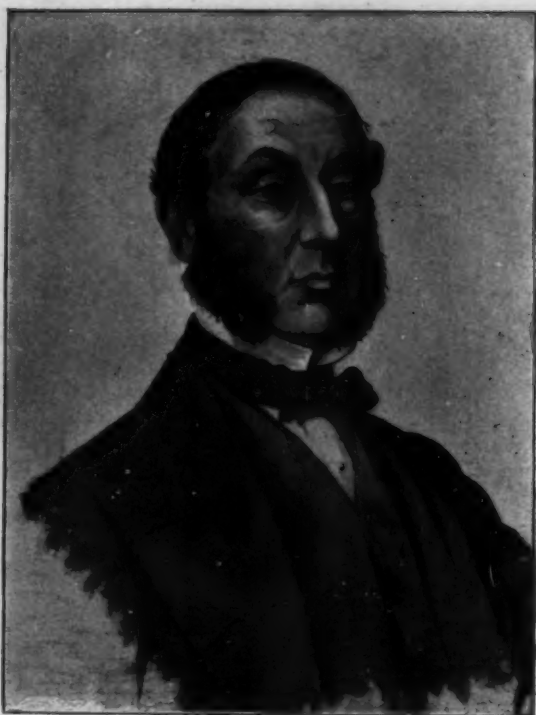
THE THIRD DUKE



THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUKE

THE LUDGATE

THE SIXTH DUKE



THE PRESENT DUKE OF GRAFTON
From a photograph by Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds

A Human Vivisection.

WRITTEN BY ARABELLA KENEALY. ILLUSTRATED BY W. BAYES.



I.

“GENTLEMEN,” the Professor said, “we shall this evening carry our scientific investigations to their logical conclusion.”

One of the quintet of students grouped about him thrust out a hand with a gesture of protest. The others turned in his direction with white faces. The Professor bent the coldness of his eyes upon them in a scrutiny that froze.

“Still the traditions of the nursery,” he said with icy tongue. “Gentlemen are you yet infants? Or are you men and scientists?”

The protestant dropped his hand with a sigh that was half a groan. The other men faced round like soldiers at the beat of drum.

“So so!” the Professor commented. “But a moment of weakness. When we first shave and nick our chins we are disposed to cast aside our razors, and go through life barbarians. Gentlemen, we have been barbarians too long. We have capered on the outer edge of knowledge—superstitious clowns, priest-ridden savages—too many centuries. A man is born—he lives—he dies. He was not—he is—he will not be. That is the life-history of any human entity. A combination in certain proportions of Carbon, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Oxygen, and sundry other unimportant elements—he is but a combination somewhat more complex than with the limited resources of our day we have so far been able to produce in the laboratory. That which we know as man is eternal, is indestructible by reason that the matter of which he is composed is indestructible. But it is in his ultimate principles of Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Nitrogen that he is everlasting. As man he is a mere ephemeral phenomenon—an eccentricity—a freak of nature.

From the scientific standpoint it cannot be of the smallest consequence to an individual compound, or to other compounds of the same *genus*, whether the elements of which he is composed exist in combination or dissociate. He may be equally happy—to use a conventional phrase—in the form of an atom of carbon as he may be in that of a Czar or a Prime Minister. Gentlemen, in the course of our researches, we do not hesitate to reduce to its constituent elements any other chemical or physiological compound. Shall we then hesitate because a particular compound chances to be more organically complex—for that reason more scientifically interesting? We merely free elements which sooner or later will be freed without our agency. And as ‘sooner or later’ are terms of no scientific significance, they are terms we are at liberty to disregard. Admitted that it is lawful—gentlemen, I am now arguing from the standpoint of vulgar prejudice—admitted that because man is a higher animal, therefore a lower one may properly be sacrificed to instruct, to amuse him, or to alleviate his pain, we come logically to the axiom that because one man is less educated, less useful, less physically perfect, or in some other way inferior to his fellows, he may properly be sacrificed for the instruction, amusement, or benefit of those fellows. Or, further, that out of a hundred men equally valuable, one may be sacrificed; or out of ten—or even five—a unit may be sacrificed. For my own part, gentlemen, I have no prejudices. If science have anything to learn, or medicine a theory to verify, I should unhesitatingly pronounce in favour of our selecting *not* the least useful, not the least perfect or highly-developed among us, but, on the contrary, the very finest and most admirable organisation at our disposal, in order that we may observe the phenomena of the human mechanism in their very best present-



"A MAN OF ESSENTIALLY DEGENERATE TYPE"

ment. However, in deference to such prejudices as still remain to you, I have procured for our investigations this evening a man of essentially degenerate type, mentally, morally, and physically. He comes of a line of kleptomaniacs and drunkards. He himself has spent the greater portion of his life in gaol. His conditions are such that he may well be content to be resolved into his elemental principles, where as a molecule of oxygen or carbon he will be harmless, painless, and without hunger or alcoholic thirst. In deference further to your sentiments—for I regret to see still in some of you a lack of that intellectual composure without which such researches as ours can never be prosecuted to a successful issue—I have ascertained that our subject has no ties of wife or child. Mr. Savage, there is brandy

behind you on the table. Perhaps it would be well for such of the class as have misgivings to fortify themselves. The cardiac centres are in some cases still under the reflex influence of sentiment and superstition—transmitted, doubtless, on the maternal side. No, I thank you, Stevens, I will not take anything. I may possibly need to address you again, and I find fluid liable to set up irritation of the larynx. Gentlemen, if you are ready, I will ring now for our subject."

The hand of the former protestant again went out in deprecation. He turned a sick face on the master.

"You can retire if you like, Savage. Only remember, in the present state of public feeling, you are bound to secrecy."

"No, no, I'll see it through," the other muttered.

The Professor pressed an electric push.

II.

A MAN entered. The Professor had kept strictly within

the truth as regarded the unfitness of the subject. Only a glance was needed to show this. He was stunted and crook-legged, with shelving brows and bullet head. His hair was stubbly, coarse, and short. His eyes were dull and bloodshot. He breathed heavily and reeked of beer. He seemed abashed as he shambled awkwardly into the clean electric light and into the presence of six black-coated, well-groomed "swells." He removed his greasy cap, and stood blinking his lids in the glare, fidgeting from foot to foot. Then, as the men remained staring at him, and the Professor proceeded to take off his coat and roll his shirt-sleeves up, he ventured huskily:

"Evenim', gemmen. At yer serviss, I'm sure gemmen."

One of the students started forward.

and crossing the room laid a hand on the Professor's arm.

"What does he think?" he demanded, hoarsely.

The Professor turned his eyes. The student shivered.

"I should say," he said, "that in his case the cerebrum is incapable of any process worth the name."

The student's fingers shook and half fell away from their grasp.

"What has he had?" he asked irresolutely.

The Professor shifted his arm from beneath the other's hold, and took up his mackintosh overall.

"Pooh!" he said indifferently. "He's had a ten-pound note and six weeks drunken debauchery."

"Good Heavens!" the other broke out, and went back to his place.

The greasy cap in the hand of the "subject" began to fidget nervously. In the shadeless glare of the electric light you could have seen a rhythmic motion of his coarse nostrils as he swelled his chest for courage. He loosed a scarlet neckerchief about his throat. His bloodshot gaze was glued to the Professor. Some instinct had hold of him. He glanced at the door; but the door had been locked, and over it a wadded curtain dropped. Had he looked more closely he would have seen that there was not an inch of the room but was thickly padded. From a distant corner came the sound as of a creature sighing—now breathing in, now breathing out, as in some dire distress. But the cold light flooded everywhere, and there was no living creature whence the sighing issued. Yet you could hear it—now breathing in, now breathing out, in husky respiration. No gentle rhythm of lung, as in sleep or quiet waking, but the harsh mechanical succession of expiration on inspiration heard when the act of breathing no longer warms the chilling blood, but is the merest echo of a life's habit. The subject smothered an imprecation. He jerked his cap spasmodically in the direction of the sound.

"Summun breathin'?" he interrogated, with an ashen face. The Professor, bending above the last button on the front of his mackintosh overall, straightened himself and glanced round.

"Will somebody kindly switch off that respiratory pump?" he requested blandly, "we shall not need it yet."

One of the students walked over to the corner. His hands were busy for a moment. The last breath swelled, sobbed, and broke in a muffled shriek. Then all was silence.

It were as though a life had gone out. The subject took two instinctive steps across the room—away from the corner and nearer the Professor.

"By Gord!" he laughed nervously, "but's funny. I tuk it fur summun breathin'."

"Savage," the Professor said, and his tones were level as ice, "unlock the safe and take out cases one and five. It is not necessary to open them," he interjected in a lower voice.

III.

"Now then my man," addressing the subject, "strip to the shirt. And look sharp, there's a good fellow, it is getting late."

The subject shifted from one foot to the other. He laid his cap before him on the floor. He moistened his lips with a dry tongue. He coughed.

"No larks, gents," he said, "bargin was I wasn't to feel nothink uv it."

"Oh, that was the bargain was it?" the Professor commented, turning his back as he tested the sharpness of something against his nail.

"Yes. Ye see 'twas like this, gemmen. Chap come along and sez he, a clappin' me on the back, 'Want a ten-pun note, Bill?' sez he. 'Not me,' I sez 'I've jest got back from marryin' the Barness Burdy Coots and me weskit's as full o' million-pun notes as a hegg's o' meat.' That was oney my larks, gents, cos I fencied 'is was larks, cos I've never in aw my life know'd ten-pun notes a floatin' round like butterflies. Then I sez seriouser, 'Wot's the resk?' cos I know'd, ov course, if ten-pun notes fly round like butterflies they ain't to be copped uthout burnin' yer fingers. 'Nare a resk at all,' sez he, 'oney gemman's 'eerd on yer in the pappers—a cove gets in the pappers wen he's onfortnet gents—an he wants to git a squint uv yer brain to write a book about.' 'Urt?' sez I. 'Not a bit uv it,' sez he. 'Done' sez I, cos I'd eerd uv gemmen mikerscopin' fellers and weighin' em and photygraphin' em and takin' their finger-ends in wax and uvver queer does. There ain't a tanner left uv that

there ten-pun note, but ere I'm, not wishin' to do a dirty trick by a gemman as is free wi' ten-pun notes and moughtn't forgit a cove wen it was all over——"

"That will do my man," the Professor interrupted. "Get out of your things and don't talk so much."

"Awright mister," the subject said, unbuttoning his coat, "though wy yer can't see a chap's brain as he stands gits me."

He was soon undressed and stood before them in a shirt which was fringed with a vandyke of rags at wrists and throat.

"Best linnings bein' got up, gents," he apologised, with a half-abashed impudence; "and I warn't toggged out for kimp'ny."

He seemed to get courage as he talked. He looked from one to another, taking each into his confidence with a waggish ruffianism. He had an air of finding the "gemmen" affable, although they did not say much. He pulled his rags down over his misformed limbs. The Professor had been right in characterising him as a degenerate. His knees knocked. His shins bowed. His wrists bulged under the ragged edges of his sleeves.

In his shirt he was a mere caricature of a human thing.

"Get on that table," the Professor said, pointing a long, white finger.

The subject again showed signs of apprehension. His teeth chattered. He took up his red neckerchief and tied it dilatorily about his throat. It was cold standing there in his thin shirt. And he was gaining time.

"I wasn't to be 'urt," he appealed, hoarsely.

"You are going to have something to put you to sleep."

"Chloryform?" he demanded.

"Chloroform," the Professor assented.

"I say, you'll see me through it, mister," the other urged, in a slightly shuddering voice. "I ain't a-goin' to be 'urt?"

"I'll see you through it," the Professor promised.

The subject scrambled on to the table.

"A ten-pun note's a ten-pun note," he apostrophised, "but a cove's got to think uv 'is skin."

"The strap on the left," the Professor said. "If you cannot do it, Savage, I will go round and adjust it myself."

The man sat up. Shudders ran shivering through him.

"See 'ere, gents," he expostulated, "I ain't got to be strepped down like a 'orse. Giv ye me oath I won't kick."

Somebody brought a blanket and folded it over him. Somebody caught his hands and somebody caught his feet. A thong tugged tight across his chest. He could not move. His head seemed bound in iron. A cloth covered his eyes.

"It's all right, good fellow," somebody said in his ear. "Just breathe this in quietly and you'll be asleep in a few minutes."

"Wot makes their phizes all so yallery wite?" the subject questioned dreamily. It was rather pleasant. Warm hands were about him. The blanket comforted him. Something tasted sweet on his tongue. He felt no inclination to stir. He lay in a kind of stupor. Suddenly he heard a dog howl—a slow-drawn, agonised howl. A muffled voice—a voice which sounded a long way off—observed:

"It's that collie again. Stuff a beef lozenge down its throat. Or, I say, Savage, spike its medulla. We've had three days on it already. It isn't worth much."

He started struggling. He felt choked. The thong across his chest cut into him. Cords galled his wrists and ankles. Then a horrible and mortal terror fell upon him. But the power of escape had gone. His limbs and tongue were numbed.

"I say," he muttered brokenly, "see me through it, gents. I've been a bad un, but there's a gell as b'lieves in me, and mebbe—and mebbe a kid on its way."

In his stupor it seemed to him there was a sudden altercation. In that which sounded like a scuffle, the mask over his face was half torn off. There was a blaze of light. Men's voices were raised in dispute. Then he heard one man's voice speaking coldly on a sudden silence. It hissed in his hot ears. Again there was silence. He seemed to be breaking slowly out of a dream. He muttered, and tried to call. The light grew stronger; he was coming to. They hadn't lied, then; he was coming to, and he hadn't been hurt. What a funk he'd been in—the swells must have thought him a milk-liver! The hissing speech stopped. Then a long breath broke above him in a sob. How mortal queer it all was. He tried



"THE POWER OF ESCAPE HAD GONE"

to strike out. They were blinding the light away again; it was dark, and something clung tight over his face. Did he shout? He meant to shout, but could not hear himself. Where were they throwing him? He was dead, and they were throwing him into a pit. Down, down—the air whistled round him. Gord! what a cropper he'd come when he got to the bottom! All at once he ceased

from falling; he was swimming. The water was about him; it lapped him gently, gurgling in his ears. He couldn't get his breath; he choked. It scalded his throat and nostrils. He was drowning—drowning—drowned. Blackness and nothingness. Then he leapt like a wild thing in the air. Was this hell? God help him! He had never been bad enough for this—no one had ever been

bad enough for this! A searing flame had torn his body down from throat to waist. Hot hands were tearing out his vitals; molten metal scorched him. God help him! He'd been a bad 'un—yes, he'd been a bad 'un, s'elp 'im, but he'd never been bad enough for this. Let it be remembered for him that, with all his badness, he had never taken life.

IV.

THE lung-pump was at work. The husky rhythm of its gasp, swelling and emptying, sounded desolately. Something seemed to have gone wrong with it. It wheezed and laboured with a weird disquietude. The chest walls had been thrown back and the blood sponged up. Yet was there a constant ooze of weeping scarlet. The purple lungs lifted and fell laboriously. The heart in its membranous bag pulsed faintly. The room was shrouded in a steamy vapour, which, pouring from a long-spouted kettle, made fantastic clouds. Through these the scientists showed intent and silent, with beads of moisture in their hair and beards. Only two remained—the Professor and the Chloroformist—three, if you count the Thing on the table. As the others one by one had stolen out the Professor had lightened upon their sickened faces out of his steel eyes.

"Dolts!" he had sneered, his fingers busy at their task; "they are always like this the first time. Did they think it would be pretty?"

The Chloroformist stood firm. The finger of his one hand lay on the congested wrist. With the other he lifted the eyelid from minute to minute with a desperate intentness, testing sensation on the surface of the eyeball. At intervals he dropt fresh chloroform into his cone.

"The body is niggardly of its secrets," the Professor said; "we shall not easily find what we seek."

He touched the heart apex roughly with the handle of his scalpel. It leapt and palpitated like a frightened thing.

"Reflex action still good," he murmured; "we ought to get at something."

He switched off the pump. The lungs sank slowly, then rose and sank again. Their rhythm became of the faintest.

You could scarcely see them lift. The blue wrist under the Chloroformist's hand grew bluer. The eyeballs blackened. The pulse waned.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered.

"Let him go!" he said aloud. "For God's sake let him go. I can't hold on much longer."

The Professor stared up frigidly. A sneer froze on his face.

Presently he switched the apparatus on again. The lungs filled harshly. They swelled with a sigh. The former breathing strength was gained. The skin got back its colour. The pulse waxed. The Chloroformist drew a hand across his eyes.

"What a devil he is," he mumbled. "But whatever happens I mustn't give up."

"Pulse still good?" the Professor queried.

"Good" was the laconic answer.

"The fellow's a bad specimen. I'm afraid we shall not make much out of him."

A minute later.

"Stop the chloroform!"

The Chloroformist looked him in the face.

"The chloroform. Stop the chloroform I say."

"What a devil he is," the Chloroformist mumbled again.

"Pooh!" the Professor said. "I thought you better seasoned."

The Chloroformist dropt fresh chloroform.

"I'm not enough seasoned for that," he retorted. The chloroform bottle was in his hand. As he re-stopped it, the Professor, with a rapid movement, jerked it from his grasp. It fell on the floor and smashed into a hundred pieces. An odour sweet, merciful and benign ascended on the air.

"So I relieve you of all responsibility," the Scientist said with a sardonic laugh. The Chloroformist stared, choked and stuttered. Then he burst weakly into a passion of tears.

"Why Grimston," the Professor said, "what a fool you're making of yourself. Now we shall test the heart's action under the influence of pain."

V.

THE Professor buttoned his coat about him as he came briskly down the steps.

"Cool night," he commented. "I should say the mercury stands below thirty."

The man behind him shuddered. His hands shook as with rigorous cold when he turned into the street. Yet his coat was flung wide, and he took off his hat and held a white face to the air. He reeked of brandy.

A young woman huddling on a doorstep opposite crept across the road.

"It must a' bin 'ere," she said half to herself.

Then she turned up a face that showed frigid and pinched under the gas-lamp.

"'Xcuse me, gents," she faltered through her chattering teeth, "but it's 'alf-past three, and are you quite done wi' my Bill?"

The man with the sick face clutched a railing. The Professor moved a step in front of him. He stood a moment scanning the shivering creature.

"I am afraid we have not the pleasure of your Bill's acquaintance," he said banteringly.

The girl cried out. Her lips dragged at the corners.

"Ain't you seen 'im?" she stammered. "He said he was comin' 'ereabouts to some gents. I've been watchin' the light this two hours, thinkin' 'twas 'ere."

After a pause, during which she stared round like one stunned, "Ain't you seen 'im?" she repeated. "He's a big-built,

fine-lookin' feller, sir—my Bill. Dark eyes and a red neckcher."

"Ah!" the Professor said, "you'll find he has gone home. It is nearly four o'clock."

The girl broke out in a frantic fit of sobbing. "He's not gone 'ome. I'm



"HAVE YOU SEEN MY BILL?"

'fraid he's got into mischief agen, and got took. And he promised me he wouldn't never any more."

The Professor shook his head. "Most men are liars, my good woman," he said smoothly. "Good night!"

But the girl had rushed sobbing away. The Professor caught his companion's arm. "Come, come, Grimston!" he said, sharply, "pull yourself together! You know as well as I do it is merely a question of being the first time."

FAILURE.

WE have not done so very well,
 We, who were so wise,
 If, after all, the shadow lies
 Upon our hearts, and in our eyes.
 We somehow missed, 'twixt Heaven and Hell,
 The brighter tale there was to tell—
 We, who were so wise!

We did not climb so very far,
 We, who were so strong.
 Full soon we sighed, "The road is long;
 Give over; hush the comrade song;
 And leave our happiness afar
 Above our heads, a virgin star"—
 We, who were so strong!

We did not dare much, or achieve,
 We, who were so great.
 Had we not faith to strive and wait?
 Had we not hearts to conquer Fate?
 Nay, let us cease; depart; and leave
 The unattained. But shall we grieve?
 We, who were so great?

WILLIAM MUDFORD.

King in Borneo.

By EDWARD JOHN HART.



O a land where the cocoanut palms spring in myriads into the tropic sky and flourish as luxuriantly in the recesses of the interior as near the water's edge, where one finds the coast in many places formed of

league-long stretches of mangrove and nipa growing on coral and above a shallow sea, where crocodiles bask on the river shoals and "big game" stalk through the jungle, and where sultans of Arab lineage dispense justice from broad verandahed "palaces" built of nebong palms with attap roof and sides, perched on piles fourteen feet above the ground—to the land of North Borneo, in a word, and the island regions adjacent, there came some twenty-five years ago an unknown young Scotsman who, when he left it nine or ten years later, had been mainly instrumental in enriching the British race with a territory more than twice the size of Denmark.

William Clark Cowie and the men associated with him were merchant adventurers of a sixteenth century type, going about their perilous and exciting trade as if it was a mere ordinary business. His experiences from the very first were marked by a strong Elizabethan flavour, for they commenced by his risking his life, in company with four other men, by embarking, on April 18th, 1870,

at Glasgow, for Singapore, on a miniature vessel absolutely undermanned and practically unequipped for the voyage. The *Argyle* was an iron, schooner-rigged, screw steamer of fourteen tons, nearly all her internal space consisting of cabins. A Captain Hall commanded and owned the vessel, having bought her to save his passage. Failing to get a crew to ship for such a voyage in such a craft, he enlisted the four daring youngsters, not

one of whom had any practical knowledge of seamanship. Cowie was an engineer by profession, and, in common with the rest, learnt to box the compass sooner than might be imagined, for it at once resolved itself into a question of learn seamanship or drown, and before the conclusion of the voyage, which occupied no less than five months, the four amateurs had become as expert sailor-men as ever manned a capstan.

With the exception of four days' steaming the whole

voyage was done under canvas, and at Aden they unshipped the propeller that they might sail the better. Before the amateur sailors could get their sea legs, they were hove to for eight days in a frightful gale off the coast of Ireland, and this gave them such a strong, if temporary, distaste for the sea that it was unanimously resolved to seek rest and shelter in the nearest port, Killybeg. They were at once suspected of coming there to aid the escape of Stevens, the Fenian "head centre," who was supposed to be in the locality, for the smallness of their vessel



MR. W. C. COWIE
From a photograph by S. Walery

caused the announcement of their destination to be regarded as apocryphal, and their movements were closely watched by a revenue cutter.

Then followed an interminable voyage to Port Said, and then the passage of the Canal, but recently opened for traffic. The *Argyle* distinguished herself by going over the fluke of a dredger's anchor, ripping a hole fourteen feet long in her bottom, and going down in Lake Timsa. The Canal authorities assisted the crew to raise and repair the vessel, and with the most of their stores water-spilt they crawled on down to Aden. This crawling process was soon reversed with a vengeance, for the *Argyle* left Aden in the month of August, in the height of the South-West Monsoon, when not another sailing craft in the port would look at it, and the weather may be gauged from the fact that she covered the distance from Aden to the entrance of the Straits of Malacca in three weeks, simply tearing along with a gale behind her the whole way. Another three weeks were consumed in getting up to Singapore, and during this time the adventurers endured a sufficiently miserable experience. For the last five weeks all hands had to subsist on rice and treacle. They had no spirits, tea, or coffee, tobacco, or matches, this last deprivation necessitating the galley fire being kept up night and day. Once an over-weary watcher let it die out, and it was only after a world of trouble, by means of a cartridge, an old fowling piece, and some jute that they succeeded in lighting it again.

At Singapore the *Argyle* was sold to the Sultan of the Rhio and Linga Archipelago, who in preference to all his other territories, elected to live on a small island just opposite Singapore. Mr. Cowie found his occupation gone, till the *Argyle's* first trip after changing hands, when one of the boiler tubes burst and the young engineer was called in to repair it. The Sultan was so pleased with him that he at once recruited him for his service, making him Admiral of his fleet, which, in addition to the *Argyle*, consisted of several yachts like revenue cutters, and innumerable *prahus* or native boats. The position of Admiral was congenial while the duties were not devoid of excitement. These were to collect, and sometimes enforce payment of revenue from the chiefs tributary to

the Sultan, and to repress, as far as possible, the piracy which was then the curse of that quarter of the East.

Sailing over those balmy summer seas, visiting unexplored islands, meeting and learning the customs of natives who had never before come in contact with a European—with of course, the risk thrown in of being shot or stabbed on sight—and occasionally indulging in short sharp fights with the pluckiest race of sea-rovers that ever cut a throat, the life of the young Scotsman was diversified and agreeable enough. But in time, Mr. Cowie wisely concluded that the proud position of Admiral of an Eastern fleet was more onerous than lucrative, besides being dependent upon the fortunes of war or the whim of a monarch. So he sought, and obtained the Sultan's permission to explore his territory in Sumatra for coal. This was duly found, though the difficulties of transport ultimately rendered it unmarketable, but the expedition was accompanied by at least one noteworthy incident. The explorer and his party, consisting of 100 natives, ascended one of the rivers in thirty *prahus*, and on reaching the spot where the coal seam was afterwards discovered, erected hurriedly a house to shelter the whole party and its live stock. After the manner of the country, the house was perched on piles fourteen feet high, and put together without nails, their place being supplied by lashings, and when all the inmates had ascended and drawn the ladder up after them, the roughly-built structure was top-heavy. During the night a tiger came out of the jungle, and made a spring at some fowls, hanging from a projecting beam, and striking this with his whole weight, he started the rickety building, which thereupon collapsed. A few nights afterwards Mr. Cowie shot a magnificent tiger, apparently about to repeat the same performance, and during the trip bagged another tiger, a rhinoceros, and a crocodile twenty-five feet long.

On his return to Singapore, he resigned his post of Admiral, and entered into partnership with an eastern merchant named Schomburgk, who hailed from Hamburg, and whose uncle, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Schomburgk had originally settled that Venezuelan boundary over which we have lately been disputing. He was given charge

of the *Far East*, a screw steamer of 150 tons, to trade to Borneo, and the Sulu Archipelago, his command being the first trading steamer that ever visited Northern Borneo. Little enough was known of that territory at the time. It was partly owned by the Sultan of Brunei and partly by the Sultan of Sulu, but the Sulus were largely in possession. It consisted of lofty mountains, countless miles of virgin forest, and vast areas of swamp. Its coast was studded with primitive native towns and settlements in which a majority of the houses and huts rose out of the shallows on piles, and with the constant movement of the quaintly shaped craft of the East, and the going and coming of its gaudily decorated people, made an *ensemble* of picturesqueness and colour.

On his way to the Bornean coast, the commander of the *Far East* called in at Labuan, and was informed by the Governor, Sir Hugh Low, that the Spaniards were blockading the Sulu Archipelago. They had long been anxious to add the island of Sulu to their colony in the Philippines, and had now opened a campaign which dragged on after the accustomed manner of Spanish wars. The Sulus are staunch Moslems, and one among the many reasons that cause them, in common with other native races, to detest the Spanish rule is that every expedition is accompanied by several priests, who spare no effort to proselytise. The Sulus were notorious pirates. The carrying trade of the islands is largely in their hands, and their other chief employment is fishing for mother-of-pearl shell.

The white portion of the crew of the *Far East*, consisting of the commander and a Scotch mate, heard of the war with a feeling of something like joy. Here was a prospect of lucrative trade, and of excitement dear to the hearts of the adventurous, and so they quickly determined to run the blockade. Arrived off the port of Tianggi in the island of Sulu, and seeing no sign of the Spaniards or of the blockade being in any way made effective, they went in and sold the cargo for a magnificent equivalent in mother-of-pearl shell. Just as the *Far East* had commenced taking this cargo on board, in came two gunboats and overhauled her, the Spaniards threatening to confiscate the ship and cast captain and crew

into prison. Mr. Cowie successfully "bluffed" the Spanish officers, however, by showing them the ship's papers, which were in a cheerful jumble of Malay and Dutch, while the vessel was under the Malay flag, partly owned by a Hamburger and partly navigated by a Scotch mate with an English master's certificate. Evidently fearing that too many nationalities and interests were concerned to make her a safe ship to meddle with the Spaniards gave her two hours to take on board fuel and water and to clear out.

Without Spanish permission, she also loaded as much pearl-shell as could be safely concealed in the bottoms of the watering-boats, and then, to all appearances, stood out to sea; but, in reality, she soon put about, and went up a mangrove-shrouded creek, where she lay concealed till night. Then, having learnt that the gunboats had started on another patrol, she returned to Tianggi with her lights veiled, whipped the balance of the cargo on board, and had steamed out beyond the three-league limit before the day broke.

But this was not the last adventure of the trip. The *Far East* stopped at Sampanmangio, the northernmost point of Borneo, to take in firewood; and while there was surprised and afterwards chased by a fleet of a hundred piratical *prahus*. They followed the vessel far and fast; and as the adventurers had sold all their shot and shell to the Sulus, they were driven to cut up chains into short lengths for projectiles, and only prevented their pursuers from overhauling them by a well-directed fire from the ship's breech-loading six-pounders.

The financial results of this venture were so satisfactory that the firm established trading-stations in Borneo and Sulu, and fixed their head-quarters at Sandakan, the present capital of British North Borneo. At the time of which I am speaking, Mr. Cowie was the only European trader who could land there without risking his head. Not long afterwards, Captain Ross, of the *Cleator*, joined the firm, which increased its fleet and extended its sphere of operations under the title of "The Labuan Trading Company"—the pioneer *de facto* trading company in Borneo, and the forerunner of the British North Borneo Company.

The blockade of Sulu lasted three years, and the Labuan Trading Company's vessels continually ran the

blockade. They were never once caught, owing to the superior astuteness of their officers and the strong regard in which the natives held Mr. Cowie; for the Spanish cruisers captured four other vessels that tried to follow their example.



A NATIVE BOAT

The war seemed likely to last an eternity; and it was not until thirty-two vessels and eight thousand troops—with the usual following of priests—were sent down from Manilla, that the Spaniards succeeded in capturing Tianggi (which they rechristened Jolo) with a loss of two thousand killed.

At length several European Powers declined to have their trade further interfered with, and put pressure on Spain to declare the blockade at an end. After it was raised, the Spanish colonial authorities, enraged at the immunity from capture hitherto enjoyed by the Labuan Company's ships, illegally seized one of them—the *Tony*, commanded by a Prussian named Sachsze—and so maltreated the captain, whom they imprisoned along with his crew, that he died a month after his release, which, together with that of the crew, the restoration of the vessel, and the payment of an indemnity, had been peremptorily demanded by Great Britain.

About the islands it was rumoured that Sachsze died from the effects of a slow poison administered to him in the prison at Manilla, and though the truth of it was not established, his death was certainly a mystery that baffled the doctors.

Considered as a fighting animal, the Suluman, or woman, can hardly be excelled, and though the limits of space forbid details, one instance can be briefly given as evidence of their unconquerable courage, fierceness, and resource.

A Sulu woman with her own hands killed twelve Spanish soldiers, as they were marching by night across the Island of Patian. Stationing herself in a rocky defile—so narrow as only to allow one to pass at a time, and at a spot where the track dropped abruptly, compelling the soldiers to jump some ten feet—she killed each man as he alighted with her *barong*—the short, heavy, sharp sword of the Sulus—and that so effectually, that for a time no alarm was given. Captured and securely handcuffed, she was put

on board a gunboat for conveyance to Jolo, but while off the coast, sprang overboard and swam ashore in her irons, and thus manacled and dripping from the sea, presented herself before the Sultan and Mr. Cowie, who happened at the time to be his guest.

Mr. Cowie must have possessed a singular faculty for ingratiating himself with the natives. Not only was he free of the whole Sultanate of Sulu, and hailed as a friend in places where no other European could land without taking his life in his hands—the Spaniards, even after their conquest, not daring to stir a foot beyond their palisaded forts—but he was on equally good terms with the Sultan and people of Brunei or Borneo, the latter having ceded him the Peninsula of Muara, on the north-east coast, with rights of life and death over all its people. Here he was virtually a king; but, having discovered and developed some excellent coal mines, he sold Muara to Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, with whose territory it is now incorporated.

On the mainland of North Borneo one comes across an extraordinary multiplicity of races, including the Booloodoopies, who are the true aboriginals of

Borneo; the Bajaus, or Sea Gypsies; the Eraans, the Datus, the Doompas, the Dusuns, or Sundryaks; which, again, are sub-divided into the Roongas, Kooroories, Umpoolooms, Saga Sagas, Tunbunwhas, Tingaras, Rumanows, and many others, the spelling of whose names even is very uncertain, and of whom the illustrations present a few specimens. Then, in addition, one meets with a few Dyaks, innumerable Malays, Sulus, Bugis, Illanuns, and the Balignini. These two last-mentioned races have, as pirates, earned for themselves a world-wide notoriety, and in their last pirate raid along the Bornean coasts in 1879, the Balignini are known to have carried off or killed sixty-five people, while the Illanuns have long made it their practice to murder all on board any boat they captured. Yet the Europeans who have met the Sulus, Illanuns, &c., when not on piracy bent, speak of them as well-

torturing slaves and prisoners under the influence of religious superstition. Some of them devote their energies to accumulating and hoarding old jars, while others reckon their wealth in brass ware and brass ornaments; and as for occupations, they cover the ground from piracy, seamanship, fishing, and hunting, to manufacture, agriculture, and the collection of jungle produce, including edible birds' nests. These are obtained from vast caves, often pitch dark and hundreds of feet in height, on the wet and slippery sides of which the collectors climb; or, by the aid of rattan slings, depend from the roof like flies, and gather the nests at the imminent risk of life and limb.

The Labuan Trading Company was eventually wound up, but Mr. Cowie continued the same business on a reduced scale. He shared his interest in the steamer *Far East*, etc., with the



THE EX-SULTAN OF SULU AND SUITE

behaved, courteous, intelligent, and even companionable, and many a retired pirate has settled down in the Borneo Company's territory, and died in the odour of sanctity.

Some of the peoples are Mohammedans, and some are pagans pure and simple. Some have a fondness for taking heads as trophies, and others for

Sultan of Sulu, and in a chartered vessel, the *Barbara Taylor*, visited the Celebes and Maccassar, and finally loaded her at Sandakan for China. There can be no doubt that had he at this time, or before, possessed a sufficiently strong financial backing he could have followed the example of the first Rajah Brooke and carved British North



A GROVE OF COCOA-NUT PALMS

Borneo into a kingdom for himself. The Sultan of Brunei had already ceded him territory, while he of Sulu, who actually held the country, was the young merchant adventurer's partner, and would gladly have ceded him the land to save it from falling into the hands of the Spaniards. But the romantic dream of an independent Kingdom, even if ever entertained, was abandoned, and while in Hong Kong, the Sultan of Sulu's partner was surprised by a demand being sprung upon him for a royalty on his cargo from Sandakan, on the grounds that the territory of North Borneo had been ceded by the Sultan of Brunei to a former American Consul at his Court, and that the latter had sold his rights to an American Company.

The claim for royalty was successfully resisted, but led to matters of great importance, the details of which, though interesting in a Blue Book, would prove but dull reading in a Magazine. Opposing claims and counter claims, dating back as far as 1773, now came to the surface. Sultans and chiefs had ceded territory which they did not possess, to individuals and corporations who had never exercised their doubtful rights. Vast tracts of land had been

given and transferred (on paper) to people who wisely preferred a whole skin to making a closer acquaintance with their domains. Since 1773, no serious attempts had been made to colonise or establish trading stations in North Borneo till the Labuan Trading Company came along, and these claims were only resurrected when evidence of its success was forthcoming. Even when the claims and cessions were narrowed down to the ownership of Messrs. Dent and Co. and Baron Overbeck, the treaties were not worth much more than the paper on which they were written. But Mr. Cowie saw that they could be made of value, and as his aid was indispensable, an amalgamation of interests took place, which eventually blossomed into the British North Borneo Company.

The Sultan of Brunei's ratification of the cession was easily obtained. The Sultan of Sulu, who was in possession, made it almost a personal matter between him and his partner, ceding his rights ostensibly for an annual payment of 5,000 dollars, but really to baulk the Spaniards.

The new flag was run up at Sandakan, and the Resident of the new Com-

pany took up his abode in the house that had hitherto been the station of the Labuan Trading Company. But his rule suffered a temporary eclipse. Certain promises had not been kept either with Mr. Cowie or the Sultan of Sulu, and the latter sent his word throughout the land, and down came the sign of the new sovereignty at Sandakan, while the Sulu flag was hoisted in its stead. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alfred Dent then paid a flying visit to Borneo from China, and begged Mr. Cowie to intercede with the Sultan, who refused to see Dent, but was later on persuaded by his partner to restore the *status quo*.

Pirates are no respecters of even chartered companies, and one of Mr. Cowie's last adventures in Bornean waters was a brush with them outside Sandakan harbour. He had just come in in the *Far East*, when he was informed that a fleet of piratical *prahus* had a little while before gone seaward, after raiding the settlement, burning the waterside dwellings and a fishing boat, from which they had carried off two men. The *Far East* was put about in pursuit, and soon overhauled the pirate fleet, which immediately dispersed in all directions. One *prahu* was run aground on a shoal, whereupon its crew at once jumped overboard in water almost up to their necks, and contrived, while making the air resound with their shouts of defiance, to keep up a hot musketry fire on a boat's crew from the

steamer, advancing to attack them. Mr. Cowie and his men imitated the pirate's tactics, and a desperate, though peculiar, water fight went on for some time. In the meanwhile the steamer kept up a lively bombardment, and at last a shot from its nine-pounder carried away the uplifted arm of the pirate leader, whereupon his men broke and fled ashore to the jungle. Having obtained reinforcements, Mr. Cowie landed and proceeded in two parties to beat the bush for the fugitives. He came upon them unawares, killed or captured all that remained of the gang, and was so fortunate as to rescue alive the two prisoners who had been seized by the pirates on the previous day.

It is probably given to few men in pursuit of occupations divorced from politics and state services, and not necessarily connected with national interests, to meet with such strange and stirring experiences as came in Mr. Cowie's way. To pioneer into unexplored lands and mix with primitive races notorious for their fierceness and hostility to strangers, and to enter into most intimate relations of friendship and trade with their rulers and chiefs, is a romance of adventure granted to but few careers. And it is rarer still to see as the crown and result of that series of adventures, the creation and building up of a state, providing yet one more field of enterprise, and forming yet one more outpost, of a world-embracing Empire.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The medal for the best story sent in for competition is this month awarded to Miss E. E. Ibbetson, 1, Starcross Villas, Oldfield Park, Bath; that for the poem to Miss Mary McDonald, Pistyl-y-Llyn, Llanenthuly, R.S.O., South Wales. The best drawing sent in was the "Left Off" of Mr. S. R. Blyth, 14, Downshire Hill, Hampstead. The best photograph was considered to be the "Busy Moments" of Mr. W. Taylor, 268, Ladbroke Grove, W., but it was closely run by the "Old Lych Gate" of Mr. B. Karleese, which is commended, and, along with two others, here reproduced.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

MAY-DAY.

(FOR A RUSTIC LUTE.)

By MARY McDONALD, *Pistyl-y-Llyn, Llanenthuly, R.S.O., South Wales.*

HUM, merry bees! sing, happy larks and thrushes,
A morning song!
Murmur among the rushes
With joy, as swiftly there, O brook, you speed along.

Waken, my love! arise, and come a-maying,
While dews are wet!
Green-golden sunbeams playing,
Through leafy boughs are straying;
The scent of apple-blossom lingers yet.

Come, dance and play, till Angelus soft calling,
From solemn towers,
Tells us Heaven's peace is falling
O'er grey-walled towns, spring fields, and woodland bowers.

The Best Short Story.

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES."

BY ELLA EDITH IBBETSON, *1, Starcross Villas, Oldfield Park, Bath.*

PHILIP VINCENT was a man of forty, rich and handsome. He was also single, and therefore considered a great prize in the matrimonial market. His heart, however, had hitherto remained untouched by any of the women who had crossed his path. But his fate overtook him at last.

It was a glorious day in early summer. The air was fragrant with the scent of newly-cut grass, and the hedges were bright with flowers. Philip was strolling through an unfrequented lane, when suddenly there broke upon his ear a fresh, young voice trilling out a song, as bright and joyous as that of the lark's overhead, and a girl lightly vaulted over a gate close beside him, and raced down the lane, followed by a large Newfoundland dog. Her little feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as, unconscious of anyone's presence, she sped along. Her lovely face was radiant with pure, unalloyed, youthful happiness, and her jet black hair was crowned with a wreath of pink wild roses, the soft petals resting on her snow-white brow. With throbbing pulses and a heart stirred by strange, new emotions, Philip stood for some moments gazing after the quickly retreating figure. Then he started to follow, but the gay voice had already died away in the distance, and the girl was lost to sight. All the enquiries he instituted as to her identity proved fruitless, and he returned to his home in the city, his heart filled by that fleeting vision.

Two or three years passed away, and Philip was still faithful to the love awakened within him on that bright June day. He was ever hopeful he would again meet his beautiful unknown, and his expectations were realised, but in a manner he dreamed not of.

He was on a walking tour in the north, when one day he chanced to pass through a small village. Struck with the festive air of the place, he inquired the cause, and learned it was the wedding day of the squire's daughter.

Impelled by some strange feeling, he entered the little ivy-clad church where the ceremony was being solemnised. Wondering at his own temerity, he pushed his way through the crowd to obtain a glimpse of the parties. His

eyes fell on the fair young bride, and with a terrible throb of anguish, he recognised his lost love. A fine, handsome man was kneeling beside the girl, whose happy tears fell softly on her bridal robe. Philip noted how the youthful face he remembered so well had matured and ripened, then mechanically his eyes wandered to the dark hair where in his first meeting had rested the sweet, wild roses. Alas for him! in their place was a chaplet of orange blossoms. With a stifled moan he staggered from the church.

Philip Vincent lay dying. In rescuing a boy from under the hoofs of a runaway horse, he met the doom he had averted from the child. In an unconscious condition he had been carried into a house near at hand, with but a few hours of life left to him. Towards evening his heavy eyes unclosed, and he saw a woman bending over him. Her features seemed strangely familiar to his dimmed sight, and he strove hard to throw off the weight that oppressed his clouded brain. All at once the bewildered feeling left him, and he knew he was gazing on the face he loved most on earth. But what a change! The exquisite features were sad and pinched-looking, the glorious eyes heavy and tear-stained, the dark hair thickly sprinkled with white; and instead of the bright garlands of yore, was the white cap of widowhood. But she spoke, and he strove to listen.

"You saved my child's life; how can I ever thank you?"

An ineffable smile crossed his lips at her words. His love had not all been in vain, for he had been of use to her! He was very near the end now, and a great longing stole into his heart.

"Yes; at the loss of your own life, my boy is safe," she continued, tearfully. "Is there any way in which I can show my gratitude?"

He raised his fast-glazing eyes once more to her's. "Yes: kiss me!" he murmured feebly.

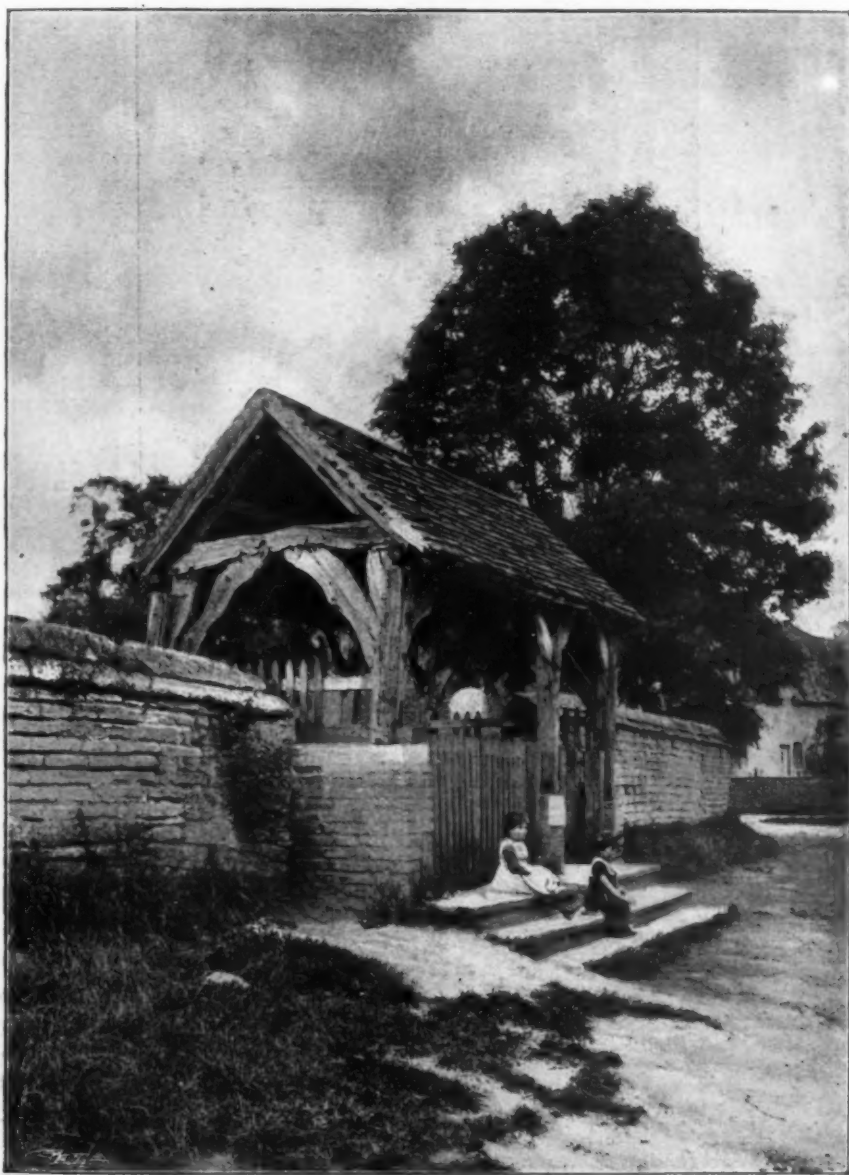
A moment of hesitation: then, as she noticed the yearning in the dying man's face, she stooped and pressed her lips on his. In that kiss Philip Vincent's soul winged its flight to the great Spiritland.

The Best Photograph.



BUSY MOMENTS: MEDAL

By W. TAYLOR, 268, *Ladbroke Grove, W.*



THE OLD LYCH GATE: COMMENDED
By B. KARLEESE *Handsworth, Staffs.*

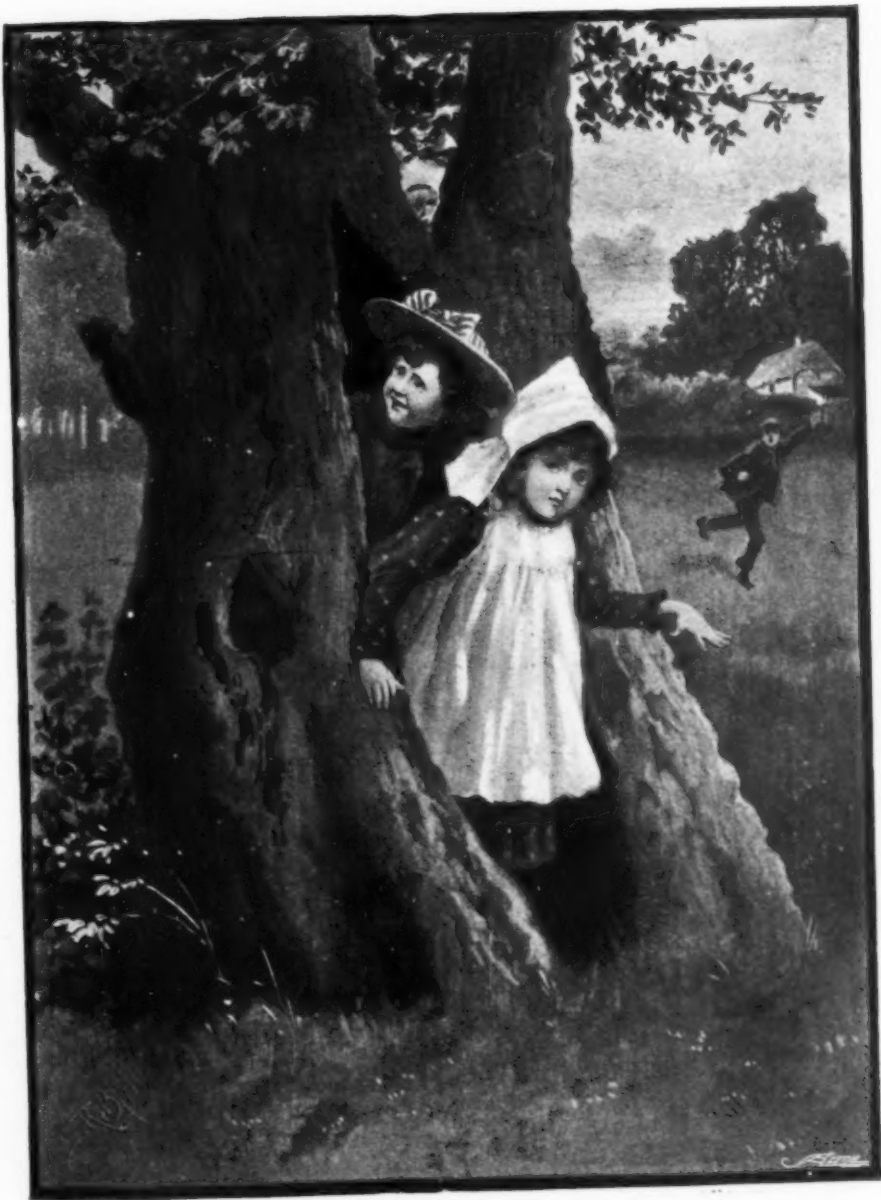


"I'M GOING A-MILKING! SIR," SHE SAID": COMMENDED
By MISS T. PYMAN, *West Hartlepool*



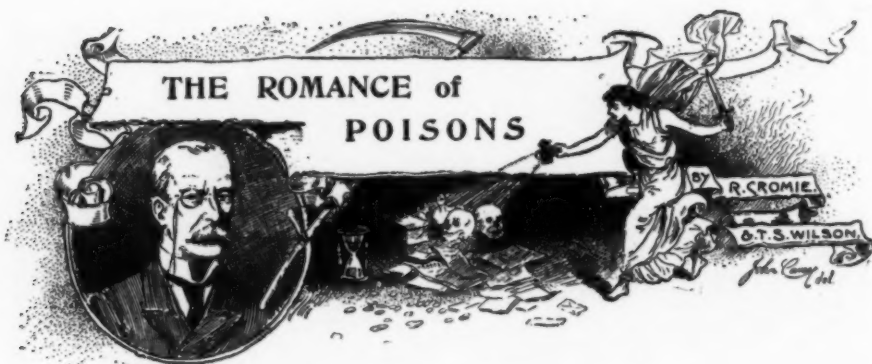
MARSHY MEADOWS: COMMENDED
By J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*

The Best Drawing.



LEFT OFF

By SPENCER R. BLYTH, *Hampstead*



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

MAJOR RAYMOND'S MÉSALLIANCE.

MAJOR RAYMOND'S més-alliance was a blow to his relatives, and an outrage on those of his friends who were spinsters. After twenty years' service, mostly in India, Major Raymond was left a legacy. It was not very large, but it was ample for a man who had spent his life in the genteel poverty of "a hundred a year and his pay." On receiving this windfall the Major resigned and returned to England. His property lay about ten miles from Winterbury—a large cathedral city which had nothing in it or about it to recommend it above any cathedral city. Its society, of course, included its bishop, and its major and minor clergy, with their wives and families, not to speak of the officers of the garrison and their incumbrances. The number of well-dressed girls possessing attractive faces and figures, great loyalty to the Royal Family in politics, and unswerving orthodoxy in Ritual, to be met at all social functions can hardly be claimed as a special feature, considering that the genus is incidental to cathedral life. Major Raymond went to Winterbury immediately after his return to England and stayed there longer than he had intended because the mills of British Law, following a high precedent, grind slowly if they grind exceeding small. Meantime the Major put up at the best hotel in the place and made the acquaintance of Winnie Mostyn.

Winnie was one of the "young ladies" in the buffet. She was a fair-haired,

blue-eyed girl of eighteen or nineteen, rather handsome, very gentle mannered, very sensitive, very easily pleased and very easily hurt. She was not, therefore, specially suited for the buffet of the Royal. How she came there—but that doesn't matter here.

After disposing of his business with his lawyer in the morning, Major Raymond used to drop in to Winnie's sanctum—she had a little counter all to herself—and have something to wash down his lunch. He liked Winnie from the first. The girl kept her own place and made others do the same. Very soon the Major respected as well as liked her. Her position was often full of difficulty. Her hours were disgraceful. Altogether, her work would have been arduous to a healthy navvy.

But Winnie never grumbled; never seemed to think it strange that all the day long, all the year round, she must work on—on—and the strong men who lolled in her bar had nothing better to do than smoke and drink—and be rude to her when out of humour. Of course they were not always rude. Indeed she had a little band of admirers who brought her flowers—which sometimes must have cost them a number of pence—and posed as philanthropists for the rest of the day.

It could not, of course, be expected that when these gentlemen met with reverses in business, social functions, cards, or on the turf that they would not dump their grievances on little blue-eyes. It was so easy—so satisfying—and so

safe. Once a brawny seafaring man wanted to clear out the bar, only the girl restrained him—but that does not concern the story either.

Major Raymond began to pity Winnie, and Winnie began to count the hours of each day till lunch time. And when the Major, whose moustache was as white as the Commander-in-Chief's, and whose complexion was leathern, dropped in, her blue eyes beamed with happiness. The girl forgot she was tired; her laugh became genuine.

One afternoon her friend had a cup of tea from her—her own tea; he had not to pay for it. That was a great day. She did not mind the local loafers that evening. She hardly heard their coarse jests.

Then the greatest day of all came. It was brought about accidentally by some harmless chaff about a new dress and a drive. The drive was conceivable, but when the dress was mentioned—and mentioned in a way which, if not serious, presented an excellent imitation of sincerity—Winnie drew back. She could not bear that her friend should think her mean. But as the Major was never at ease when he had passed his word, be it in jest or earnest, until his promise was fulfilled, the dress was eventually bought, after much disputation, and the drive came off without remonstrance.

Winnie was rather frightened at first, and was not sure that it was quite right. Still, it was a great thing to be taken for a drive by an army officer and a real gentleman like Major Raymond. A young woman in the outer bar—whom the Major called the "Yellow Girl," owing to her dyed hair—was furiously jealous as Winnie passed out for her half-holiday of an hour and a quarter.

The drive was a glorious success—all but its closing scene. Winnie, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked from the fresh air and the happiness of the short respite, was returning to her duties. The Yellow Girl called to her as she passed, and whispered something.

Winnie started suddenly, turned crimson, and burst into tears. The yellow savage laughed scornfully. Winnie's happiness was over. She would never drive out with the Major again. Her half-holiday of an hour and a quarter had cost her dear—very nearly her self-respect. Homeopathy in happiness has many physicians—and many victims.

By-and-bye Major Raymond dropped in to see Winnie after dinner, as well as after lunch. This was not so pleasant for the Major. The men were rougher,



WINNIE MOSTYN

ruder than the early *habitués*. Raymond had glimpses now and then of the hell the girl's life sometimes was. He quite worried himself over it. The puzzle of how to help her was still unsolved when the climax came.

It was the evening of the Winterbury races. Major Raymond, driven from room to room by the crush, bethought himself of Winnie. She must be terribly busy. He would just look in for a moment to see how she was doing. Strange that this veteran, who had long decided that society was a bore and cantonment festivities a snare and a delusion, should trouble himself about a common bar-girl slaving her soul away, or care a straw whether her heart broke

sooner or later in the process. But he did care.

Winnie's bar was oppressive with tobacco smoke, and packed with men shouting at the top of their voices or roaring with imbecile laughter. The girl was ghastly white. The work was



"WANTED TO CLEAR OUT THE BAR"

dreadful. Half-a-dozen men were leaning over the counter, chaffing—that is, baiting—her. They were behaving with dreadful cruelty—worse than the average man in his cups; that is, as unlike average beasts as possible. The poor girl was trying bravely to keep a bold face and hold her own. But six strong men to a nervous girl is cruel odds, especially when the men are all drunk and the girl on the point of hysteria.

Now Major Raymond was a gallant man, but in truth he flinched just then, and he was turning away when the girl saw him. The flash of ineffable relief in her eyes was enough. His very presence gave her courage. The blood came back to her face. Her friend was near.

Making his way to the counter, the Major stumbled over one of the men's feet which were spread out regardless of space.

"Where the dickens are you going?" the man snapped viciously.

"Where the dickens I please," the Major answered, affably as to the words, but with a glare into the man's eyes that ended the conversation on the spot.

An hour later Major Raymond whispered, "I am afraid I must go now. If I remain any longer I shall certainly finish the evening in the hands of the police."

"It was worse before you came," was all she replied. His presence was really something of a protection. Still she would not pointedly ask him to remain.

On that the Major sat down again and sipped chartreuse for two hours from purely humanitarian motives. When the last customer, except himself, was gone, and the gas lights were being turned down, the Major's head was not so cool, nor his judgment so clear as usual. And when the inevitable reaction swept over the girl, and she burst into a passionate fit of weeping, he leant over the counter and patted her shoulder with his hand, and begged her to bear up, telling her truly that the other girls were watching her.

Whereon the poor little tear-daubed face was turned to him in wild appeal. The tired heart could bear no more.

"For God's sake take me out of this," she wailed.

Some days later, when they were driving down the principal street in Winterbury on their way to the railway station, a thought struck Winnie as they were passing the Royal. It was a vengeful little thought, although the vengeance was venial.

"May I run in just for a moment?" she asked, eagerly.

"Of course you may. And don't look at me in that absurdly idolatrous fashion, sweetheart," the Major answered.

The cab was stopped. Winnie alighted. She tripped smartly into the buffet—hideous place—and ran to the "Yellow Girl's" counter.

"There!" she cried, slapping a visiting card on the counter.

The "Yellow Girl" took it up and read: "Major and Mrs. Raymond."

Winnie returned to the cab triumphant. As they drove to the station, she explained what she had done.

"What a spiteful little woman it is after all," her husband said playfully. "Why all this triumph?"

"It was she—the 'Yellow Girl'—who said—who—you remember—"

"Oh, I see it now. You were quite right—quite. I am glad you gave her the card," the Major said, deliberately.

They travelled by easy stages for a couple of months in France, Switzerland, and Italy. It was a glorious honeymoon for Winnie—a lifetime of happy holidays to a girl who had been physically tired for years: courtesy instead of cruelty; constant tenderness in lieu of continued insult! It was unbelievable! It was too much!

When they returned to England and set up house in a quiet suburb in the north of London, the Major's friends—men friends—called loyally. But the spinsters and their relatives kept aloof, and as for Winterbury, from the bishop on his throne to the humblest curate, the church declared Major Raymond and his wife "impossible." Even with the men friends it was the old story. The same men rarely came twice. This was not owing to any glaring social solecism on the part of Mrs. Raymond. On the contrary, the child-wife behaved admirably. But she was not *au courant* with society slang, and so was often at a loss. These painful crises distressed Major Raymond more especially from the obvious, if chivalrous, efforts of the men-friends to cover the retreat of their hostess. The Major would not have his wife pitied by his friends. He would see them to the deuce first. He received them more and more coolly, and finally gave them the cold shoulder. Then he had peace and happiness for a time. And then the end came.

The child-wife saw the friends drop off one by one. She saw her husband grow gradually abstracted—then moody. She made desperate efforts to please. Soon these seemed to surfeit. She broke her heart in solitary weeping, and so grew wan and white. This gave offence.

And thus they lived together—the man cursing himself for a hide-bound ass who could not, try how he would, shake himself free from the shackles of a narrow conventionalism, the rigid laws of which he had dared to disobey: the woman praying day and night for the



"HE BEGGED HER TO BEAR UP"

happiness of the saviour who had brought her no salvation.

Sometimes they forgot their fate, and made pleasant little excursions into the country, walking in green lanes happily.

Or they went to unfrequented seaside places, where on golden sands the man forgot his lost social status, and the still small voice that was wearing the woman's life away was drowned in the roar of the sea.

All the man's friends had now fallen away, and the two were alone. It is not good for man to be alone—even a married man. Major Raymond became morose. Winnie lost her good looks. Her figure shrank. Then there came an invitation to the Major from the friend who had stood longest by him. It was to share a fortnight's shooting in Inverness. Almost on her knees Winnie begged her husband to accept it. It would be good for him.

She was so unaffected and sincere that the Major yielded, in reality more to please her than himself. For he believed that although while he was away she would fret a little in his absence, her loneliness would be overpaid by the satisfaction of the strong sense of duty she had always shown. So the Major went on his visit, and wondered very much whether his wife thought he was going to a frontier war instead of a fortnight's shooting in Inverness, so completely did she break down at the last moment. He could not recall his acceptance of the invitation, or he would have done so then and there. As it was, he will recollect with thankfulness to the last day of his life that he was very kind and affectionate with his child-wife, who saw him off with tearful eyes, and a sorrow which would have appeared to be overdone if he did not know her to be true.

Winnie was then left to herself and her own thoughts. She had kept them faithfully to herself. They would have done less harm if they had been shared.

Major Raymond had a good time with his friend, an old Service comrade, and their mutual host in Inverness. The welcome change, the mixing again with half-forgotten acquaintances, the first-rate sport—all served to brighten him up wonderfully. He became something like his old self again. He was considered a good fellow. And he was a good fellow; for all the time that he was enjoying himself on the brown moors and climbing the heathy hills and talking to fine ladies, he was planning little treats for the child-wife he had left at home. Sometimes when, on cresting a

mountain slope, the keen air swept over him he felt absolutely guilty. Why should he have all this and poor little blue-eyes nothing better than to count the weary hours until he would return?

One morning came a letter—a terrible letter: terrible in its pathos and passion, awful in its complete despair. It showed that the girl had seen as clearly as her husband what the marriage really meant for him: that it had ostracised him from his class; that he had borne the result without complaint; but that the burthen of the sacrifice had been too great for her to bear. Tear-stained, full of wild, incoherent sentences and declarations of passionate love, she saw no way to free him but one. There was another way, but she would not walk in it. She would be true to him till death. So she was going out upon that last dread journey alone so that he might be no more lonely for her sake. Without a heart to pity her, without a hand to clasp hers or a voice to comfort her she was facing the great unknowable—passing into the great unknown. He would forgive her, would he not? And perhaps pity her a little? And oh, would he remember her sometimes? Enough!

The rush of telegrams to town, the hiring of the special train and the wild haste of preparation for departure kept Major Raymond from going mad. His friend accompanied him. He was a true friend that one.

Before the special started, a Londoner who was returning to town introduced himself and offered to share the cost of the train if allowed to join them. He had been recalled by important business. Raymond said nothing, but his friend readily agreed, and the three got into the same compartment of the single carriage which was put on. The engine driver had been interviewed and the pace was fine. They could scarcely keep their seats owing to the oscillation of the carriage. Raymond never spoke, although the Londoner several times tried to draw him into the conversation he was keeping up with his friend. At last the stranger said pointedly, although it was quite evident it was merely from a courteous anxiety to make the conversation general:

"Do you wish me to put the window up, sir?"

"I wish you were in the Pit," was what Major Raymond answered.



"SHE WAS DEAD!"

As they went flying south—dashing over the shires, sweeping round mountain bases, leaping rivers, bursting through tunnels, pounding up gradients and plunging down them—Major Raymond, who had not spoken after his one fierce rejoinder, was thinking in a circle that never changed, that always ended where it began:

"Shall I be in time? I must be in time! I will be in time! I may be late!"

And so on without variation and without relief. It was over at last. They were in London. They were driving through the streets. They were at the door. The two men paused and faced each other. Raymond could not do it. The friend understood his sign. He rang. The door was opened by the housekeeper. Her face was enough. All was over.

The housekeeper led the way and the two men followed, moving cautiously, as those do who fear to break the fitful slumber of an ailing child.

At the door of the bedroom Raymond turned and said to his friend:

"You must go now. I thank you."

But the friend answered, "I may not go yet. And you must give me this before you go in." He put out his hand to take the revolver he had seen Major Raymond put in his pocket. This was not allowed.

"No," said Raymond, "I cannot give you that."

"Very well," said his friend, "then I go in with you."

They did go in together, leaving the housekeeper sobbing at the door.

"Can anything be done—can you do anything?" The man who spoke choked with a schoolgirl sob.

"No," said his friend, "nothing can now be done. She is dead. She has been dead some hours. She has taken——"

"Stop!" Major Raymond interrupted, "that will do. You are a great authority in this business, but I do not wish to hear you lecture just now."

The dead girl was dressed in the gown he had bought for her: the one she had worn on the first grand day in her life; the day an army officer took her for a drive.

A scrap of paper lay on the dressing-table. She had tried to write at the last moment. The writing was not easy to read. One line only was fairly decipherable. She had concentrated the last of her vitality to make it plain. It ran:—

"If you do not live and be happy for my sake, I have done this thing in vain."

Raymond and his friend sat together through the night. And when the dawn came the friend spoke and asked for a promise. For an answer the stricken man smoothed out the paper which he had held in his hand all through the night, and read aloud the last line.

"That will do," said the friend, "I shall leave you now."

When Surgeon - Colonel Hedford reached the corner of the terrace he stopped and lit a cigar. The morning air was cold, and his hand shook as he held the match. He looked back toward the house he had just quitted, and almost failed to distinguish it from the others in the row, which were absolutely identical.

"I suppose," said he, "they have all got their own story to tell. I wish to Heaven there was not so much misery in the world, or that a little less of it came my way."

Major Raymond never married again.





HANGING ACADEMY PICTURES.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE PICTURES.

IT was one evening after dinner that we were talking of the coming Academy and the coming Academicians; whereupon I remarked that there seemed to me to be something barbarous in lumping together several hundreds of pictures and expecting one to enjoy them all; it was as bad as giving a man several hundreds of things for dinner and expecting him to taste each dish. "For my own part," I said, "the most noticeable impression I bring away from the Academy is a headache."

"Headache!" said the R.A., lighting a cigar. "The public doesn't know what an Academy headache is any more than it knows what an Academy picture is—or any other picture for that matter. Only an Academician knows."

"Why?" I asked, recalling more than one painful experience.

"The public looks," said the R.A., "at about two thousand pictures, and sees—perhaps two hundred—or twenty—or two. And then the public has what it calls a headache. The Academician—if he is on the Judging Committee—looks at about twelve thousand pictures, and has to see them all—and have an opinion about 'em as well. Twelve thousand opinions at the rate of about twelve hundred a day! And then you talk about headaches."

"You, I presume, have been on the Committee," I said.

"Of course I have," said the R.A. "We all serve in turns, two years in succession. And in one of the years we serve—five of us—on the Hanging

Committee. And—Lord!—it is a grind!"

"Tell me about it," I said. "I like to know things. How is the judging managed, and how do you feel when you hold twelve thousand hopes and fears in the hollow of your hand?"

The R.A. sought the ghosts of his impressions in the ceiling. "Well," he said, after communing for a few moments with his cigar-smoke, "the whole thing is so settled by precedent that I really don't know what takes place, except in the judging-room. You simply sit in a chair—or stand on a floor—and say 'Aye' or 'No.'"

"But who says it—and where do they say it—and to whom do they say it?"

"There are ten of us—with the President, who is always there, eleven—and we all sit in the big gallery—of course you know it, it is No. 3. At the end of the Gallery there are two doors leading into Nos. 2 and 4. Well, a screen is placed across the room, and in front of this we sit, the President in the middle, more or less. Ah—and there's the secretary there too."

"It sounds very solemn."

"It isn't solemn a bit. We are allowed to smoke, you know, and we aren't glued to our seats."

"Well—and then?"

"Then the pictures are brought in, one after the other, by workmen. Each picture is held in front of the President, where we can all see it, and then we settle its fate."

"Do you vote on each picture?"

"Oh, no. There wouldn't be time for that. You see at the first judging we divide the pictures into three classes. Suppose, for instance, an infernally bad picture is brought in—and there *are*



"POOR THINGS, BUT MINE OWN"

some infernally bad ones, you know—the President will say, 'Horrible! Couldn't have that, possibly, could we?' Then if no one says anything, the picture is marked with a piece of white chalk on the back in the room, and carried off—goodness knows where. But if some charitable R.A. says, 'Well, it's not so bad as it might be. Give it another chance, eh?' Then it is marked on the back with a D, meaning 'doubtful,' and it's taken off to another room. It's not condemned utterly you see, but goes to Purgatory on probation."

"Some, I suppose, are accepted at once?"

"Of course. It doesn't take more than a glance to decide that a picture *is* thoroughly worth hanging, though one often doesn't like to decide off-hand that it isn't. If no one raises any objection to a picture, it is taken off at once to another room, in readiness for the

Hanging Committee. It's accepted, and there's no further question about it."

"And what proportion of pictures are accepted right away?"

The R.A. consulted for a moment with the lengthening ash of his cigar. "Say there are about twelve thousand pictures sent in," he said, after a pause, "that will probably be about the number this year. Out of that lot perhaps five hundred would be taken on sight, scarcely more. You must except, of course, the pictures of the Academicians and Associates, which arrive later and which can't be rejected, however bad they are."

"Ah!" I said, "people do complain, I am told, that the—"

"Bosh!" said the R.A. "There are several thousands of disappointed artists in England every April, and they naturally want to find some reason besides their own incompetence for their non-appearance at the Academy. But how many pictures do you think are sent by the Academicians and Associates together, who, you must admit, have won a right to a little bit of space? Got an Academy Catalogue anywhere?" said the R.A. to our host.

The catalogue was produced—a catalogue of a year or two ago. We made a hurried calculation, and found that out of over 2,100 exhibits about 1,900 were by outsiders.

"I think that proves," said the R.A., "that the outsider is allowed a fair show at the Academy."

"I think it does," I said. "But tell me—how many are marked 'doubtful'?"

"It depends," said the R.A. "Sometimes the Committee is in a lenient frame of mind—after lunch, for instance—and takes a kindly view of anything that has a tinge of merit. At the start—at ten o'clock, when they are critical, or later on in the day towards six o'clock, when they are tired, they chuck 'em right and left—the rather bad ones, I mean. But I expect, on the average, from 2,000 to 3,000 are marked doubtful. So you see that with the 200 or so pictures from the Academicians and Associates, and the 500 or so already accepted, there are something over 3,000 pictures and things for the Hanging Committee to deal with and, as you know, there's only room for about 2,000."

"By the way, who is on the Committee this year?"

"Let me see—the Hanging Committee

are: Tadema, Fildes, Norman Shaw, Marcus Stone, Onslow Ford, and J. W. Waterhouse. The rest are Orchardson, Prinsep, Wells, and Yeames. Norman Shaw is on the Hanging Committee to look after the architectural drawings—so there are six this year—and Onslow

ten days. But we have to keep hard at it every day from ten till six-thirty, with a short interval for lunch. And then, of course, there's a lot of work left for the Hanging Committee; for they have not only to arrange the pictures, but to weed out those for which there is no room."



BRINGING IN A STATUE

Ford, of course, will have charge of the sculpture."

"Oh—how do they judge the sculpture? Workmen cannot carry equestrian statues in their arms."

"The sculpture is run through the room on trolleys. It's quite simple."

"How long does the judging take?"

"We generally reckon to get it over in

"Well, how do they set to work?"

"By the time they are ready to start, the Academicians and Associates have all sent in their contributions. They take these first, and settle which shall have the places of honour at the ends of the various galleries; and while the workmen are getting them into position, they go on placing the rest. After that,

they take the pictures that have been accepted, and settle the positions of these, giving, as far as possible, the best places to the best works, though of course some regard must be paid to considerations of space. When that is done, you see, there are about seven hundred pictures on the walls, with room for about 1,000 or 1,200 more, and 2,000 to 3,000 to choose from. So the Committee begins to dig about among the 'doubtfuls,' selecting the best. By this time the work is divided up among the Committee; one man will take one gallery, another be responsible for another; the sculptor will have sole charge of the sculpture rooms; and so on."

"I suppose it's more or less a matter of chance whether a 'doubtful' gets hung or not?"

"To a certain extent, it is. One has sometimes to take the inferior of two pictures, when the walls are getting filled up, simply because the better one won't fit in anywhere, or because it doesn't harmonise with its neighbours. That, you know, is a very important consideration in hanging. I told you just now that when a picture was accepted there was no further question about it. That is not quite invariably the case. I remember one instance in which no possible place could be found for an accepted picture. It was tried all round the galleries, and wherever it was hung it killed everything in the neighbourhood. That, of course, wasn't fair to the rest. So the picture had to be rejected after all. But a polite note of explanation was sent to the artist."

"Of course, a good many pictures are sent in by friends of the judges; do you suppose that there is ever just a little favouritism? Wouldn't a member of the Hanging Committee, for instance, hang the picture of a friend in preference to that of a stranger, when there wasn't room for both?"

"I know some people profess to believe in favouritism at the Academy. They wouldn't if they had ever judged themselves. We don't even see the names upon the pictures. Over and over again I have picked out and hung or rejected the pictures of my most intimate friends without recognising them. You may depend upon it that nothing tells in the Academy but the merit of a picture."

"And its shape?"

"And, in the last resort, its size and shape. Well, if you've nothing more to ask me——"

"I think I have bothered you enough," I said.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE FRAMES.

AND yet there seemed still to be things about the Academy which I did not know. Now to me there is nothing quite so irritating as the consciousness that there is something that I don't know. The only consolation is that there are very few things that I cannot find out. I caught a stray artist. But his ideas were vague. He gave me the impression that he would only formulate his opinion of the Forty when he knew whether his pictures were hung or rejected. He was quite right. You cannot form a just estimate of the critical faculties of another until he has given you his appreciation of yourself—the only person you know thoroughly. I enquired if he had sent in his pictures.

"Three of 'em," he replied. I learned afterwards that he had had five rejected, and one accepted. An artist who is not pretty sure of acceptance generally halves in conversation the number of pictures he submits. The result in the Academy catalogue looks better.

"Ah—how do you send them?" I asked. "By Parcel Post?"

"Good heavens, no! Old Kedjeree looks after that. He sends in all the pictures about here; he's sent in more pictures to the Academy than—well than Sidney Cooper."

"Dear me! who is old Kedjeree?"

"The frame man, of course. He's got a little shop round the corner. All the artists round here owe old Kedjeree a bit."

"I think," I said, "that I should like to see him," and having enquired his whereabouts, I plunged straight into his little shop. It was crammed with canvases and frames, while all over the walls were hung patterns of mouldings, and here and there an old engraving, or an oil-painting in a tentative frame. From behind a barrier of canvases rose old Kedjeree himself. He was a wizened man, with a melancholy cast of feature, and a pronounced stoop. He looked as though he bore on his shoulders the myriad disappointments that fell, in

each succeeding April, upon the artists whose pictures he framed and forwarded.

"Well," I said briskly, "I've come to talk about the Academy. How's business?"

Old Kedjeree rubbed the back of one hand with the stained fingers of the other, and shook his pessimistic head.

"Are there so few pictures going in this year?" I asked, "or do you find competition——"

"O, no! There's no competition with me. All the pictures that go in from here I send. And this year there are more than ever. But you may be busy, and it mayn't be business, if you understand me."

"And do you bring back the pictures that are rejected?"

"Of course," he said. "The gentlemen wouldn't so much mind taking their pictures to the Academy themselves. But it's a very different thing when they have to fetch them away. So, you see, I undertake the whole thing."

"And supply the frames as well?"

"Yes, yes, when new frames are wanted."

The mention of frames seemed to still further sadden him.

"But I suppose a frame costs money. What is the price of an ordinary frame—this one, for example?" I laid my hand on a very large frame which stood against the wall.

"That," he said, "was ordered for a commission" (he mentioned a well-known artist) "but the commission fell through. The price would be about £12. Lots of frames will cost a deal more than that. But then, of course, if you want to do it cheap you paint a small picture and cut it down that way."

"I expect if the truth were known," I said, "the frames at the Academy are worth as much as the pictures."

He nodded his head. "They cost a deal more to produce," he said.

"And what do you think of the pictures this year?" I asked. "Do you expect to have to bring many of them back again?"

"Most of 'em," he said sadly. "I take 'em up, and I bring 'em back, and

there's very little to choose between the two loads."

"Still it doesn't make any difference to you," I argued, "the pictures have to be framed whether they are accepted or not."



PUTTING ON AN ARM

"Ah," he said, with his wizened face aslant, "it makes a bit of difference. When an artist sells his picture, he sells the frame too; or even if the picture is hung, it will go later on to country exhibitions. Anyhow, he'll want a new frame for his next picture. But, supposing his picture comes back at once, why he just starts and paints another picture the same size, or very likely on the same canvas, and saves the price of a frame. I like to see pictures sold."

THE MAN WHO LOOKS AT THE BACKS.

STILL there was a gap in my knowledge, and I knew I could not rest until I had caulked it with information. So I poked about until I found the man I wanted. He was not an artist—I know what the artists think of the Academy, and I knew by that time what the Academy thinks of artists—he was not a critic in the ordinary sense; he was just one of the workmen who lift the 12,000 pictures and pieces of statuary from one point to

another. But even the people who get their beer in by the jug have their views of things. I found him contemplating the interior of a pint pot in a "house" adjacent to Burlington House, during the hour that the British workman regards as sacred to dinner.

"Ha! pretty busy, I expect," I said, in my genial way.

In reply he slowly inverted his pint pot, and a few flakes of foam slid out and fell upon the sanded floor. My course was obvious, and I took it.

"Lot of pictures about," I said, as he nodded to me and dipped his nose into the fresh tankard.

"You could say that twice over and be under the mark," he replied. "I sin more pictures the lawst week than you sin people, and that's strite. Least, I sin the backs of 'em—that's good enough for me."

"How do you mean?"

"Think I want to turn 'em round and look at the front of 'em? Likely! All I want to see is the artis'es nime on the back, an' 'is address; an' I don't want to know no more."

"Tell me, do you take the pictures and things upstairs as they come in?"

"What do you think! They all go up in the lift."

"Statues and all?"

"Course. On'y if they're very 'eavy, more'n ornery 'eavy, they'll be kep' darn in the 'all; an' then the President, 'e'll come down and look at it, and sy if it's to go up. There's a image of the Queen in the 'all now, eight feet 'igh or more. That won't go up if I can 'elp it."

"O! Whose is that?"

"I dunno. It orter be took 'ome and broke up."

"And what happens to the things when they are sent up in the lift?"

"They come darn again—mostly. An' I'm witin' for 'em. That's my job."

"What do you do with them?"

"Why then, when they come darn again, we looks at the back of 'em an' sorts 'em art 'ordin to the nime on the back. All the A's goes 'ere an' all the B's goes there, an' so on."

"Where do they go?"

"Where? Why underneath the galleries. There's miles of room underneath, an' all filled up with pictures, so's you can't turn round, 'ardly. An' all of 'em is arranged so's I can put my 'and on 'em like that." He placed his hand upon the beer engine. "Your nime's Smith, sy, an' you comes an' says I wants my picture, nime o' Smith. You 'as it, in 'arf a minute."

"I see. Your business is with the pictures that are rejected by the Judging Committee—that are——"

"Jest so." He made a sweeping movement, with his pipe in hand, that signified contempt.

"And what becomes of all these pictures—thousands, I suppose——"

"Might call it millions."

"—these pictures that are rejected?"

"Oh—somebody comes for 'em with a bit of piper—the artis'es or somebody—and fetches 'em awy. When I see the nime I can put my 'and on the picture. Sometimes they don't come at all. I sin one picture standin' up agin' the wall that's been there for fifty year an' more, an' no one come for it."

"Whose was it?"

"Well—I 'ave read the nime, but I ain't got no memory for nimes."

"What was the subject of the picture?"

"Subjick? I dunno. I ain't never turned it rarn'd to see."



"Shirley" at Home.

BY HERBERT E. WROOT.



BIRSTAL CHURCH

THE little town of Birstal, which Charlotte Brontë pictured as Briarfield, the principal scene of her brightest and healthiest, if not her greatest novel, *Shirley*, lies in the "heavy woollen district" of the West Riding of Yorkshire, almost equi-distant from Leeds, Bradford and Huddersfield. When Charlotte visited at Birstal the home of her bosom friend, Miss Ellen Nussey, Birstal was remote and difficult of access. Nowadays there are plentiful means of communication with the outside world, but the literary pilgrim bent on tracing the steps of Shirley Keeldar, will choose to leave the train at Adwalton Station, on a branch of the Great Northern Railway system. He is not then shocked at the outset by the incongruities and squalor of a manufacturing village, but finds

himself high on a hill-side, among green fields, overlooking a wide and prettily wooded dale. Half-way down the hill, at his feet, rise from amid a thick plantation of apple trees and laburnums, the picturesque grey stone roof and chimneys of Oakwell Hall, an old Elizabethan mansion which it is easy to recognise as Shirley Keeldar's home, "Fieldhead."

The pen that could draw a woman's inmost soul would not be likely to fail in the easy task of sketch-

ing so striking an old building, and, externally and internally, the minutest touches of the description of Fieldhead still applies. The "Gothic old barrack" of

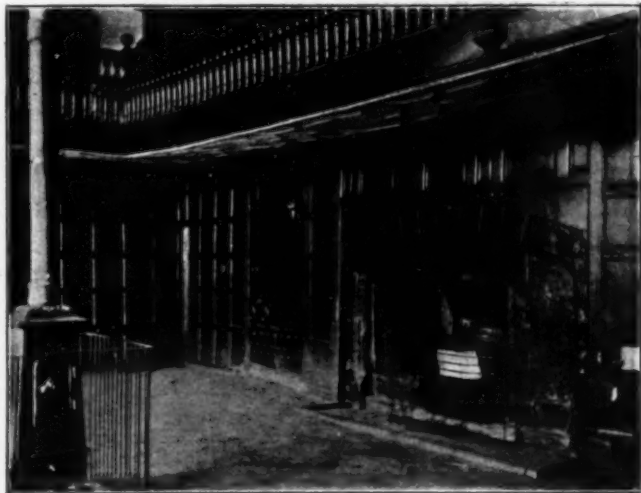


GARDEN ENTRANCE TO OAKWELL HALL

an entrance hall—"very sombre it was; long, vast, and dark"—has not yet lost all the stags' antlers which embellished it in Shirley's time, and the dark oak panels which encompass the walls give it still an

air of distinction. "Very handsome, reader," says Charlotte, "these shining brown panels are: very mellow in colouring and tasteful in effect, but—if you know what a 'spring clean' is — very execrable and inhuman. Whoever, having the bowels of humanity, has seen servants scrubbing at those polished wooden walls with bees-waxed cloths on a warm May day must allow that they are 'intolerable and not to be endured.'" Even now the "delicate pinky white" paint, which the authoress of *Shirley* approved, makes cheery the drawing-room in the wing to the left of the house, and the tenant who would remove it would be a much more veritable Hun than the "benevolent barbarian," who, before Shirley's time, applied it to the

Helstone and Shirley Keeldar first met; the room behind it is doubtless the school-room where Shirley, in an interview that one can hardly read for the



THE HALL AT OAKWELL

twentieth time without emotion, confided to Louis Moore the fact that she had been bitten by a mad dog, and had secretly cauterised the wound with a hot iron. Everyone now knows that this incident was gathered by Charlotte from the actual experience of her sister Emily, who formed throughout the model for the character of Shirley; and the passage is rendered the more striking by that knowledge. Up the quaint and crooked old oak staircase in the hall, Tartar—himself a true picture of Emily Brontë's old dog-keeper, whom one loves for his fidelity to the mistress whose death he could not survive—drove the curates precipitately, and that corner room—the door of which almost faces the head of the stairs—was perhaps Mrs. Prior's apartment, in which the



OAKWELL HALL

oaken panels. Almost every room is described in *Shirley* with equal accuracy, and the whole house is full of memories, tempting one to linger. Here, in the right wing, is the parlour where Caroline

contemptible and terrified Donne sought refuge.

Since Shirley's days the fortunes of the house have faded. The estate has

Donne had said on the occasion referred to. "I never could have formed an ideal of the country had I not seen it; and the people—rich and poor—what a

set! How *corse* and uncultivated!" and heaping brutal joke, on vulgar invective, he continued in this strain till Shirley rose. "Nobody could control her now, for she was exasperated; straight she walked to her garden gates, wide she flung them open.

"'Walk through,' she said austerely, 'and pretty quickly, and set foot on this pavement no more. . . . Rid me of you instantly—instantly!' reiterated Shirley as he lingered.

"'Madam—a

clergyman! Turn out a clergyman?'

"'Off! Were you an Archbishop you have proved yourself no gentleman and must go. Quick!'"

been for years in Chancery, and the old mansion has long remained untenanted. The garden where Shirley gave her party was, when I last saw it, the ideal picture of a domain on which the hand of the law had fallen. Fruit trees ripened their luscious burdens unheeded, save by the birds. The sun-dial lay broken by the garden path; weeds and wild plants choked the beds; and pretty creepers straggled out between the displaced stones of the terrace steps—beautiful still in their wild ruin. The quaint old gateway, through which Mr. Donne was so unceremoniously expelled by Shirley, had not moved on its hinges for years, till with difficulty it was opened for the making of our photograph.

"Wretched place, this Yorkshire," Mr.

Oakwell Hall was built in 1583 by one member of a family which gained an unenviable notoriety by producing generation after generation of the most



THE OLD RECTORY, BIRSTAL



THE RYDINGS, BIRSTAL

accomplished scoundrels in local history. A chamber in the hall is, or was, haunted by the ghost of one of these rascals, who died in a duel, and a footmark of blood which the ghost had made used to be shown. But it has now disappeared, presumably under the application of one or other of the "Matchless" ablutionary emollients which nowadays strengthen the arm of the housewife. In front and at one side of the hall a moat still exists—a reminder of times of strife. The noise of war has indeed been heard under the very windows of Oakwell. The railway station from which the visitor

has just come, stands on the edge of the battlefield of Adwalton Moor, where the Parliamentary army under Lord Fairfax met with a severe reverse,

the moor, over 2,000 of their fellow countrymen.

There are, or used to be, two roads from Oakwell to the church at Birstal.



THE GATEHOUSE, KIRKLEES NUNNERY

By the highway the distance is about a mile, but a field-path "by green hedges and greener leas," greatly reduces the distance. On a certain quiet summer evening, when Robert Moore walked home with Caroline Helstone, they were not in a hurry, and took the longer road. Can any of my readers who are, or have been young, sympathise?

"Humph! You took three-quarters of an hour to walk a mile. Was it you or Moore who lingered so?" commented Shirley to Caroline next day.

"Shirley, you talk nonsense."

"He talked nonsense—that I doubt not, or he looked it, which is a thousand

times worse; I see the reflection of his eyes on your forehead at this moment."

Without taking three-quarters of an hour for our walk, for we may not be so



THE RED HOUSE, GOMERSALL

and the field-path down which he has walked to Oakwell was the road taken by the retreating Parliamentarians, who left behind them, dead or dying on

lucky as to have such good reason for lingering, we will go on to the churchyard, where on the very night of which we have been speaking Robert Moore played hide-and-seek among the tombs with old Helstone—for the Rector and Robert were not on good terms and Caroline had been forbidden to meet her cousin. Behind "the Wynnes' ambitious monument," Robert "was forced to hide full ten minutes, kneeling with one knee on the turf, his hat off, his curls bare to the dew, his dark eyes shining and his lips parted with inward laughter at his position; for the Rector, meanwhile, stood coolly star-gazing, and taking snuff within three feet of him." But little of the church remains as Charlotte Brontë saw

village, one old red brick house, built, perhaps, in Stuart times, is noticeable. This was "Briarmains" of the novel, and here dwelt a shrewd and kindly hearted friend of the Brontë family, Joshua Taylor. His portrait has been preserved for us by Charlotte as Hiram Yorke, whilst his daughters Mary and Martha, who were respectively Rose and Jesse Yorke in the novel, will be remembered by the readers of the Brontë biographies.

In some details Charlotte Brontë unflinchingly adapted the geography of the locality to the artistic exigencies of her work, and her descriptions of Fieldhead Hollow and Mill form an instance. Through the meadows beside Oakwell Hall, a pretty little stream



KIRKLEES HALL (NUNNERY HALL)

it, for thirty years ago all except the tower was handsomely re-built. A newer house on another site has superseded as the Rectory, the home of the Helstones, but the gloomy old building still stands shut off from the churchyard by its screen of waving lilacs.

A few hundred yards from the church stands the quaint old residence called the Rydings, where for years Miss Nussey made her home, and where Charlotte Brontë visited. This house in its main external features she described as Thornfield, the residence of Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*.

Climbing the dale side we reach Gomersall in a few minutes. Here among the grey stone buildings of the

trickles down from Oakwell Wood to join the Smithies Beck in Birstal Vale. This Hollow Charlotte Brontë, perhaps, had in mind as the situation of Hollow's Mill, but the actual mill which she described is nearly three miles off, at Hunsworth. This was not the mill however, actually attacked by the Ludite rioters. The scene of the stirring events depicted in so masterly a manner in the novel, was farther down the valley at Rawfolds, Liversedge, a water mill since burnt down. At the beginning of the present century Rawfolds was in the hands of a Mr. Cartwright, who supplied some characteristics for the portrait of Robert Moore. But Charlotte Brontë found it necessary to soften down very

considerably the asperities of the model. If we may believe the stories still told of Cartwright, there was much that was absolutely diabolical in the man, for it is alleged that he refused surgical aid to the rioters whom his soldiers had shot, and actually tortured the poor creatures with sulphuric acid, to extort from them the names of their ringleaders. The militant parson Helstone is largely a picture of Hammond Roberson, the parson of a neighbouring church; and he also, it is said, used his utmost endeavours to induce the wounded to betray their comrades. As one of them—a clergyman's son named Booth—lay at the point of death, he signalled to Mr. Roberson, who instantly went to his side. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the dying man. "I can," eagerly replied the expectant clergyman. "So can I," replied poor Booth, and soon after calmly expired.

We have completed now such a ramble as can conveniently be made in one afternoon. If time allowed, we might prolong our excursion by driving over to Dewsbury Moor—where, as pupil and teacher, Charlotte Brontë lived for some years, and which she perhaps alluded to in the novel as Stillboro' Moor, the scene of Shirley's daily ride. Nunneley Priory, with its grand park, is unquestionably Kirklees Priory in the same neighbourhood. In the gatehouse of Kirklees tradition says that Robin Hood died, and his grave still exists, a bow-shot from the window of the death-chamber—but such a bow-shot as Robin Hood alone could have pulled, for it measures a quarter of a mile. Here, then, our literary pilgrimage must end.

[NOTE.—The pictures illustrating this article are from photographs by Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, Yorkshire.]



Stevenson on Edinburgh.

THE new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes* (Seeley), illustrated by T. Hamilton

Crawford; R.S.W., is assured of a warm welcome. To the majority of readers R. L. S. is a great deal more than a mere writer of tales and essays. He is one of the comparatively few authors whose works excite in those who read them a strong personal affection for the unknown man who produced them, and it seems more than likely that he will live with Lamb as one of the close friends of all who love literature. But, if this is so with the mere Englishman, how much stronger should be the spell cast by the writer upon every true Scot? The man whose birth and rearing were across the Border is often compelled to

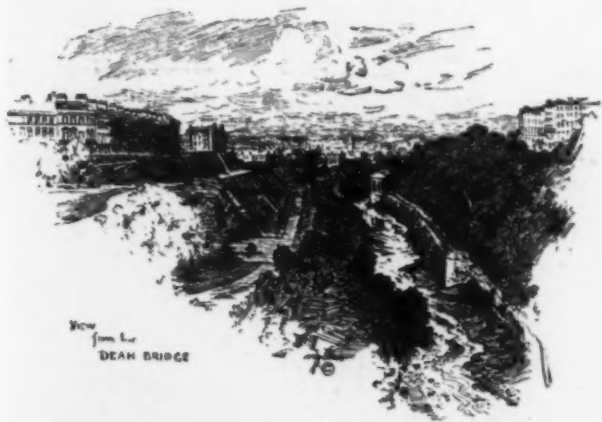
celebrate the Burns anniversary as it comes round each year no less religiously than if he were still in his own country.



To the Scot, therefore, Robert Louis Stevenson should be doubly dear, for the passionate love of the north-country, which is merely a dumb instinct in the

most of her sons, found in his works, and above all in his letters, a continual and most eloquent expression. It is known to all of his readers that all the charms of Southern seas and of the health which they made his for the first time in all his days, could not stifle the longing that continually arose in him—none the less irresistibly because he was aware that it could never be fulfilled on earth—to return to the Scottish hill-sides he had known in youth,

and, above all, to "the grey metropolis." By many a Southron Edinburgh is remembered as the most beautiful city it has ever been his lot to visit. Imagine, then, with what force it appeals to the memory and imagination of the man



go elsewhere to make the money that is unhappily necessary to all of us. But the love of home and of the home-country exists in him as strongly as in any of the race, and in whatever quarter of the globe he may be, he must needs

who was born and bred in it, who knows the legends attaching to each street and court, and can recall its varied beauties under all effects of atmosphere, so that he loves it with the same utter devotion under whatever aspect it recurs to his memory in days of absence. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," cried the absent Jew, "may my right hand forget its cunning." The same spirit, hardly less memorably expressed, finds utterance in Stevenson's declaration that there were no stars in heaven so bright as the street lamps of "Auld Reekie." This rare enthusiasm should in itself suffice to render the man



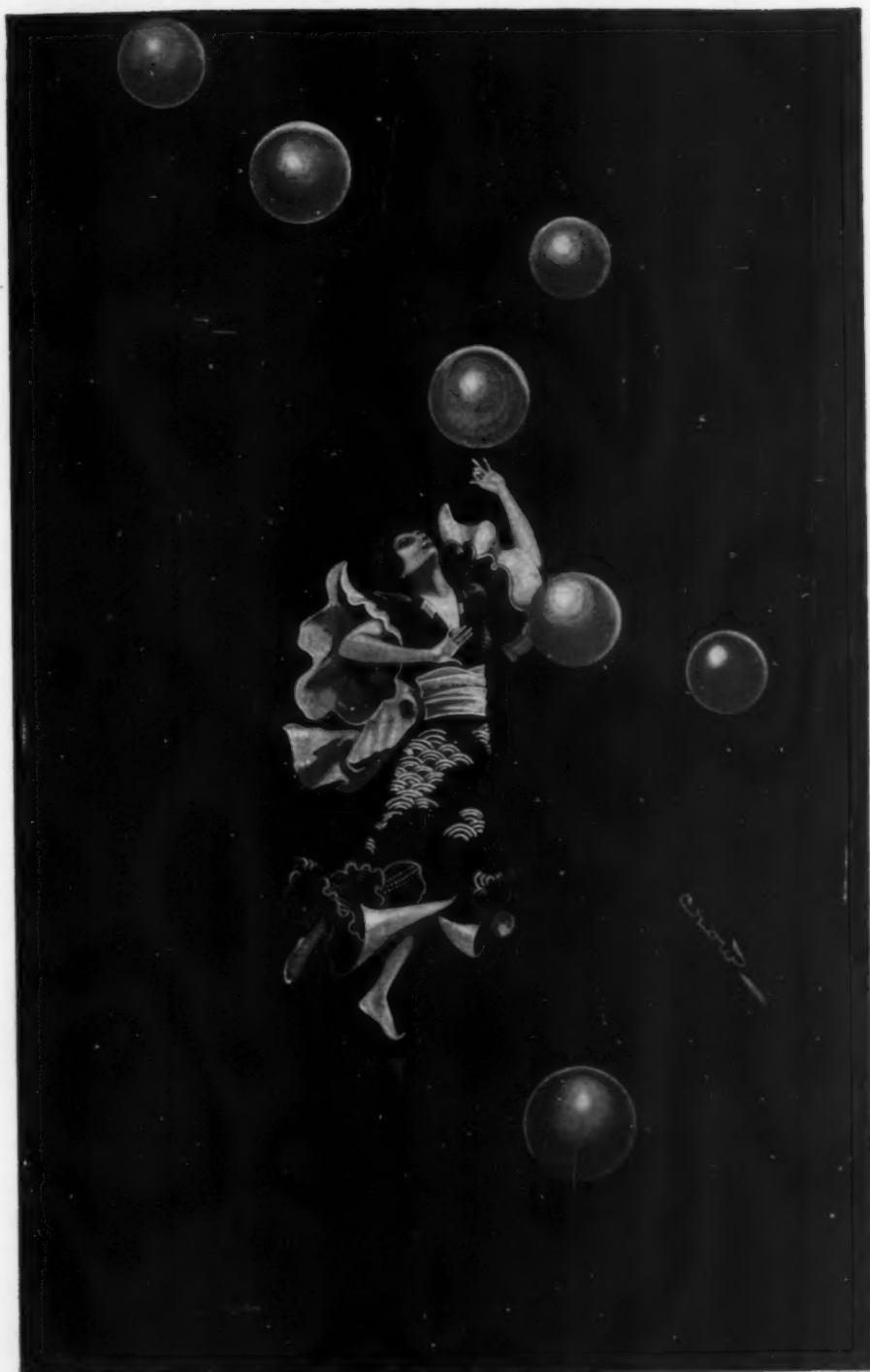
whom it possesses capable of producing an interesting book on the subject arousing it. But Stevenson had a vast deal more than enthusiasm, as these *Picturesque Notes* abundantly testify. He had the writer's gift, and he had trained himself assiduously, until it is difficult to think of any subject concerning which you would not have rejoiced to read his expression of opinions or lack of opinions. Moreover, he had dipped deep into the huge stores of matter, legendary, historical, or semi-historical, ready to the hand of him who would know about the Scottish capital, and he had read with the understanding which alone can vitalise the dry bones of tradition. He had the fullest appreciation of the

characteristics of the Edinburgh of his own day, as a host of passages shall prove which are scattered everywhere throughout the seven-and-twenty volumes which hold the completed work of his life. But he saw that present through the past, and it was beautified by the medium through which it was seen, even as London streets and London sunsets are the lovelier for that never absent mistiness of the air which comes between them and the eye of the admiring beholder. That his was the right view nobody can doubt, and, if the history of the city be remembered, the charm of it

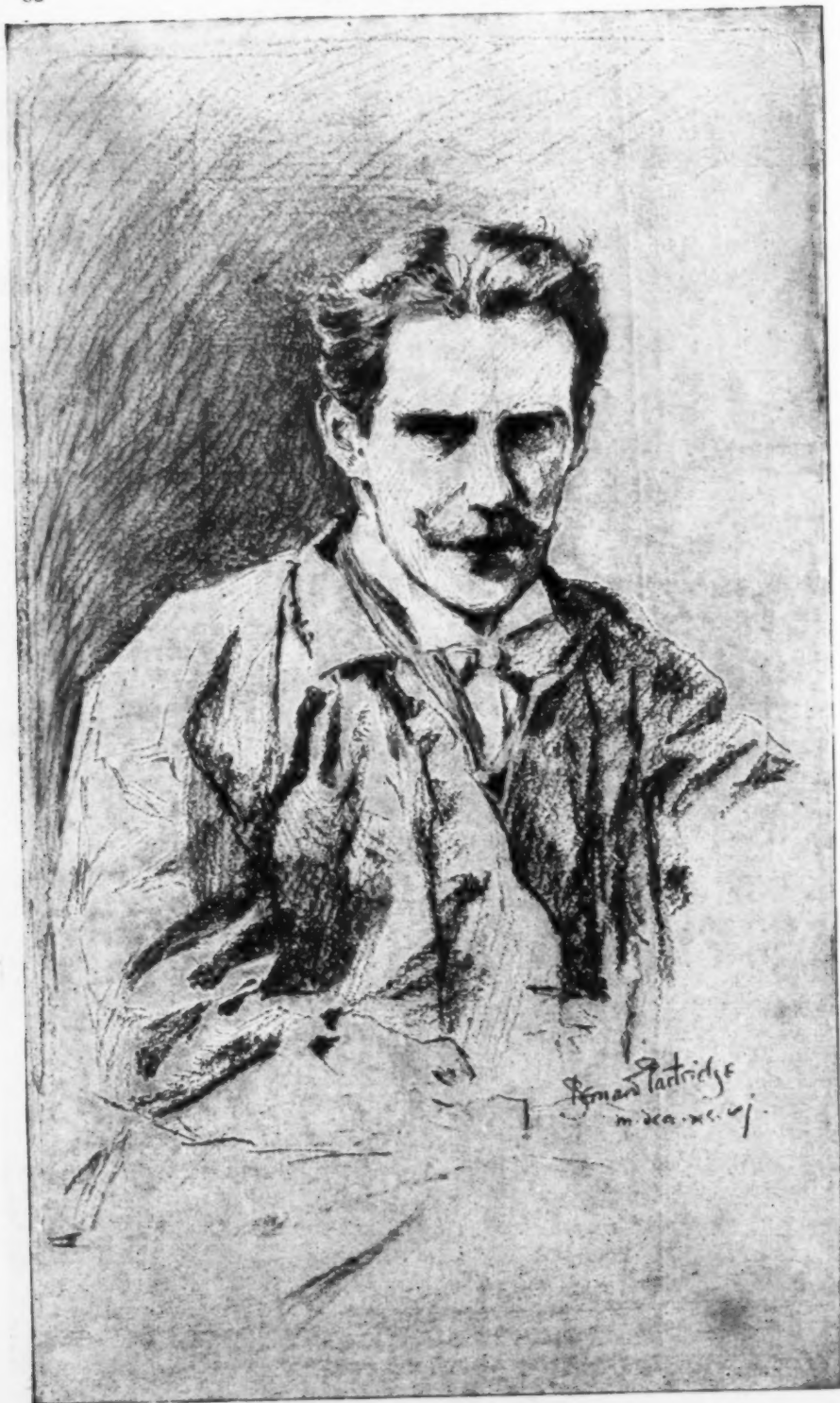
—and of the *Picturesque Notes*—is easily understood.

It is not merely a place rich in historic monuments; it may be said that the whole city is one great monument connected with almost all the picturesque and attractive events in the history of England and Scotland. The average child reads of these things, or is told of them by his teachers, but even the fact of their coming to him as lessons to be learned does not altogether rob them of their charm, or prevent his becoming an enthusiastic

partisan of this or that actor long since passed from the stage on which he cut so brave a figure during the time of his life. To him, therefore, this book will prove vastly attractive when he is grown a little older, since it holds much detail which the pre-occupation of the ordinary historian with the unpicturesque may have led him to omit from his laborious tomes. To the Scot it ought to be a sort of Bible. One of the features most demanding to be praised in the whole of his character is his abounding love of his ancient capital and its traditions. Here is the book of one who shares his enthusiasm, holding it, perhaps, in surpassing degree, and has given it super-excellent expression.



THE SPIRIT OF MIRTH



MR. J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE
DRAWN BY HIMSELF

Mr. J. Bernard Partridge.

TO say that Mr. J. Bernard Partridge has a complex nature neither expresses his personality nor does it justice. The first impression—and the last—given by Mr. Partridge is that he possesses an immense stock of vitality, and a keen interest in matters temporal and spiritual, together with ability to succeed in any walk in life whatsoever, and power to excel in several. Artist as painter and as actor, indeed, he has already approved himself. For those who witnessed his admirable conception of the character he sustained in *A Squire of Dames*, noting his exceptionally clear enunciation and effective stage presence, set him down actor born; and it would amaze them to learn that, merely for exercise and recreation, he becomes Mr. Bernard Gould and accepts an occasional dramatic engagement: while those who weekly look for and delight in his brilliant, if at times somewhat over-elaborated, drawings in *Punch*—on whose staff he is one of the most alert of the artist members—and study the results of his less frequent excursions into the realms of oil and water-colour esteem him draughtsman and painter to the core. Apart from his work, Mr. Partridge's interest in art is wide-spread. To hear him discuss literature is to realise that you converse with a reader whose taste and knowledge is cosmo-

politan, and whose judgment is individual and lucid.

His pleasures, again, he takes not sadly but earnestly. When he bicycles it is with the skill and the energy characteristic of all his actions. Rumour has it that during a recent Scottish tour he rode his willing machine up the steep slopes of Ben Nevis and down the other side without a stumble. Sober folks, who clamour aggressively for fact, declare the feat impossible; but they add that if anyone could have done it, Mr. Partridge would. And his energy in tennis has but to be seen to be remembered.

He is a conversationalist impetuous and delightful, and this, coupled with a handsome appearance, renders him a guest much sought after. In truth, he is said to be the despair of hostesses, since the moment for which he is pledged well-nigh invariably finds him engrossed in some important and congenial work. Many are the Society butterflies thus broken upon the wheel of his forgetfulness. Mr. Partridge lives in bachelor blessedness and a dainty cottage ornée situated in "the Grove of the Evangelist." He has not yet succumbed to the voice of the charmer, his strongest attachment at present being to his pipe. But he is still young. Also, though no one has been known to address him in a fashion so familiar, his Christian name is John.

In the Corridors.

BY W. PETT-RIDGE.

Afternoon in Corridors of Law Courts. Witnesses, sitting on window ledges' silently rehearse their evidence; adult barristers in wig and gown bustle up and down importantly, followed by respectful clerks; infant barristers—under thirty-five—loungue about and exchange splendid jokes. Scent of flowers and smelling-salts.

FIRST JUNIOR (*delightedly*): And the old man is in the most awful tear to-day you ever saw in all your life! (*With relish*) Court's simply chock full of juniors enjoying the fun. He's sat on Millis, Q.C.

SECOND JUNIOR (*incredulously*): Not on Millis?

FIRST JUNIOR: Abso-lutely, my boy, I assure you. (*With increased delight*) Sat on Millis, bullied Rock, told Boswal he knew nothing of the law—

SECOND JUNIOR (*amazed*): Well, I'm hanged!

FIRST JUNIOR: Yawned when Mockwood made a joke; and played the very dickens all round. I never saw anything like it in all my life. Worst of it is (*regretfully*), he's quietened down since lunch, and he's, comparatively speaking, doing the amiable now. But (*gleefully*), by Jove, it was clinkin' good fun while it lasted. Old chap's about the only one that can be depended on nowadays. (*Looks down corridor.*) I say! This is extra special, isn't it?

(*Both give whistle of content as THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON, in huge hat and violet veil, and brown cloak, is escorted to seat by body-guard of admiring young barristers.*)

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: O, you are all too dreadfully kind for anything! Thank you so very much. I had no idea, really, that the Law Courts were such fun. And tell me, now: what sort of a witness did I make?

ENTOURAGE: Swagger!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: I'm so glad to hear you say that. I was afraid I admitted rather much when that dreadful person—whatever was his

stupid name?—cross-examined me and asked such a lot of silly questions.

ENTOURAGE (*as one man*): Bilner's a bounder.

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON (*impartially*): Well, I'm bound to say I think so, too. Here's a simple question of contract to be decided, and (*bitterly*) he must needs go into a lot of outside matters that have nothing on earth to do with anybody! What is it to do with him, I should like to know, how long I was resting last year? It's either impudence or ignorance, I don't know which.

LEADER OF BODY-GUARD: Both!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: But really the place isn't nearly so ghastly as I thought it would be. And have you really been to our show? Like it I wonder?

BODY-GUARD (*in chorus*): Rippin'!

THEATRICAL YOUNG PERSON: It's a great secret, and I don't want you to noise it about, but (*they press forward to listen to confidence*) I'm going to sing a new song next week. A perfectly new song! (*With satisfaction*) All about "We're the boys to cut a dash, When we're out upon the mash, Folks say we're a little rash, After midnight," and "After midnight" comes in you know twice in each verse and—(*Interruption.*) I've to go back into that dreadful Court again? Well, you must all guide me, please, or else I shall do something stupid. Ought I to take anybody's arm I wonder?

(*Selects one from a dozen offered arms, and goes gracefully.*)

BARRISTER (*To solicitor with lady witness*): Now let me quite understand,

Mr. Sewell. This lady is prepared to swear—

LADY WITNESS (*shivering with indignation*): Pardon me, sir. I never have said anything stronger than "Bother," or "Good gracious," and I hope, please good, I never shall. I'm a strict Congregationalist; as strict a one as you'll find in a day's march, and—

SOLICITOR: Do keep quiet, my dear Madam. Go on, sir.

BARRISTER: Prepared to swear that she knew the testator well, and that she never saw any signs of eccentricity or anything of the kind. Eh?

SOLICITOR: That is so. (*To witness*) You can go as far as that, Madam, I believe?

WITNESS (*hurt*): I'm not so sure that I can, since you ask the question. If you want the absolute truth, I'm bound to say that the old gentleman was very finnickin' in his manners.

BARRISTER: He was what, Mr. Sewell?

WITNESS: Finnickin' sir, F-i-n-i-k-i-n, finikin. Or, to use a simpler expression, peculiar. F'r instance, he'd never take sugar with his coffee like an ordinary person. Over and over again I've said to him "Let me see, sir, how many lumps?" and he'd make answer snappishly, "None!" That was just his style, if you understand what I mean. And he never could bear his toast to be the least bit cold or under-browned. O (*sighing*), he certainly was odd.

BARRISTER: Nevertheless, this good lady, I take it, Mr. Sewell, will be prepared presently to state to his Lordship that so far as she knows—(*To clerk, who whispers*). Court Five. All right. Simpson; I'll come along with you now. Mr. Sewell, I shall leave this lady in your charge. (*Goes.*)

WITNESS (*affrighted*): Me in charge? Why, what on earth have I done naow that I should— (*Solicitor explains.*) O, well (*relieved*), why don't people express themselves properly.

(*North Country Lady sits weeping with veil folded over forehead.*)

TEARFUL LADY: Aye, sister, I never thowt I'd coom to this. It's terr'ble to think of. A coort o' law is no place for a hoonest coountry woman.

HER SISTER: Cheer up, Martha Emily. You ain't used to London, you see; that's what upsets you. If you'd come up iges

ago, when I come, and had gone into service in a boarding-house, like I did, why you'd think nothing of it. And it might be much worse. Why (*briskly*), what would you say if instead of it being a little matter about a bit of land, it was a divorce?

TEARFUL LADY (*shocked*): Doan't talk so wicked, sister. You've got a rare light-headed manner wi' you, like all the Loondon people. Ay (*sighing deeply*), someone'll hae to sooffer for all this some day. Th' wicked shall not go onrewarded. Is there plenty o' time for the train, I wonder? Six hoors only? And how long will it tak to get from here to King's Cross?

HER SISTER (*definitely*): Now you look here, Martha Emily. Directly this job's over we'll go and have a nice little snack of something—

TEARFUL LADY (*dolefully*): It'd chook me.

HER SISTER: Well, we'll chance that Anyway, you leave off crying and sniffing like a good woman, or else you'll frighten the Judge into a fit. Let me pull your veil down now a little way and have a good smell at this bottle—smell 'ard mind—and try and think about something else. How's old Birkin's daughter getting on? You know the one I mean. That one that—

(*Whispers. North Country Niobe under influence of confidential gossip, revives and dries her tears.*)

PERSUASIVE SOLICITOR (*to obstinate client*): Now, my dear sir! Do listen to me for one moment, please. You heard what the Judge said just now.

CLIENT (*strenuously*): Me dear man, the Judge is nothin' more nor less than a—

SOLICITOR (*soothingly*): No, no, no! It's of no use talking like that. Let us look at the matter as sensible men, without any prejudice or heat of passion or—or anything of the kind. See what I mean, don't you?

CLIENT (*definitely*): I'll not give way wan jot.

SOLICITOR: Now, now, my dear sir! That is not the way, if you will allow me to say so: that is not the way to approach this question. There must be a certain give and take, you know, in all these matters.

CLIENT: It's not taking that I mind, but I'll be da—

SOLICITOR (*interrupting*): Do not let us forget that we are breathing the atmosphere of law, and that there is no time to spare. The law, my dear sir, waits for no man, and the Court has been adjourned for only ten minutes in order that we may arrive at a settlement. Now if (*tentatively*) you could possibly—mind I only throw this out as a hint—if you could possibly see your way to taking two fifty—

CLIENT (*obstinately*): Five hondred, and not a pinny less.

SOLICITOR: Two fifty, and each pay their own costs. (*Taps client's shoulder*) We force them to pay their own costs, don't you see?

CLIENT: They'll be payin' mine too, the scoundrels, or else—

SOLICITOR (*looking at his watch*): Time's getting on. (*Genially*) There's no stopping time is there? And shall we aow, to finish this very unpleasant

affair, show that we are strong enough to be magnanimous, aye? A man who has right on his side as you have—

CLIENT: I have that.

SOLICITOR: Can afford to do the generous thing. In the newspapers tomorrow everybody will see that you have played the part of a good-tempered, open-hearted, Irish gentleman, one of a race in whose blood flows—flows all that is the best and brightest in one of the most important islands of this Great Britain of ours, one whose sons have ever been first and foremost everywhere and—

CLIENT (*grudgingly*): Well I'll take it, just for once. But the first time I meet the blauguards I'll give them me opinion of their behaviour, and if they attmpt to argue, I'll break ivery boan—

SOLICITOR (*relieved*): Spoken sir, if I may so, like a man of sense. Come along.



Theatres and Music-Halls.



MISS JENNY VALMORE
From a photograph by Dingwell B. Tate, Sutherland



THE SISTERS BARRISON

MISS JENNY VALMORE.

MISS JENNY VALMORE, one of the pleasantest actresses on the variety stage, has had a sufficiently varied experience since she adopted the profession in which she has become so well known. At the age of nine she made her first appearance in a pantomime at Manchester, and when she re-appeared, after an interval spent in the comparative obscurity of private life, she rapidly made her way to the front. Since then she has been seen in all the London halls, in the provinces, and has toured in America. She crosses the Atlantic in the autumn to fulfil another engagement, and later on visits the Empire, Johannesburg. After that she will return to the London halls, at one of which, it may be noted, she once appeared at every single performance throughout a year.

THE SISTERS BARRISON.

THE leading lights of the Parisian music-halls have long been in the habit of making comet-like appearances here in London, but it is not so often that our English artists cross the Channel to amuse French audiences. The five sisters Barrison, however, are English, and it is in Paris that they have made their successes. They are excellent singers and dancers, and in the matter of what you might call *chic* they can give points to many of the daughters of Paris, the very home and birthplace of that excellent quality.

"BIARRITZ."

THE production of *Biarritz* at the Prince of Wales's has called down on the heads of the authors, Messrs. Adrian Ross and Jerome K. Jerome, a storm of hostile criticism. They have been accused of thinking anything good enough for the British public so long as Mr.

Arthur Roberts was to interpret it, and of acting up to the conviction by producing a book which even the famous comedian cannot make tolerable. Upon the other hand Mr. Jerome has declared that he could speak, and he would, and that what he could tell of the play's history would cause the critics to be less severe upon its authors. However that may be, the play as it was produced on the first night was unmistakably a very bad one, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Arthur Roberts and his excellent company will be able to keep it alive.

MR. EDWIN BARWICK.

IT is not long since you were given in these

pages a photograph of Mr. Edwin Barwick in the character of Svengali. Other imitations of his are no less admirable, and those who have seen his Irving are inclined to deem it the best in his repertoire. Only the living voice and the gestures of life can convey to you the extreme goodness of the thing, but as to the make-up, you can judge by the photograph on this page.



MR. EDWIN BARWICK AS SIR HENRY IRVING
From a photograph by Hana



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS IN "BIARNITZ" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE
DRAWN BY A. S. HALTRICK

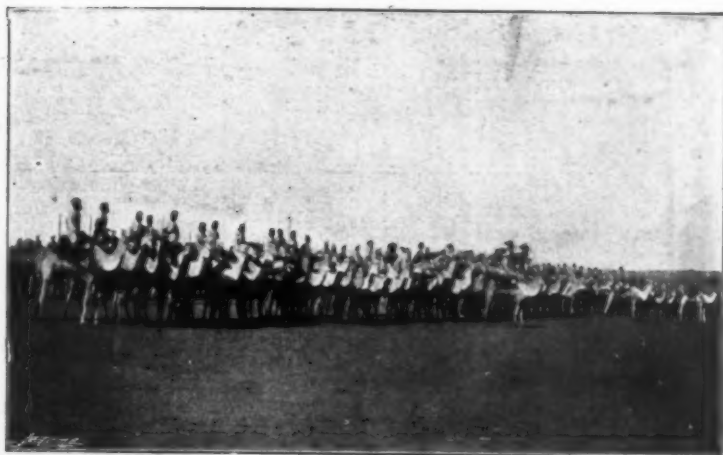
Two Campaigns.



SLATIN PASHA

THE pictures that follow show you some of the incidents in the two campaigns which have lately been entered upon: the Matabele War and the advance on the Soudan. Slatin Pasha, whose portrait is given above, has now an opportunity of revenge upon the people who kept him so long a captive, and there need be no doubt that he will be as ready as he assuredly will be able to assist the expedition, the necessity of which he has

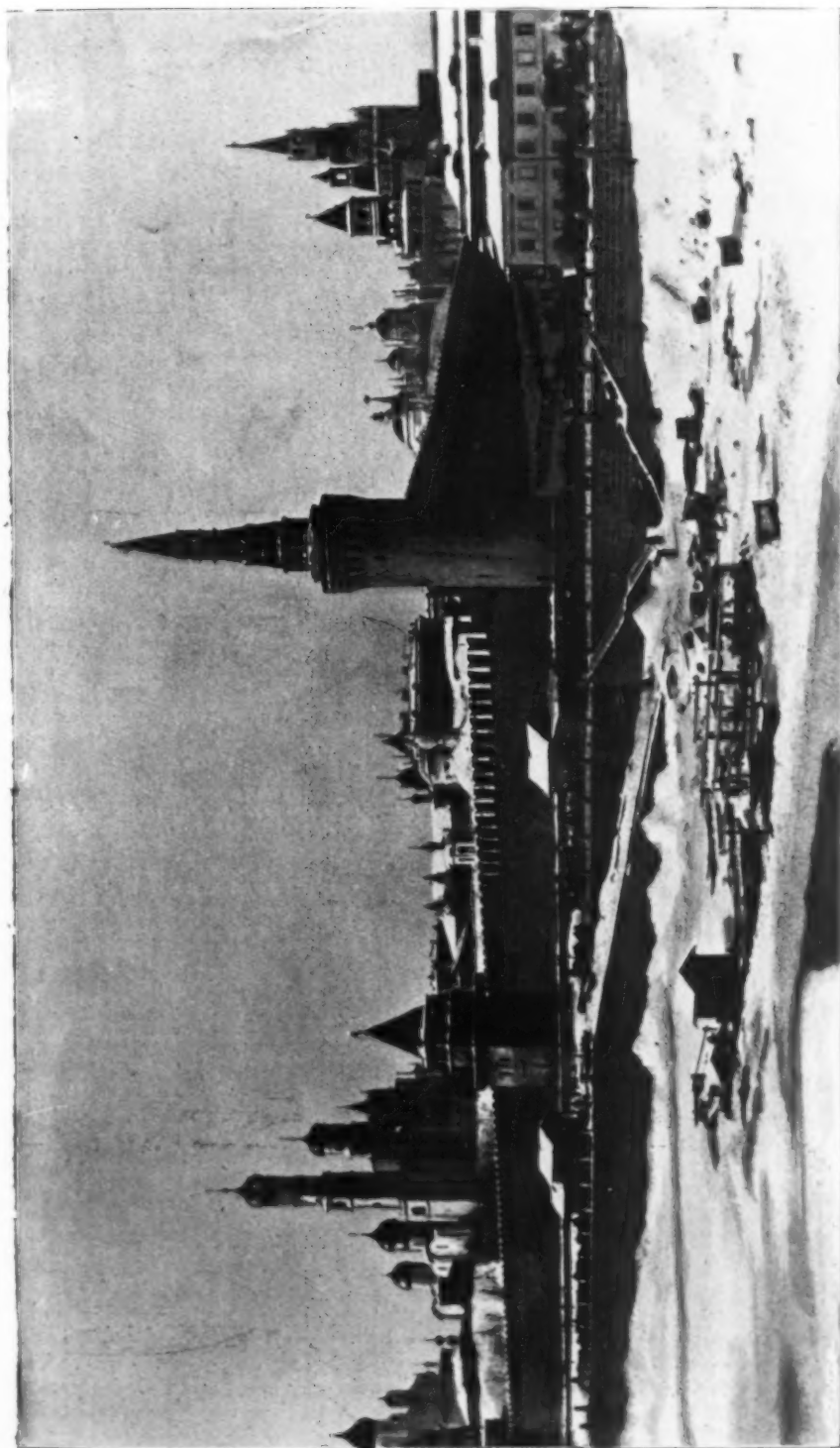
preached since his escape from the hands of the Mahdists. The Matabele rising has already cost some valuable lives, and there will be battle before it is suppressed. But, though it is undoubtedly a war, it can make before the Peace Society the traditional excuse that it is "only a little one." The Soudan affair is much more serious. Fuzzy-wuzzy can fight, as our soldiers have learned, and if the Soudan is to be reconquered it will not be without the payment of a heavy price.



THE CAMEL CORPS
THE NEW SOUDAN CAMPAIGN



MATABELE SCOUTS
DRAWN BY S. L. WOOD



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW



THE HOLY GATEWAY AT MOSCOW

THE CORONATION OF THE TZAR

THIS merry month of May will be an interesting time for those who live in the ancient capital of Russia, for in the present month the Tzar will be crowned in Moscow, and the ceremonies will begin on May 18th, and stretch on well into the next month. On the first day, which happens to be the anniversary of the Tzar's birth, he and the Tzarita will arrive at the Palace of Petrovsky, at the gates of Moscow, making a solemn entry into the city three days later. Upon the day after that the Extraordinary Ambassadors, who have come to

be present at the ceremony will be received in solemn audience, and there will be a solemn proclamation to the people of the great day chosen for the Coronation and the Consecration of their Imperial Majesties. The Coronation and Consecration take place on May 26th, and are followed by a solemn banquet in the old Salle des Tzars. For the common people's delight there will be magnificent illuminations in the evening, to celebrate the great event of the day. The following day is set apart for the presentation of felicitations to their Majesties, and a great banquet at the Granovitaya

Palata for the upper clergy and high dignitaries. Once again the mere citizens will have to content themselves with fireworks and fairy lamps. On the next day their Majesties will again be at home to receive deputations, and the evening will be devoted to a Court gala ball, with more fireworks and fairy lamps for the commonalty. Yet a third day will be occupied in the presentation of felicitations, and the standards will go back from the Throne Room to the Salles des Armes. There will be a gala spectacle at the Grand Imperial Theatre, and on the day after that the citizens of Moscow will get their opportunity in a popular festival in

what is called the Champ de Mars of Moscow. Dinner will be served in one of the Royal Palaces for the rural syndics, and the French Embassy gives a ball. After that there is hardly any need for further particularisation. The various Embassies will give balls and concerts, and, at the end of it all, there will be no one who is not heartily sick of solemn banquets. Finally there will be a review of the troops on the Champ de Mars and a banquet to the authorities and representatives of the Government and of the City of Moscow. Seeing that they will have been largely responsible for the regulation of three weeks of festivities they will deserve it.



STREET IN MOSCOW



THE melancholy curate of the *Bab Ballads* joyed in becoming frivolous on compulsion. To-day I discovered, with something of a shock, that I, too, was hypocritical at heart. One spring morning the sun beamed warmly on our sheltered town garden, the birds chattered busily among the boughs, and from the balcony I beheld neighbouring householders, armed with trowels, sanguinely consigning to earthy graves the contents of gaily illustrated packets of flower seeds. Babs brought from the winter harbourage of the old vinery his "boat"—a long, narrow packing-case, with seats, oars, and rudder, all rudely carved with the saw-like blade of his own pocket-knife—and played Robinson Crusoe on the lawn. In a sentence, all Nature smiled, and I, following suit, donned a festive costume, took a sunshade and card-case, and fared forth a-visiting—only to be blown home an hour later by a north-east squall that broke my frail sunshade, drenched my frock, and prostrated me with a bad cold. On returning to the outer world, after a fortnight's seclusion, I found my skin so tender from staying indoors that I had, perforce, to apply to our worthy family physician for a remedy. Promptly he sent me a lotion that he declared to be exceedingly popular with his lady patients. It was a mysterious com-

pound which, in repose, revealed a deep layer of pink sediment, topped by a clear liquid, and which resolved itself, when shaken, into a roseate cream. I used it at first as a matter of duty; but, perceiving that it produced a soft bloom, grateful and comforting to a matron of certain years, I continued, after the actual



need had passed, to indulge therein from vain motives. Placed openly on my toilette table, bearing this seeming-innocent label: "74961. The lotion to be applied frequently.—Mrs. Babbington Bright," who could suspect it of holding occult properties? And, besides, was it not used by medical advice?

Well, only to-day did the fact that I was trifling with a pleasant little vice come home to me—and that by inference. Aunt Tabitha called, and insisted on my going with her to visit Mrs.

Pangloss, the widow of old Professor Pangloss, the once renowned man of science. Aunt Tabitha is an energetic, well-preserved woman of fifty, who looks forty, and who declares she feels an easy thirty. So I thoughtlessly anticipated in Mrs. Pangloss, who had been her especial friend at school, something akin to her. The Pangloss mansion stood in one of the quaint roads of the older portion of Hampstead. It might have looked trim and inhabited in its day, but now it was over-shadowed by lank overgrown shrubs. Leaving the bright, exhilarating atmosphere behind, we were led through a dark hall into a sitting-

stimulants. The doctor said so. Doctors know best." So she maundered on.

"Who is your doctor, Maria?" queried Aunt Tabitha, gently.

"I have none now. It was Dr. Parker-Logan. You may remember him, Tabitha. He told me—told me——"

Walking homewards together, down Fitzjohn's Avenue, Aunt Tabitha confided in me something of her old friend's sad history.

"Maria was pretty and gentle when she was young: not strong-minded, but literary in her tastes. She wrote elegant poetry, and even published a small volume. I have a copy of it to this

day. That portrait over the sofa in her room was Maria as I recall her shortly after she married Mr. Pangloss—he was not Professor then—and she was sweet and graceful at that time. The large books on the table in the picture are her husband's scientific works. The slim volume in her hand is *An Angel's Tears*, her own little book of verse. I don't think they were well suited. He was older than her, and he was engrossed in his researches, while she soon tired of trying to write, since she had no one to encourage her. Then for a space she was



room, dingy and dull, whose air was exhausted as though the windows were ever kept closed. Over the fire huddled Mrs. Pangloss, whose appearance suggested—as someone described George Eliot's—"a hurricane of petticoats, a whirlwind of shawls." She looked a dazed old woman and seemed to take interest in nothing and nobody. Even Aunt Tabitha's endeavours to recall the memory of their girlhood together at the Brighton boarding-school, failed to summon her attention.

"No, I don't go out. I haven't been out all winter. It is too cold to go out, and I walk so slowly," she said, in a dull, lifeless voice, in reply to our inquiries. "No, I'm not ill; only not strong. I must keep up my strength by

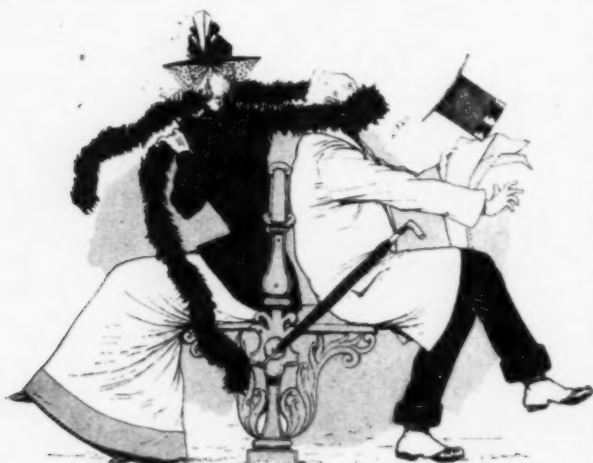
ailing, and Sir Parker-Logan—who in my opinion trusted too much to stimulants—ordered her wine. She followed his prescription, at first from a sense of duty, but afterwards because she liked it. He died without knowing the evil he had unwittingly wrought. Her husband noticed nothing, and I returned from a long stay abroad to find her deteriorated, mentally and physically. You can guess how I tried to save her; but it was too late. There she sits: her only happy moments those that bring her the medicine 'the doctor ordered.'"

As I removed my hat in my room, meditating gravely on the pitiful record of Mrs. Pangloss's life, and wondering at her weakness in drifting into a condition

so hopeless, my gaze fell on the phial containing the seductive lotion. It also was a prescribed remedy once needed, but now adhered to merely for personal gratification. Would I remain a slave to it until I became all-too early a raddled old hag, to whom its use must be a constant necessity? Or would I resolutely throw it out and rid me of it for ever? For a moment the fate of my beauty-wash trembled in the balance: then human nature prevailed. "The lotion to be used frequently" still holds its place on my dressing-table.

At an exceeding interesting club debate lately I happened to sit next an elderly lady who was obviously burning to take part in the proceedings, and who made voluminous notes during the opening address. We occupied seats at right angles to the others, and thus we had a capital view of both the chairwoman

ever on the verge of rising, but never compassing the feat. As one speaker after another aired his or her opinions, she grew more and more agitated, and



and the audience. My old lady had clearly prepared a speech; and, when the discussion was declared open, she became a mere bundle of nerves, seeming

as every speech ended, she glanced about eagerly till a fresh Daniel came to judgment, and another opportunity was lost. To all remarks she listened with

ill-concealed impatience, uttering little exclamations of scorn under her breath, and I kept expecting her as each occasion served to throw herself boldly into the breach. When, at last, the chairwoman asked if anyone else wished to address the meeting ere she declared the debate over, there was a long drawn out pause. "Now," I thought, "she must rise. It is impossible for her to miss the chance." My friend leant forward in her chair, and scanned eagerly the faces before her. She was trembling with excitement, and her features were working painfully. But still she

hesitated. Then a tall girl, with cropped hair and an assumed manner, sprang up to fill the vacancy, and my poor companion sank back in angry disappointment. She

closed her note-book with a snap, muttering: "It's no use trying to speak here, one never is allowed." Then the discussion ended, and the aspiring matron, convinced, I doubt not, that through injustice she had missed the supreme moment of her life, went forth indignant. I think it is Emerson who says that when you experience a desire to do anything, you should not let yourself be held back by nervousness or modesty, or someone who lacks your knowledge of the subject will assuredly do it.

Perhaps this elderly lady resembled two dear old maids in whose company Mr. Babbington-Bright travelled by rail in Devonshire. On leaving a certain station, one of them exclaimed:

"Surely that is Ottery St. Mary?"

"Yes," he replied; "we have just stopped there. Did you wish to get out?"

"Yes," said the quaint elder sister, who acted as spokeswoman; "Ottery St. Mary is our destination. I thought it resembled the station, but I expected the officials would come to inquire if we desired to alight. How inconsiderate they are!"

My friend of the debate may have

expected an invitation to disburden her mind.

The east wind is blowing its chilliest while I write. I am quivering for two poor little rich children, whose nurses have paused in view of my study window to gossip with a milkman. The little ones are elaborately and expensively clad in plush, lace, and feathers as regards the upper portions of their bodies; but the lower have no better defence against the cold than silk socks and white kid shoes. Is such negligence the result of carelessness or ignorance on the part of their guardians? Money and thought have been expended on the details of their tasteful costumes, so that this dangerous nakedness must be set down to some foolish belief in making the poor little wretches "hardy." One of the children, a little girl, has her hands in a pretty, fleecy muff, and her appearance recalls that of a lady I met at dinner once, whose dress was extremely *décolleté*, but who had large pieces of wadding in her ears, and who explained that, having a cold, she deemed it wise to take precautions!

MURIEL BABINGTON-BRIGHT



The Fashions of the Month.

DESPITE the chastening influence of the Thirteen Club, and other non-impressionables, May is still regarded as an unlucky month for a wedding, and, consequently, April witnessed quite a rush of marriages—and of course—of trousseaux. That of Princess Alexandra of Coburg has already been so abundantly described in dailies and weeklies that further notice were superfluous. The extreme simplicity and elegance of every article prepared for the young Princess must be noted as yet another proof of the fact that in completeness rather than in magnificence lies truest distinction.

Canvas, mohair, grenadine, and grass-cloth are the materials of the year, and none is more charming than grass-cloth. Its *chiné* development is simply exquisite; for it has all the sheen of silk while it is lighter in texture. Confectioned deftly with lace, ribbons, and fine embroidery it makes the most fascinating of toilets. Canvas is a more workaday stuff, and varies in texture from the plain and substantial to the fanciful and the lacey; but all its varieties depend greatly on the admixture of other materials for effect. Thus a sober tobacco-brown canvas with a skirt untrimmed, save for rows of the tiniest tucks up the front, has a bodice of rose and gold shot taffeta. The yoke of the bodice is formed of tiny tucks, set into a band of lovely *passementerie* composed of little stars of cream guipure overworked with sprays of single blossoms and foliage in natural shades of silk, and framed by scrolls of black velvet outlined in gold and embroidered in coloured flowers. A smaller band of this lovely work is passed round the neck below a collar of taffeta; and from the bust fall loose straps of brown satin ribbon, each starting from a rosette and terminating at the waistband and which is likewise of brown satin. The back and front of the bodice are exactly alike, and

the brown canvas sleeves are fitted to the lower arm by rows of tiny tucks, and are buttoned at the wrists. Another pretty gown is in a sort of drab basket-work canvas, and the skirt is hung over an inner one of blue and drab silk. The bodice is of silk, but a canvas *pelérine* forming revers in front crosses and partially covers it. The *pelérine* finishes off below the waist in pear-shaped tabs bordered with guipure. The straps, without which, at present, no bodice seems complete, are canvas overlaid with guipure. A folded band of the silk tied in a knot, with a single end in front, unites the bodice and the skirt.

A beautiful evening bodice, which would glorify all sorts of unpretentious skirts, is made of soft rose-silk veiled in pale heliotrope chiffon. The loose front is of Brussels lace, and about the shoulders there is a dainty arrangement of chiffon lace and pearl and gold embroidery with clusters of heliotrope acacia set among them. To be truly *chic* you must have all your flowers in the wrong colours. The full short sleeves are of chiffon over silk, and are set into a bracelet of the embroidery. About the waist there is a sash of rose-pink satin ribbon fastened in a careless bow, and having two short ends.

For a day blouse the most charming model is that shown in our first illustration. It is made of a pretty *chiné* silk that has a device of dark wall-flower tints on a delicate greyish-green ground. The inner yoke and sleeve puffs are of black kilted chiffon, and the sleeves, yoke-pieces and front pleats are of coarse guipure of rather a dark shade. The ribbon belt is of wall-flower satin ribbon. The pretty hat worn with it is of greyish green mixed straw, with a guipure crown, bow of black satin ribbon, roses of a dark terra-cotta to match the wall-flower, and upstanding leaves of that dark reddish shade that some rose leaves have.

One of the most important adjuncts

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



DAY BLOUSE

of the toilet just now is the neck ruff, and considerable ingenuity has been exercised in varying it. Black chiffon, satin edged and kilted, mixed with flowers and ribbons, is the most familiar form of ruff, but this, alas, is no longer new, save in the outlying suburbs where modes penetrate slowly. More original far are the ruffles of kilted white chiffon tipped with black ostrich feathers, and having double cravat ends falling over each other, and lightly finished with the tips—scarcely a profitable article of wear

for London you would think, but then there is a peculiarly subtle joy in extravagance at times.

The newest thing in capes is to fasten them at one side instead of in front. This has the merit of being hygienic at least, for capes that open down the front give excellent opportunities for catching cold in the chest, especially on cold east windy spring days. The wide circular cape, hanging in gently increasing fullness, lined with silk and simply finished with turnover velvet collar, is still the

most useful garment made for morning and miscellaneous wear. For those who cannot afford a variety, drab and brown are best, but these capes also look well in *réséda heliotrope* and "eminence" purple cloth. The loose full jacket is, of course, the newest thing, and on a tall

embroidered gauntlet cuff are its only other embellishments. Different in style but also pleasing is a dark green tight-fitting coat made in covert coating. Each seam is outlined by many rows of narrow black braid, that leaves its straight track at intervals to twist itself into



SUMMER HAT

slim figure is excellent. Stout women and short women, however, should avoid it as they would the plague. A very pretty one is made of light fawn face cloth hanging back and front in box-pleats from a yoke embroidered in cream flax thread. A brown velvet tabbed—the "tab," a somewhat inartistic device, is with us once more—collar and an

groups of pretty, intricate pattern. The fronts are turned back with black corded silk, and there are "frogs" on the braiding and black buttons in front. The reefer jacket is with us still, and is likely to be always in fashion for the seaside and the country. One in black serge, with a full, short basque behind, is lined with red shot taffeta, has a collar of red

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velvet, and enormous buttons. More elaborate is a mantle and fichu in one of black satin, bordered with a floral design, executed in jet and gold. This mantle is very cleverly cut, and has folds that extend from the centre of the back over the shoulders to the waist in front, whence they fall in fichu ends to the feet. It is edged with thickly-quilled

divided from the others by an open-work jet passementerie. The neck frill is of the taffeta. Still more brilliant is a mantle of chiné silk, the ground showing changing tones of pale blue, green and gold, and showing up with perfect effect a design of chrysanthemums in dark terra-cottas and greens. Over this silk is hung first green and then black net.



ANOTHER SUMMER HAT

satin-edged black chiffon, which is very full about the neck. Large bows of a black ribbon, with a chiné pattern in rich, dark shades upon it, are introduced at each side of the bust. Brighter and more youthful than this is a cape of sapphire and gold shot taffeta, under black lisse, kilted in such wise that the folds take the form of inverted V's, each V being

A drapery of the silk hangs hood-like behind, and in loops in front. The net is frilled about the neck, and clusters of chrysanthemums shaded to match those that pattern the silk complete this smart and daring mantalet.

Hats continue festive and floral as ever. The one in the second of our illustrations is of magenta straw and is trimmed entirely with roses that run.

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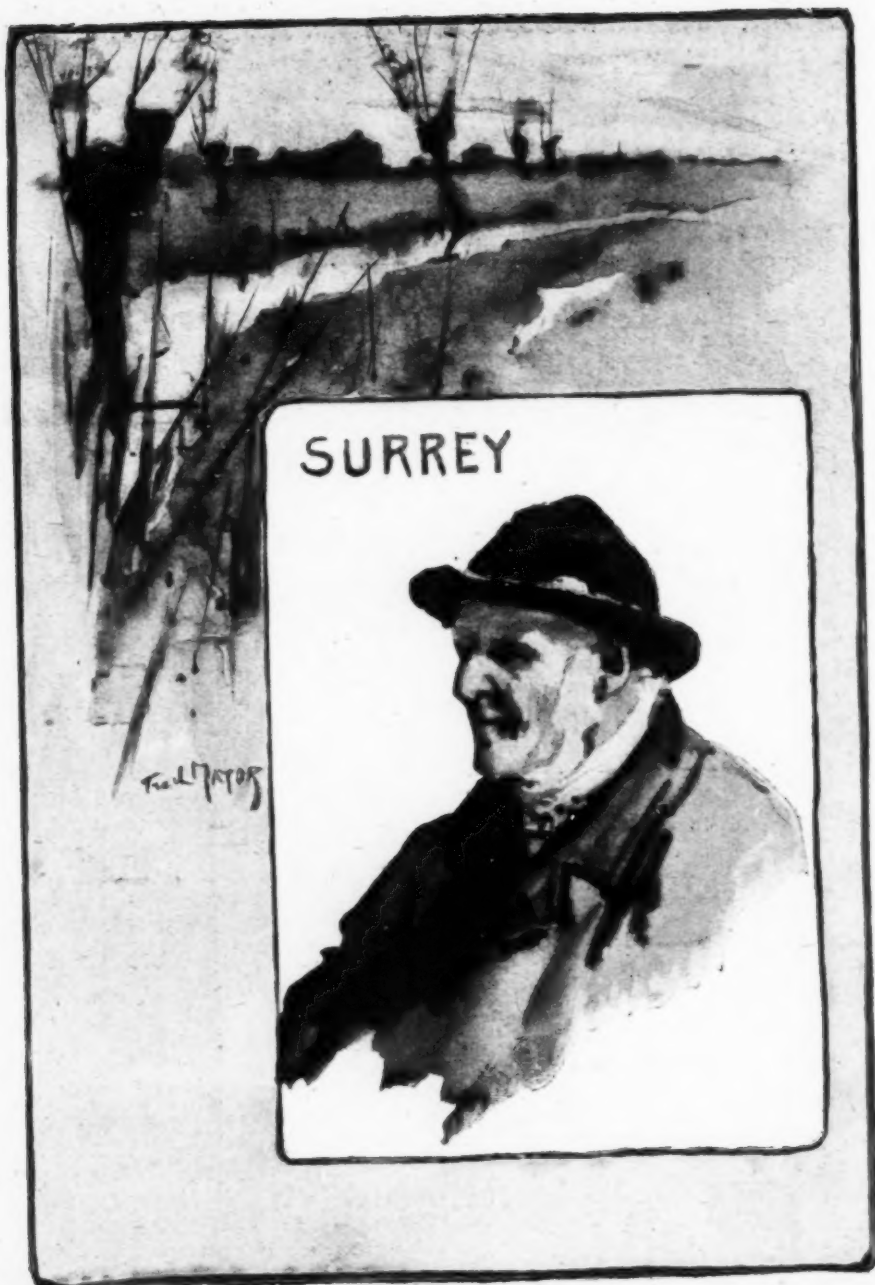
through every shade of this brilliant colour. Note the high pinnacle in which the roses are arranged at one side, for this is one of the features of the year. More simple and subdued is the hat shown in our third illustration. It has a full crown of green straw pleated into a flat black brim, and is trimmed simply with a garland and aigrette of Spring flowers, as cowslips and polyanthus. The arrangement of the spotted veil is very charming. Spring weather and Spring flowers, and Spring gaiety, make the mind turn readily to floral decoration. This grows more elaborate and more artistic every year. At a recent ball all the mirrors in a white and gold ball-room were framed and crossed by flowers and greenery in exact imitation of

Watteau screens. Golden baskets, with roses tumbling out of them; knots of blue ribbon; gold musical instruments and tropical birds were all used with admirable effect. Interesting, if not artistic, was the decoration recently devised by a wealthy young bachelor nobleman for the mirror in his smoking-room. Charming little brown orchids figured as corks popping out of floral bottles of champagne, the sparkling drink being realistically reproduced by a fairy grass. Amongst other things imitated were cards, dice, wine glasses, billiard cues, and bunches of grapes —altogether surely never did more eccentric decoration evolve from the erratic brain of irresponsible gilded youth.





IN EARLY SUMMER
DRAWN BY RESE HULL



THE HOME COUNTIES. — I.
DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman; containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman; of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of his surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befall him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth

By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.



Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and put him on to perform a very curious mission in Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, which they find is now in the hands of the Royalists.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW CAPTAIN JACOBUS EXECUTED THE KING'S COMMISSION.

TWAS a week since the capture of the city. I was basking in the sun on mattress and pillows spread on the grass outside the Beggars' Chapel,

occupying the very place of one of those sentries whom Jacobus and I, little more than three weeks ago, had found asleep, his match smouldering beside him: while

the Captain himself lay in the place of the other rascal, smoking a cigarro, his hat over his eyes: and Barbara sat above me in an orange-tawny velvet chair. At a little distance, beyond the bubbling stream, stood the covered waggon of the half-dozen Egyptians whom the Captain had retained for servants: the swarthy people in their bright garments were gathered about a crackling wood fire, above which, amid the curling blue smoke, hung a pot upon a tripod. Beyond, the forest closed us in, drest in its spring bravery: between the rough trunks, hyacinths hid the ground like a blue mist: overhead, fragile and small clouds voyaged upon the blue before a westerly gale: while now and again the jolly sun would veil his face behind the mounded purple wrack.

The Captain had dispersed the rest of the Beggars and Egyptians north, east, south, and west: had caused the chapel to be cleansed from floor to roof-tree, and to be strewn with fresh rushes: had transformed his room of the sacristy into a sleeping-chamber for Barbara and her nurse: and had built a partition of branches in the body of the place for my benefit: while Jacobus himself commonly watched me by night, and slept as he could by day. He had gone down to Salisbury upon the night of my arrival, and informed Mr. Phelps of matters: the old man had ridden up twice or thrice, laden with cordials and dainties for the sick man: but Barbara had declined to return with her father, or to admit an apothecary; saying that her business was to nurse me until I was whole, and that she was a better doctor than any barber-surgeon of them all. Meanwhile, for the last three days, I had slept almost continuously: and now, as I lay in the blessed sunlight, save for a certain languor and stiffness, I felt a whole man once more. Therefore, I requested the dozing Captain to give me the news, and a full relation of his adventures in the house of Mayor Phelps. Jacobus consulted my physician with a look, who nodded permission.

"Fair and softly, boy," said he; "what made you a day late at Fordingbridge?"

"I lost my horse first, then my head, and last my way," I replied.

"All that?" remarked Jacobus. "Well, you found your way again, I take it, and you seem to have regained a kind of headpiece, if a little the worse for wear.

But how did you get a horse? Or did you walk? Y' had time enough."

The Captain's tone was scarcely flattering: but put it every way I had not shone in my exploits; and 'twas foolish to take offence.

"There are plenty nags upon the road," I said, mildly.

Jacobus did not move so much as an eyelid. There was an appreciable pause, but when he spoke, requesting me to tell my story, he did not betray the slightest sense of what was implied by my admission. I briefly related my misfortunes. When I came to Manning's escape, Jacobus swore blasphemously until he caught the look upon Mrs. Barbara's face.

"I crave your pardon, Mistress," said he; "but I left the man for Anthony to kill, and he lets him go. I would 'a cut his throat else."

"I do not like such talk," said Barbara, soberly:

"What of Penruddock?" I asked, for neither had I any great desire to discuss Mr. Manning.

"Colonel Penruddock and the best part of his troop are lodged in Exeter Gaol," said Jacobus, evenly.

"What!" I cried. "Is the plot at an end, then?" My gilded expectations toppled like a house of cards.

"Plot!" returned Jacobus savagely, "'twas a schoolboy's freak—'twas the King of France with forty thousand men—'twas anything you please. Colonel John and Major Joseph, with not forty hundred—not four hundred, as God's-my-life, go out to conquer a kingdom of soldiers! They take Salisbury without a blow struck on either side: and had they laid down any sort of plan whatsoever—had they even waited for your damned Hampshiremen, or marched on London, things might have gone better; the country might have taken fire, and at any rate nothing could have fallen out worse. But, having captured the city by five in the morning, they desert it by two in the afternoon, without leaving so much as a corporal's guard for garrison. They do not even hang the bloody Judges. Whereupon all things resume their course as though the soldiers had never set foot in the town. . . . Why did they so at all? What, 'a God's name, did they think they were doing! Well, as I say, Sir John and Sir Joseph sound tuckets, march away down west towards



"WE ENTERED THE CITY ABOUT FIVE OF THE CLOCK"

Blandford, with drums beating and colours flying, for some two or three hours, when who should they meet but our old friend Captain Crook with his patrol of dragoons. The Royalist horses were wearied out, the army could neither fight nor fly: whereupon Crook promises free pardon on the word of a gentleman to all who yield peaceably: and the end of it was that Sir John and the most of them gave up their arms, while Sir Joseph and the rest, having, I suppose, some glimmerings of sense, got away on foot into hiding. Next day Crook drives the whole posse like sheep into Exeter gaol, where they are now awaiting the butcher. The Hampshire gentlemen, finding Salisbury empty, swept, and garnished upon their arrival, rode quietly home again, like wise men. So ends the Penruddock Plot for the glorious restoration of our Sovereign Lord the King," said Jacobus, getting up and striding across the grass to relight his cigarro at the Egyptians' fire.

Barbara laid her hand on mine for a moment. For myself I had scant reason to complain, but I was dreadfully oppressed.

"They will not dare to hang them?" I said, when Jacobus returned.

"Will they not?" said he. "Is there any crime Oliver will shirk? And these men were taken red-handed in rebellion. A promise! What is a promise to a Puritan? They have exchanged the code of gentlemen for the Book of Leviticus."

The rarity seemed to have gone out of the sunshine, and we sat in silence. Presently Jacobus, perhaps to divert my thoughts, took up the tale of his adventures.

"We entered the city about five of the clock on the morning of April second, as I have said, a troop of horse about two hundred strong, all as arranged. First we rode to the Gaol, and threatened to carry the place by assault unless they opened the gates, which they did. Whereupon we entered and turned all the prisoners loose into the streets. Some of my own beggar-spies were among 'em. Then we dispersed in bands to requisition all the horses in the town. I took a hand in that also, and 'twas excellent sport. These little risings fail invariably, but they are admirable fooling while they last. After that I went to breakfast with the officers at the sign of the Sun over

against the Conduit, where master inn-keeper could find nought good enough to set before us: I never beheld a man so instantly obsequious. Before we had done there comes one running to say that the Mayor and Aldermen were assembled in the Town Hall, whither the Colonel and Sir Joseph went immediately. I stayed till I had finished breakfast, when I thought it a suitable time to present the paper of seals at the house of Mayor Phelps, so rode leisurely up High Street and across the Market-place. All the troopers—gentlemen, yeomen, and churls—were carousing on every side: the cits welcomed 'em like brothers; and ale was flowing like a festival. A parcel of madcaps had set the bells going: altogether, 'twas like the capture of a city in a play-house. I had my own affairs to mind, or, body-o'-me, I would have shown the Colonel another-guess way to set about the business.

"Well, I left my horse with the soberest soldado I could see, found the house, and knocked upon the panel. 'Twas opened at once by a tall, black-avised gallant, whom I surmised to be Manning himself, as I had expected.

"Give you good-den, Mr. Manning," I said, to make sure.

"Y'have my name very pat," says he. "I have not the honour of knowing you, I think."

"Here is that may serve for recommendation," I said: and showed him the paper of seals.

"He put out his hand to take it, but I stowed it back in my pocket.

"Come in, sir, and welcome," said he, and led me into a little business-looking cabinet at the back of the hall, and shut the door. There was a leash of tankards on the table, and after pledging each other, we sat down. For all his easy manner, I could see that the fellow suspected me bitterly, fearing, I suppose, that you had penetrated his disguise, and had informed me of his doings.

"Is not your name Simeon, sir?" said Mr. Manning, looking at me.

"Why, no," I said. "My name is Jacobus—Captain Jacobus. You have never heard it before, perhaps?"

"Indeed," says my gentleman, with a bow, 'tis a title I have long been familiar with. But y'are a little trifle like a certain Mr. Simeon I did once know, at the first glance. Well, I have

three thousand pounds to deliver to you, sir: and I am glad to confide the monies to such experienced hands,' says he. 'But prithee, Captain, how go matters in the town?'

"I shrugged my shoulders and pulled

sir, are men of the great world. We are about a matter of some moment, and I will be open with you. Is it probable that a handful of raw cavalry can upset a kingdom guarded by the finest army in the world?'



"COME IN, SIR, AND WELCOME"

a long face, for I wanted to see what he would be at.

"Well enough," I said. "'Tis not very difficult to march a troop of horse into an unarmed country place."

"You think, then, the event is doubtful?" he asked.

"Come," I returned, "you and I, dear

Mr. Manning was visibly discomposed. "'Tis then a question," said he, "whether or no this great sum of money would not be better laid by awhile until a more promising occasion?"

"'Tis a question, certainly," I said: for I began to perceive his drift.

"It might be well," pursued my con-

spirator, eyeing me, 'to bestow it meanwhile in some safe hiding-place: doubtless you know of such, Captain?'

"'It might, truly,' I said. 'But is it not safe where it now is?'

"'No, by no means,' said Manning, with conviction. 'And the sooner you and I get to shifting the gold the better,' says he, getting up.

"'Tis in the house, then?' I said.

"'That you will see,' he answered: and by that I knew it was.

"'There is just a point, Mr. Manning,' I observed. 'This money, properly expended now, might it not work the success of the plot which, we know, must otherwise fail?'

"He seemed to reflect a moment: then shook his head.

"'The chance is so inconsiderable,' said he, 'it is not worth the risk.'

"'Faith, but I think it is worth it,' said I.

"'That is for me to decide, by your leave, Captain,' said Manning, blackening.

"Then I smoked his trick. Had the Cavaliers been in a fair way to success he would have given me the money in pure speculation, hoping to be rewarded hereafter by the King with a good place about the Court. But as, on the contrary, they seemed in the way to fail, his game was to nab the gett himself. He could not transport the treasure alone, and so I was to assist him—to get knocked on the head from behind for my pains, belike! The money, then, was not his own: therefore it belonged to Mr. Phelps: and I had next to discover whether Mr. Phelps had designed this gift for his Majesty, or Manning was robbing him. So I pulled out a pistol and covered Mr. Manning.

"'Put forth hand to sword or pistol and I will break the bone of your arm with a bullet,' I said. 'I am tired of this talk. Come, sir! I bear the King's commission: and in that service I have toppled a many more pretty gentlemen into the dust and the dark than you have ever passed the time o' day with. There is better company than you are accustomed to keep, belike, waiting for you on the other side Styx. As God's-my-life, ye shall join them ere I count five, sith you do not straightway deliver me up three thousand pounds, peaceably and without treachery.

"I began to count one, two, but my gentleman was nothing dismayed and

had the impudence to grin at me. Your Manning is a courageous chuff, and 'tis pity he is so double-minded and unsteadfast.

"'Easy, Captain,' says he. 'Easy with the fire-lock; they are ill engines for mountebanks to handle. Y'are not upon the King's highway, nor am I a fool of a burgess to be scared by your windy violences. If you shot me you would never find the treasure, o' my word.'

"'— Three,' said I. 'You forget, sir, I could ask Mr. Phelps.'

"'You could so,' says Manning, 'and sith the Mayor is a bitter Roundhead I leave you to imagine the response you would get.'

"'So y'are about spoiling the Egyptians, is't not so? I do begin to perceive a kindred spirit in you,' I said.

"'Put down your pistol, then,' said Manning: and so I did, for it had served my turn.

"'Come, Mr. Manning,' I said, 'time wastes; let us understand one another without more ado. Had the King been on his way to Whitehall, the matter would have worn a different complexion, I take it; but as his Majesty is fast in Holland, and extremely likely to stay there, we need not discuss that aspect of the problem. As it is, you want the gold for yourself, I know that. Why, therefore, deny it? Moreover, as you cannot steal it without help you hoped I should have assisted you blindfold. That will not come to pass, but I will still assist you—upon conditions.'

"Manning looked at me, and I saw that I had hit him.

"'You made a strange mistake, Captain Jacobus,' says he, biting his finger. 'Tis a natural suspicion for a gentleman of your habits, or I should think you meant to insult me. We cannot all be highwaymen. These monies belong to the King, sir.'

"'Ay, sir,' I said, 'and so doth this realm of England, but he hath it not in his pocket, any the more for that. I know what y'are drumbling at. Y'are thinking I am hand and glove with young Langford because I carry the three seals that he had from the King. I suppose ye guessed he had them, as King's messenger: and it is true I took them from him. I keep the roads of the West Country, as y'are aware: and I stopped the gallant on his way hither

from Lyme Regis, and made him turn me out his pockets for a jest—for I take nothing, only from Roundheads. The three seals took my fancy; they smelled of gold to me; but my gallant would tell me nought about them till I bound the boy to a tree and tied a piece of lighted match betwixt his fingers, when he found his tongue. He held you in some suspicion of treachery, it seemed, which methought would be the better for me; therefore, I took the adventure on myself and let little Langford go on his errand. But we had best be quick, for he is but ridden to Fordingbridge to warn the Hampshiremen and will, doubtless, be here presently.

"Manning swallowed that invention of my Minerva like a common gull.

"You said—upon conditions?' quoth he.

"Half," I said.

"But Manning could not stomach that, and huffed, swore, looked big, and blustered.

"Well," said I, 'I thank God I can earn my livelihood without picking the pockets of honest burgesses. Give you good-den, Mr. Manning,' and I made as if to go.

"At that he altered his note, and presently agreed: and we went into the hall, where he pressed the spring, opened the panelling, and entered the priest's hole. 'Twas a tiny, square, stone chamber, with a round window high up to the left: on the right a flight of steps led up to a fireplace, where was a space big enough for a man to sit with comfort: and a little door opened therefrom, I supposed, into the chimney of the hall fireplace. The panel door was stoutly barred and thickened: a space was cut out behind the face of the portrait, and a little slip of canvas moved on a pin, so that a man could lay his cheek at the back of the thin board and peer through the eye-hole. 'Twas a sweet place wherein to stow money-bags: and well it was for Master Phelps that he hath you to his son-in-law, Anthony! Manning went up the steps, kneeled down, and began to grope on the stones. I whipped out of the chamber and shut to

the panel quietly, but he must 'a heard the bolt click, for he flung himself against the wood, crying out. Had he thought instead of the door in the chimney, 'a might have escaped, but I climbed swiftly up and drew bolts on the hither side, and a mighty sooty job it was. Well, there was my clever conspirator fast by the heels till you came to turn him out and cut off his head, Anthony. I am sorry you left it on his shoulders. 'Twas your quarrel, and I thought you would like to end it yourself, else I would have killed him. Then I be-thought me of Mrs. Barbara, and walked upstairs to search for her, whereupon I heard a little noise of sobbing behind a locked door, upon which I knocked. 'Who's there?' asked someone, in a weeping voice. 'I come from Mr. Langford,' I said. 'My name is Jacobus,' Mrs. Barbara opened at once, and when she saw me, she smiled through her tears," said Jacobus, sentimentally.

"You were a figure to make a cat laugh, with your fine lendings and your soot," said Mrs. Barbara. "But I was glad to see you, too. I was afraid for my father, for I made sure there was fighting in the town. And Mr. Manning was not the pleasantest house-mate."

"All things considered," pursued Jacobus, "I thought 'twas safest to take Mrs. Barbara from harm's way until matters were settled in the city. Besides, Manning was in the house, and when you came there must have been bloodshed. So Mrs. Barbara packed her valise while I got her a palfrey: and, taking her nurse behind me, we sought refuge in my private sanctuary. So endeth the adventure of the three seals," and he tossed me the paper. It lies before me now as I write, torn and discoloured, one antique head cracked across the cheek.

"Captain," I said, "I am inexpressibly beholden to you," and I reached him my hand.

He shook it negligently.

"I doubt me if the King would make quite the same observation," said Jacobus

CHAPTER XV.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

THE next day came one of the Captain's beggar-spies with news saying that a general gaol delivery would be holden at Exeter on April 18th, when

Sir John Penruddock and his following would be put upon their trial, and that Chief Justice Rolles had returned to London instead of proceeding to Exeter.



"I KNEW NOT WHAT TO ANSWER"

We learned afterwards that he refused to sit in judgment upon the men who had spared his life; whereupon Cromwell deprived him of office and sent down a new commission of oyer and terminer. There was never any weakness of sentiment about the Lord Protector's dealings.

"I fear 'tis a hanging matter," said

Jacobus; "but whatever may befall I shall ride down and see th' affair through to the end. Also I have a score to settle with Captain Crook. What say you? Shall we take the road again?"

"I am with you," said I.

It was therefore settled that we should start on April 14th, three days hence,

which would allow four days easy travelling for the distance.

There are halcyon pauses in life's march when one steps aside out of the dust into a piece of Eden, and lets the world go roaring by awhile unheeded; when the fights and follies of the past drop from us like Christian's pack o' sins; when the unsure and dark future is forgotten. Thus it befell with us for three sunshiny days at the Beggars' Chapel. But upon the eve of my departure, having prepared my equipage for the morrow, I sought Barbara with a heavy heart, leaving the Captain polishing his pistols and whistling gay as a bird.

No man sings a merrier note

Than he that cannot change a groat,

chanted Jacobus; but I did not think so.

I found Barbara a little way in the forest, where a bank, matted with creeping blue flowers, hove out above a valley: beyond the tall trees on the opposite ridge the evening sky was painted in scarlet and gold, and overhead great rose-coloured clouds melted into the blue.

"Barbara," I said, "this will never do. Alas, you and I must part, my dear. To-morrow I ride down to the West (for I am a sworn volunteer), where my life is in jeopardy every hour; and after I must seek my fortune overseas, for I doubt not that what the Captain says is true, that after this outbreak of the Royalists the Protector will put in force the most stringent and oppressive ordinances against the Cavaliers. I will come back to you if I live, my dear; but meanwhile I do not hold you bound to me by so much as a word: y'are free as air. For I cannot ask you to marry me."

I had conned this speech with much care, and it pained me a good deal to deliver it; altogether I felt very solemn and grieved. Therefore I was greatly taken aback when Barbara laughed in my glum face.

"You men think yourselves so mighty wise and heroical!" said she. "I would have you to know, sir, that I am an heiress and can marry whom I please. What if I chose to marry you, Mr. Anthony Langford?"

"I should have to say you nay," I said, turning aside. "It would not be fitting. You know I could not do't."

"O, you have the finest feelings in the world and the most delicate scruples, I know that very well," retorted Barbara, totally unimpressed by my dignified attitude. "But supposing you were to think of someone beside your noble self, sir, for once. Just for a single novelty!"

"Do I not?" said I.

"No, sir, you do not," said she. "O, you men! For a finikin convention, a fantastical whim of honour, you would sacrifice not only yourselves—which would be the less important—but others, no matter who or what. How does it signify which of us hath monies? 'Tis the weariest commonplace. Do you suppose a woman sacrifices nothing to take a man's earnings? You say we have no notion of honour: well, at least we own a conscience, wherein, me seemeth, we enjoy a somewhat singular advantage."

I knew not what to answer, being torn asunder and bewildered.

"I would not ask you twice were you the Great Chan!" said Barbara gently, in a little.

There was that in her voice which broke down my resistance. The fortress capitulated, the besieger took possession once and for ever.

"Listen to me," said Barbara presently. "I have a plan. We will go to Virginia and buy an estate with my dowry. Make no mistake, my pragmatical gallant, you shall lead no rose-leaf existence. When we are rich, and if there be a Restoration, we will come home and live at Langford Manor."

We opened the matter that evening to Jacobus, the crafty in counsel.

"I think y'are well advised," quoth our Odysseus. "Faith, I see not what else ye can do, unless ye take to the road like me. And as for that, I doubt if thou wouldst ever make a great hand at it. You will fight and bully when y'are stirred up to't, but ye take a most prodigious pole and the devil of a lot of stirring. The root of the matter is not in you. Ye do not love the hard living and hard riding, the continual jeopardy, the staggering turns of fortune: when a man may be carousing with a king's ransom in his pockets one day and the next fleeing for his life like a fox. Why, look you," pursued Jacobus, warming, "y'are hunted out of house and land and yet ye have no lust to hunt the hunters. Y'are out of law, ye have nought to lose,

and all Christendom lies open before you, Roundheads fat with ill-gotten gains jogging to and fro on every road and swarming in every town. Yet the prospect leaves you cold. 'Tis incredible. S'life, the Parliament did to me what the Protector hath done to you before I was your age; and the Puritan crew have been paying for't ever since, year in and year out, in blood and gold: the price is not paid yet and so long as I can sit a horse I go a-questing to fill up the measure that is never filled. Ay, did my own mother stand in the way I would ride over her face!"

He gnawed his mustachios and fell silent. I had never seen him so moved: doubtless my case had brought the remembrance of his own wrongs freshly to mind, when he lost more than house and lands. Barbara looked across in the firelight at the dark lined visage: Jacobus caught her glance, his face changed, and presently we fell to discussing how our project might best be effected. It was finally arranged that Barbara (whom her father had appointed to fetch in the morning) should return to Salisbury to make her preparations while we rode to Exeter: thence, as it was unsafe to show our faces in Salisbury, we were to ride to the village of Over Wallop in Hampshire, which lay

on the road from Salisbury to Southampton, where Mrs. Mariabellah Curle dwelt with Mrs. Beatrice and Dean Young. There Barbara and Mr. Phelps would meet us, the Dean should perform the marriage, and after we would travel to Southampton and take ship thence to Virginia.

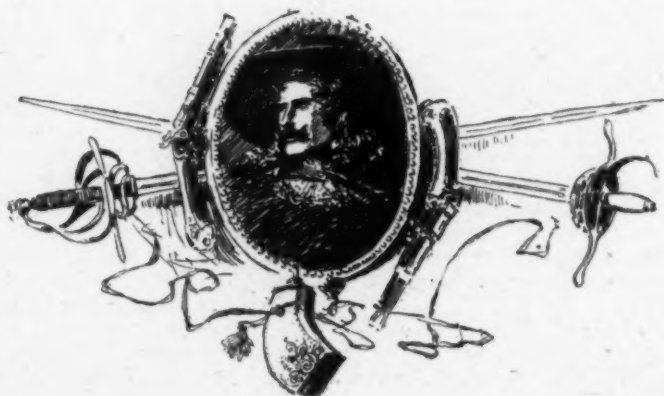
"But will Mr. Phelps agree to this pretty scheme?" I asked Barbara.

"Do you think I cannot manage my own father?" quoth she. "Besides, he will marry again so soon as I am gone, and I shall not be missed. He hath had a very fine woman in his eye (to use his own phrase) this ever so long."

So while the most of my fellow-cavaliers lay bound in prison in fear of death, and a hundred families were suffering the cruel torture of suspense, destiny seemed shaping my way to happiness supreme. But the shadow of others' misfortunes darkened my own fair prospects; why should some be taken and others left? and that which befell them might befall us some day.

"Y'have won a most admirable lass, boy," quoth the Captain, when Barbara had gone to bed. "A most sweet and praiseworthy wench, Anthony," said he, shaking his head.

That was true: and, after all, what did the rest matter?



The First Time Under Fire.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

M R. STEPHEN CRANE has pictured in powerful fashion the psychological condition of the youth going for the first time into battle. The picture in *The Red Badge of Courage*, extremely real and interesting as it is, though drawn by a young man who has never himself been under fire, suggests much as to the inner meaning and secret history of war. How have the proved heroes, the winners of the Victoria Cross, comported themselves when they first crossed the Valley of the Shadow? Have they always given earnest of the dauntless spirit which was eventually to single them out from thousands? What of the men who are now high in command, the generals and admirals on whose prowess and bravery the nation now feels that it can at any moment rely? Did they all pass unflinchingly through their first fiery ordeal? Had the god of War never any terrors for them? To such questions, of course, it is almost impossible to obtain any full and satisfactory reply, but, nevertheless, regarded from this point of view, the début of distinguished soldiers and sailors on the scene of fight gains a new and additional interest.

One possible answer is admirably put by that aged veteran, Admiral Sir John C. Dalrymple Hay, whose term of service—notwithstanding his too modest denial—was exceptionally arduous and brilliant. But in reading the following letter you may be permitted to doubt if part of what the gallant Admiral says is not of more or less limited application:

"I have not had the experience of many of my friends and brother officers in action. Indeed, I have only been under fire seventeen times in my long life. I felt on the first occasion much as I should feel now, believing most fully that 'every bullet has its billet,' and that a man whose duty it is to be under fire is as safe there, under God's merciful protection, as he is when sitting at his writing table, as I now am, pen in hand.

In the year 1847, I think, quoting from the *Scottish Antiquary* of recent date which I have not at hand to refer to, a gallant surgeon died and left a legacy of £10,000 to be given to the bravest man in the British Army. He further provided that the Duke of Wellington was to be the sole judge of the person entitled to receive the reward. The Duke accepted the office and published his award. He said, in effect, 'As it is left to me to decide, it must go to someone whom I have seen perform an act of bravery of the highest character. There have been many, but I know of none so conspicuously daring as the three men who shut the gates of Hougomont under the French fire on the 18th June, 1815. These three were Sir James McDonnell, Lord Saltoun, and Sergeant—. McDonnell and Saltoun could not take the money, so I award it to the Sergeant.' Soon after this happened there was a large party at Eglinton Castle, where Lord Eglinton of that date showed a generous hospitality. Amongst the guests were Lord Saltoun and some officers from the neighbouring garrisons. One of the young officers was discussing in disparaging terms the conduct of the 14th Light Dragoons at Chillianwalla, who, in consequence of a mistaken order, had been unjustly blamed. The regiment had been recently in one of these garrisons, and was very popular, and the remarks of the subaltern were giving much offence at the table where the discussion arose. Lord Eglinton, with his charming tact, at once intervened, and, alluding to the Duke of Wellington's award, said: "Gentlemen, we have Lord Saltoun here, whom the Duke has named as one of the three bravest men in the British Army. Saltoun, will you tell these young fellows how you feel when you are going into action?" So Lord Saltoun pulled up his gills, and said: 'Well, I always feel in a d—d funk, but I never tell anybody.' I should think that a common experience."

There is a significant interest in the fact that the two greatest generals in our Army—Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts—both won the "red badge of courage" in their first battle. The Commander-in-Chief had his first taste of war in an expedition against Burmah in 1852, as an ensign in the Eightieth Regiment.

rapidly-retreating comrades, who supposed him to have been killed. None the worse for the mishap, the young officer at once presented himself when volunteers were called for from the Eightieth for still another charge upon the stockade, which was breathing out fire and slaughter upon the little British



LORD ROBERTS

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

He was but nineteen at the time, yet to him and a Lieutenant Taylor fell the leadership of the storming party which captured the last stockade of Myatoon, the Burmese leader. Again and again the attempt was made, without success. In one of these valiant rushes Lieutenant Wolseley fell into a *trou de loup*, or covered pit, and on emerging, uninjured, had much difficulty in rejoining his

force of a few hundreds. The storming-party this time reached the path leading up to the stockade, and, to their chagrin, found that it could be scaled by only two abreast. Taylor and Wolseley at once put themselves with a cheer at the head of the troop, both to be shot down before they had proceeded many yards. "I fell," said Lord Wolseley, in describing his recollections of his first battle, "shot



LORD WOLSELEY
DRAWN BY F. H. WILSON

through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall, and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on!' I cried, with what strength I could, 'go on, men! go on!' They did; scrambled over the parapet, and the enemy bolted." Wolseley's companion, Taylor, it may be added, did

the wounded man was pronounced to be out of danger. "I can scarcely tell," Lord Wolseley said on one occasion, "how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. . . Nerve—nerve is the great thing needed."



SIR EVELYN WOOD

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young

bleed to death before some of the men returned to procure medical help for their gallant young leaders. The future Commander-in-Chief was laid up for six months, with a soldier in constant attendance upon him, to guard against the constant peril of hemorrhage. It was not until the shores of England were sighted, after a four months' voyage, that

Lord Roberts went through his baptism of fire about four years later, at the siege of Delhi, which in July, 1857, was the chief stronghold of the Indian Mutiny. It was desultory fighting, and there was no dramatic episode of which Lieutenant Roberts, who belonged to the Bengal Artillery, but during the siege was attached to the headquarters' staff,

could make himself the hero. The first real battle in which he was engaged was in repelling a sortie made by the garrison on July 9th, 1857. On that occasion Lieutenant Roberts sustained a spine bruise which, though not dangerous, dis-

in his first battle. As it was, his conduct on that day did not escape attention, and in General Wilson's despatches he was mentioned as "an active and gallant officer."

Sir Evelyn Wood went out to the



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

abled him for a month. A bullet lodged in the pouch, where he carried his revolver caps, which, in the course of the day had worked round to his back. But for this trivial circumstance, the man who was to command our army in India would probably have been killed

Crimea in 1854 as midshipman on H.M.S. *The Queen*, determined on winning the Victoria Cross at all hazards. This determination on the part of a lad of sixteen did not quail before the realities of war. He was transferred to the Naval Brigade at Balaklava, and

there distinguished himself by his extraordinary indifference—for a raw youth—to the Russian shells. On the 17th of October he volunteered to lead a working party to fetch powder from the rear under the fire of both the Redan and Malakoff forts. A young fellow named Daniels joined him in this exploit, and in writing to one of Midshipman Wood's kinsmen, Sir William Peel, R.N., said that "the names of these two heroes are known through the whole army." The deed, added Sir William, was "the more noble as there were no spectators." This did not win Sir Evelyn Wood his Victoria Cross—he had, in fact, changed his service and seen four years soldiering before this coveted token was awarded to him. But this Balacava incident, as exhibiting the singular courage of a raw youth, has, perhaps, more interest than any other in his career.

You would suppose that the circumstances under which men for the first time go into battle would deeply impress themselves on the memory. According to nearly all the distinguished officers I have consulted, however, this is far from being the case. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, writing of the bombardment of Alexandria, when he commanded the gunboat *Condor*, states: "You ask me what I recollect concerning it. What I remember with the greatest distinction is the satisfaction that we all felt at being afloat after the action." "I can only say," writes Sir Donald Stewart, "that the first engagement in which I took

part was on the North-West frontier of India forty-three years ago. Though the operations on that occasion were duly reported by the Commander, General Sydney Cotton, I do not think his reports were ever published. It is not now in my power to give you an account of the affair."

Sir William Butler, on the other hand, denies that he and his brother officers have had any experience during the last forty years of "battles" in the proper sense of that word: "I am unable to comply with your request for the reason that I have never been engaged in a 'battle' as that word is understood by me. The last battle fought by the British Army—that of Inkerman—took place in 1854, four years before I entered her Majesty's service. My recollections of the few skirmishes and other incidents of the little savage or commercial wars in which the Army has borne a part during the last quarter of a century could not possibly be interesting or instructive to anybody." General Butler's letter throws an interesting light on one point of view of the professional soldier. To the lay mind it would seem that the individual soldier, called upon to go into an action for the first time, would care little for its relative importance. It might well be that "trivial affair" would more severely test the fighting qualities of the fledgling than a contest of first-class importance, when the "pomp and circumstance of war" might help to sustain him.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

IT was a pouring wet night as Smurthwaite and I entered the Hotel de Ceresole, a small Italian restaurant in the Soho neighbourhood, which had been, as he told me, one of his favourite resorts for many years. Entering the long, low parlour by a door at the end of the passage, we saw at the end nearest the street two long tables filled with guests, who had in many cases finished dinner and were engaged in a lively discussion. Their appearance proclaimed them to be nearly all foreigners. Their conversation seemed to be a peculiar blend of French and Italian, while their excited gestures led to the conclusion that they were of the Latin race. The rest of the room was dotted here and there with small marble-topped tables to accommodate two or four guests.

Smurthwaite's entrance was the signal for the hurried approach of the landlord, a bald and bullet-headed Italian, short of stature and rotund of body, with bushy black whiskers and moustache and a chin which had not seen the razor for nearly a week. Rubbing his hands, the landlord welcomed my friend in broken English, led the way to a seat, and told him with some enthusiasm that several of his regular guests had been enquiring for "Signor Smurvaite" lately.

Turning round to look at the long tables several of those present glanced at Smurthwaite with looks of hearty recognition.

"You seem to be well known here," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "I have known this place for nearly a quarter of a century, and our worthy host for nearly fifteen years. It was here that I first learnt where to get the cheapest and soundest claret in London. This place has very curious memories for me in many respects, and after dinner, if you have nothing better to do, I will tell you a strange story connected with it."

Whether it were the anticipation of hearing one of my friend's stories or my distaste for Italian cookery, I cannot tell, but I ate very little, and the dinner seemed to me the longest I had ever known. After dinner, when coffee and liqueurs had been brought and cigars lighted, Smurthwaite began.

"Now, the story I am going to tell you is one that concerns a living man, and I must make it a condition that you must not repeat the story or make any use of it, as I know you young journalists are so apt to do, until I give you permission. You know that in my younger days I was greatly devoted to music, and especially to operatic music. Well, that

fondness of mine led me to seek those among whom I should stand most chance of gratifying this taste. It induced me naturally to come here, where a number of those who are connected with the operatic profession congregate of an evening. I learnt Italian from a *prima donna*, a charming woman, with whom I, and everyone else who knew her, fell in love, but alas! she vanished to Southern Italy and married a respectable tradesman, I believe."

Here Mr. Smurthwaite fell into a fit of musing. A gentle cough from myself served to recall him to his surroundings. "But I am forgetting," he said. "I digress, as the story-books say. Well, among the frequenters of this little restaurant there was one who had a great attraction for me—Henri Quatremain by name. He had at one time, many years before I knew him, possessed a remarkable tenor voice, but somehow he had lost it. He continued to live in London, however, and to frequent the Ceresole. How he lived, what were his surroundings at home, who his relations were, no one knew. He was never well off, that we all saw, and sometimes for weeks together the members of our little coterie used to vie with one another as to who should have the pleasure of asking him to dine. There was only one other Englishman in our fraternity—he is dead now, poor fellow!—and although he and I used to wonder how Quatremain made a living, we never learnt, nor, I suppose, should I ever had known had accident not put the information into my hands.

"Quatremain was a most genial, witty, good-hearted Frenchman; everyone, I think, who ever met him came to that conclusion. He would spend days and nights in doing kindnesses to others, while he seemed to neglect all opportunities of doing any good for himself. As the saying goes, 'he was no one's enemy but his own.' His characteristics were well known to the whole of our little company, and somehow the place never seemed to be quite the same and our little society was never quite so merry when Quatremain was absent. This, I must say, was very seldom, as for nearly ten years I do not remember him to have been absent on more than a dozen occasions when I, a pretty regular attendant, was here. He had a peculiar stammer which rendered his

speech, and especially his witticisms, extremely piquant. He talked English with a strong foreign accent, and idiomatically his English was far from perfect. He was a man of medium height, slight figure, iron-grey hair, and a small grey moustache. He invariably wore his soft felt hat on one side of his head, and his entrance into the Ceresole, with his genial, hearty smile, was always hailed with a shout of welcome.

One night when I arrived here, the landlord—that man who spoke to me when we came in—rushed up to me and in broken accents told me that Quatremain was dead; that he had been found lying at the foot of the stairs of his lodgings late the night before, and that an inquest was to be held upon him on the following day. I don't know when I have been so overcome at the death of an acquaintance as I was then, but somehow he seemed more like a brother, not only to me but to all of us. To think that Quatremain—whom I had known so intimately for ten years, whom I had on many occasions befriended, and who had as often befriended me—should so suddenly have passed out of life was, I confess, a terrible shock to me. Only the night before, some six or eight hours before his death, apparently, I had chatted with him here. He had, I remembered, a pre-occupied air, and hurried away, pleading an engagement, the nature of which, contrary to his usual custom, he did not disclose.

"Our little society that night had a gloomy air, and not one of us cared to discuss ordinary topics. It leaked out in conversation that poor Quatremain had been in very low water some time before his death, and had been unable to pay his rent for some months. It was suggested, I think by myself, that if his property proved insufficient we ought to get up a subscription to pay for his funeral and to clear off all his liabilities. Though none of us were rich and most of us were poor, everyone of our little society, including the landlord, cheerfully agreed, and I felt that at least we should be able to take our poor friend to his long home with the knowledge that his debt to the world, as well as his debt to Nature, had been paid.

"We separated early, agreeing to meet here next day after the inquest and arrange to attend the funeral. As

the lawyer of our circle (I had for many years acted in an honorary capacity as such to the poorer members) I was deputed to attend the inquest and make the necessary arrangements for poor Quatremain's funeral and to see to his affairs.

retired before Quatremain returned at night, so that scarcely one of them ever saw him. He had not paid his rent for many months, and owed him £43. He had been as much in his debt before, but had always paid his rent sooner or later.

"The landlord added that he was



"TOLD ME THAT QUATREMAIN WAS DEAD"

"At the inquest next day, the first witness was the landlord, who identified the deceased as having been his lodger for some years. He only slept at home, and had all his meals out, always coming home late and leaving for the day about nine in the morning. The landlord stated that his business as a greengrocer required him to be at Covent Garden very early, and that he and his family

retired on the night in question about 12.30 a.m. by a policeman, who said he had found the front door open, and coming in had discovered the deceased lying face downwards on the mat at the foot of the stairs, fully dressed and with his hat by his side. He was dead.

"The constable's evidence proved that while on his beat he passed the front door, and finding it open went in and

saw the deceased as described by the last witness. In his opinion, the deceased had come in and had failed to shut the door properly; it had blown open, and while returning to close it he had slipped on the stairs and fallen.

"The doctor who was called in and had made the *post mortem* examination declared that there was no doubt that poor Quatremain had died of heart disease.

"As his lawyer, I was permitted to take possession of his property. Nothing had been found in his pockets beyond a watch and chain, some keys, and a penknife, except a curious purse, which I had never seen in Quatremain's possession, containing five five-pound notes, two sovereigns and some silver. This puzzled me greatly. Why had poor Quatremain, with this money in his pocket, failed to pay his landlord? and where was his correspondence? No man but carries some letters in his pocket. I could make nothing of the mystery, and the necessity for completing immediate arrangements put the matter out of my head. Beyond what I have mentioned and some clothing and trinkets, poor Quatremain had left nothing. All there was did not suffice for his debts and funeral expenses. I realised everything at once and gave instructions to an undertaker, and two days later all his friends, to the number of nearly forty, met outside the little greengrocer's shop, whence the funeral procession started. Amongst those who came to pay their last respects to our poor friend were two or three chorus girls, who, we learnt afterwards, had been more than once befriended by Quatremain in their early struggles to obtain a footing on the stage.

"After a quiet service in the chapel at Kensal Green Cemetery on a bitterly cold, snowy day, a large number of us came back here, and when the financial part of the transaction had been arranged, and we had collected enough to pay the balance of the poor fellow's rent and funeral expenses, we drank in solemn silence to his memory.

"For months afterwards, I think, the Ceresole was never quite the same place, and indeed, it never has been to me. In our most lively moments one of our number, by simply recalling the memory of poor Quatremain, would throw us all into melancholy from which it

would take us sometimes hours to recover.

"Some three or four months later I had sent to me by the greengrocer, Quatremain's landlord, a letter from a country town in France, addressed to the poor fellow, making enquiries about a brother of his. I replied that I knew of no such person, and that M. Henri Quatremain himself was dead.

"Three years had passed when business took me to Highgate, where I had arranged to meet a client one afternoon, to look over some property. This kept us a good deal later than I had anticipated, and I found myself stranded somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Nag's Head, Holloway, at a time when all reasonable persons dine. I sought a cheap restaurant in the vicinity, and contented myself with such fare as I could get. This restaurant was also kept by an Italian, and after dinner I called for coffee, and sat for some time ruminating, as my custom is, and wondering what fortuitous concourse of circumstances had brought this inhabitant of a southern clime to set up an eating-house in a remote northern London suburb. This led me to think of the Ceresole, and, with a sigh of regret, I recalled my old friend Quatremain.

"At last I rose to leave, and as the door of the restaurant closed behind me I was for the moment paralysed to see, walking towards me past the restaurant, the very man whose image had been in my mind a few moments before, and whose funeral I had attended three years ago. He was about five yards from me, passing along the pavement, with his head sunk on his chest. I thought at first I must be mistaken: that it was purely an effect of the imagination. I fixed upon the passing figure a scrutinising gaze. Yes! his face, his moustache, his appearance—his very walk: I could not be mistaken! For the moment I seemed powerless to move, and the man, or spirit, had passed me before I summoned up courage to follow. My breath came and went in short gasps; my mind was in a whirl. This suspense must somehow be ended without delay, and my doubts set at rest.

"Hurrying up, I placed my hand on the figure's shoulder, and said: 'Henri Quatremain, can this be you?'

"He turned upon me a startled and

pathetic look, as of a hunted creature, and for a moment we both stood silent, staring at one another. I was sure now.

"Quatremain, what in Heaven's name does this mean? Tell me," I said, in a hoarse voice, as I began to feel myself almost in the grasp of the supernatural. 'What does it mean?'

"Yes, it is, Mr. Smurthwaite; but, for God's sake, don't tell my friends. Walk with me down this street, and I will explain."

"But the shock of this sudden disclosure had been too much for both of us. I felt that I could hardly walk, and Quatremain, too, seemed to stagger as



"WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME DOES THIS MEAN?"

"He made two or three endeavours to speak, but his dry throat and lips seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. Twisting his head from side to side, he put his hand in his collar, which seemed almost tight enough to choke him, dragged it open, and said, in a curious, far-away voice, but with the old familiar stammer:

he strode along. The Nag's Head was close by, and, putting my arm in his, hardly conscious of what I was doing, we sought the private bar. I ordered whisky for both, and we drank it at a gulp, and for some moments sat in silence.

"Tell me," at last I said, 'tell me in your own way and in your own time, Quatremain; but, whatever you tell me,

rest assured that I will be your friend, and, provided no crime has been committed, I will keep your secret.'

"No crime!" he said, hurriedly, 'no crime! On my oath, that is true, so help me God!'

"Upon this he broke down completely and sobbed for some seconds, while I sat lost in a maze of bewildered thoughts. What could it all mean? Was this a dream or reality?

"Oh!" he began, 'Mr. Smurthwaite, you don't know what a hell upon earth I have been living in since three years—since that awful night. I have looked forward to and dreaded such an *exposé* as this every day since then, and now I must go again and hide myself where no one shall find me! But how to live? that is the question!' Clutching me by the arm, he gasped, 'But you will not expose me?'

"Pull yourself together, Quatremain," I said, 'and tell me the whole story from the beginning, and you may depend upon it, if I can help you in any way, I will.'

"Sending for another glass of whisky to brace his nerves, and one for myself, I endeavoured to soothe him and to check the deep sobs which were shaking the poor fellow's frame, and at last got him into a somewhat quieter state.

"You remember," he began, 'that night I saw you at the Ceresole? That night my brother was coming to England.'

"Your brother!" I said. 'I didn't know you had one.' And then I suddenly remembered the letter from France I had opened, and added, 'Yes, I know now.'

"Well," he said, 'I had a brother. I met him at the station that night, and we dined at the Café de l'Europe. He was, like myself, a bachelor.'

"Was?" I said. 'Is he not living now?' I added, as a new light dawned on me.

"Ah, no, that is the dreadful part," he said. 'He had plenty of money; in fact, he was, for a Frenchman, rich. We had a very good dinner and several bottles of wine, and we afterwards went to a place of amusement. I think I must have had a little too much wine; at any rate, I took him home to my lodgings about half-past twelve. We went upstairs to my sitting-room, and I insisted on broaching another bottle, which I had in a cupboard underneath the stairs. It was one of a dozen of rare wine which I had had for a long time, and I wished to open it

in my brother's honour, as he had been very good to me, and had only that night given me enough money to pay all the arrears of my rent, and about fifty pounds to go on with. (I ought to tell you that it was he who had kept me supplied with money for many years.) My brother, however, thinking, I suppose, that I was quite excited enough already, begged me not to go downstairs, and put on his hat to leave and go to an hotel, where he intended to stay the night. I, however, was insistent, and at the top of the stairs I endeavoured to prevent him going, while he got me by the lapel of my coat to prevent me going downstairs for the wine.

"At this moment I stumbled and wrenched my coat out of my brother's hand. He, in trying to catch it again, also stumbled, and, all this happening at the top of the stairs, his foot slipped over the edge, and he fell backwards, turning round as he fell. It was a short flight of steps, and in a second I saw my brother lying on his face on the mat, with his hands spread out in front of him, and his feet on the last two steps of the staircase.

"The house was in darkness, except for the passage gas, as my landlord and his family, having to be up early in the morning to attend to their business, always went to bed long before I got home. I was sobered in an instant, and ran down the stairs and tried to raise my brother. I made three or four struggles to do so, but failed, and by the dim light of the half-lit gas in the passage I could see that he was dead. From his pocket a packet of letters had slipped.

"Without stopping to think for one moment, I picked up the letters, rushed to the front door, and without waiting to close it after me ran down the street to the nearest doctor's. Arriving there, I rang the bell violently and a voice called down a tube that the doctor was out. I did not know where to seek another, and hurried back to the house, intending to rouse the landlord. Judge of my astonishment when I saw a knot of three or four persons at the front door, peering in, and at the end of the passage upon which the front door gave, a policeman and the landlord raising my brother from the ground. Like a flash the thought ran through my mind that I should be at once arrested for his murder, and not knowing what I did, but merely



"RAISING MY BROTHER"

with the desire to escape from the house and its terrible associations, I started off like a hunted criminal, running as hard as I could till I was breathless and had to walk. I walked and walked all that night. I knew not where I was going; I had no idea of any place to go to; I simply went on and on, while my brain throbbed and a succession of terrible thoughts chased one another through my mind. You will ask me why I did this. Ah, God! what would I give to recall my action, but never can I do so. Mad—mad—that I was!

"I found myself next morning about four o'clock in this neighbourhood, and went to an open stall and had some coffee. I then walked out beyond Highgate into the fields and remained there the greater part of the day, a prey to torturing thoughts; starting every hour to go back and explain all, but, coward that I was, hesitating for fear of the consequences. I ventured, when it was dark, back to Highgate, where I sneaked into a restaurant and had a meal. There I picked up a copy of an evening paper, and was overwhelmed to see that I was supposed to be the person who had been found dead. In truth, my brother and I were very similar in appearance, and although you could have told the difference had you seen us together, apart it was not easy. I watched the papers eagerly for the next two or three days, and saw that an inquest had been held and that the body had been identified as mine. No one seemed to know about my brother's arrival in England, or indeed, of his existence. His portmanteau had been left at an hotel without any name.

"Reproaching myself for my cowardice and feeling brave only when it was too late, I constantly made up my mind to return and tell the truth, and as often faltered in my resolution, feeling, after my shameful flight, that the suspicion of my guilt would be overwhelming. I had in my pocket the very money my poor brother had given me, but I felt that that

could not last long. I dared not go amongst my old acquaintances; I knew no town but London; and so I determined to remain where I was, and, if possible, start a new life. Changing my name, I advertised in a local paper here



"BURYING HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS"

offering to give lessons in French, and by that means I have kept myself alive hitherto, but I feel a curse is on me, and I cannot support my trouble much longer.

"Burying his face in his hands, the poor fellow sobbed as if his heart would break, and, thinking it were best for him to obtain relief for his overwrought nerves thus, I made no effort to restrain him. I had a lump in my own throat.

"There is little more to tell. My friend is still alive, but not where he was. I see him regularly and he wants for nothing, but he won't live long."

"That is certainly a strange story," I said. "But what about the brother's property?"

"You want to know everything," muttered Mr. Smurthwaite. "Some distant relatives, I found from private enquiry subsequently, on the assumption of the death of both brothers, divided the property."

Mr. Smurthwaite gave me leave to publish this story some years ago.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION
THE SALISBURY FAMILY

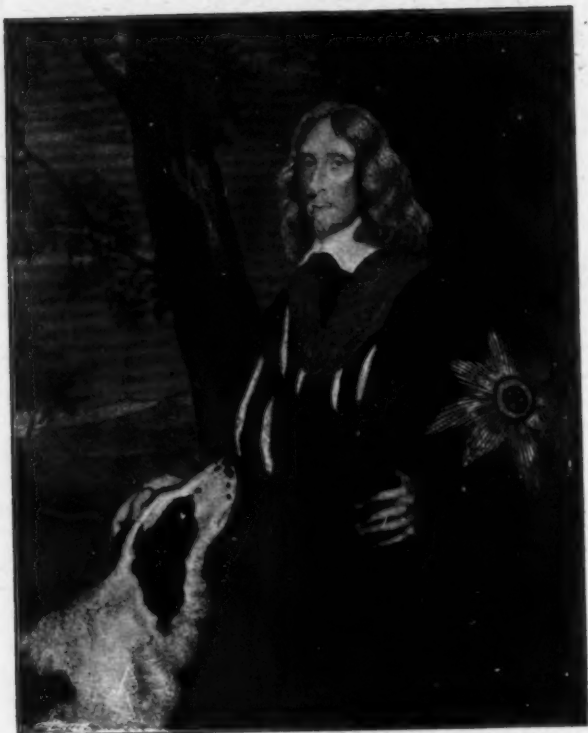


WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEY



THE FIRST EARL

THE LUDGATE



THE SECOND EARL



THE THIRD EARL



THE FIFTH EARL



THE SIXTH EARL AND HIS WIFE



THE SEVENTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS



THE SECOND MARQUIS



WIFE OF THE SECOND MARQUIS



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND ENGRAVED BY H. B. WOODBURN



THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRNE, RICHMOND



SCYTHE SONG.

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word methinks ye know,
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and
 clover,
 Something, still, they sing as they
 pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the Scythe to the flowers and
 grass?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
 Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
 Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
 Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is sing-
 ing—
 Hush, and heed not, for all things
 pass,
 Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are
 swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!*

ANDREW LANG.

THE "Scythe Song" is quoted by permission of Mr. Andrew Lang from his *Grass of Parnassus* (Longmans); and Mr. Lang desires it to be known that the "Hush" idea was originally Mrs. Marriott Watson's, and that he wrote the lines to accompany some of hers in a magazine.



Adapted from a drawing
in the *Calamit* Quart 5 girls

WRITTEN BY RALPH DERECHIEF ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG



LOSE on fifteen years ago there was a young artist in Paris whose studio was the nightly meeting-place of poets and of painters whose wares rarely sold. The gatherings were ever noisy and often uproarious, for their frequenters were as rich in high spirits as they were destitute of coin; yet the members of this band were something more than the merriest wags imaginable. They were ready for the wildest escapades, and devoted to the discovery of unheard-of refinements in the art of practical joking; but they were passionate lovers of art in every shape, be it cunningly-wrought verse, deft, vigorous prose, fine melody, or the triumphs of line and colour. In the circumstances, it was the most natural thing in the world that the poets and song-writers of the company should take to declaiming their compositions. And the company listened to much that was worth the hearing, for it comprised a host of men whose talent has since been applauded by a far wider audience. For instance, it included in these earliest days Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, who has long been the guiding star of the younger generation of French writers; Henri

Lavedan, now one of the most successful of Parisian playwrights; Jean Moréas, who in a recent *plébiscite* came near to being invested by his brother poets with the honours left vacant by the death of Paul Verlaine; Mac Nab, who died too soon, but not before he had shown himself a song-writer of the strangest originality; Rollinat, Haraucourt, Méténier, and Jules Jouy, whose bitterly satirical songs, published at the rate of one a day during the height of the Boulangist movement, contributed not a little to the discomfiture of the General. Among the artists regularly present were Caran d'Ache, Steinlen, Willette, Grasset, Signac, and Pille.

The man who had gathered about him these good Bohemians, and others too numerous to mention, was Rudolphe Salis, a being apart, imbued with the genius of boon companionship. Salis was the life and soul of the eclectic gatherings that were held in the low-ceilinged room on the ground floor of a house on the Boulevard Rochechouart that served him as studio. It might be said of him that he is a born master of ceremonies, were it possible to employ the word "ceremony" in connection with anything so utterly unceremonious as the functions over which he presides. By force of talents difficult to define and unimaginable by those who have not seen him at work, he keeps his company

in hand, he winds it up with his incomparable knack of stimulating the *verve* of those around him, and putting them on the best of terms with themselves and everyone else. But the triumph of Salis is his speeches. He is a mighty master of "patter"—of that description of eloquence that bears the same relation to oratory that doggerel does to poetry. Need it be said that doggerel on occasions may be exceedingly clever? With patter it is the same, and Salis is the Demos-thenes of patterers. He will talk his audience into unextinguishable laughter, or leave it in amused bewilderment; he will entertain it, fascinate it, and, for a change, dumbfound it. Had he lived some centuries back, Salis would have won prodigious fame as a court jester. As it is, he has conquered celebrity as the founder of the "Chat Noir."

The "Chat Noir" was the first, and has remained indisputably the best of the Parisian artistic taverns. Salis had observed that the guests who turned night into day in his studio were afflicted with a thirst it was possible to quench only by the inconvenient expedient of fetching cans of beer from a neighbouring establishment whose proprietor held retrograde ideas as to what was a reasonable hour for closing. It occurred to him that were he to go into the trade himself, he would save his friends an infinity of trouble, and possibly put money in his own pocket. The idea was carried out, and Salis became the *gentil-homme cabaretier*, the gentleman tavern-keeper, of Montmartre. To begin with, Salis accepted merely his friends and his friends' friends as customers, his tavern at this period being a sort of proprietary club. But its fame spread, for the idea to which it owed its birth was a good one, and the institution was destined to "catch on." Before long the right of admission was extended to the general public, and the enterprise was fairly launched.

Many considerations contributed to the success of the "Chat Noir." Chief among them was the excellence of its entertainment. Rudolphe Salis may be said, with a good deal of accuracy, to have created an ideal music-hall. He accomplished this feat at just the right moment; at a time when the music-hall was growing in public favour and was ripe for intelligent modifications. Much has been written of late of the popular

features which make the music-hall a successful rival of the theatre. The subject need not be enlarged on here, but a word must be said with regard to the programme provided. The programme at the old-fashioned café concerts was beneath contempt, from the intellectual standpoint. That of the modern Parisian music-hall shows some improvement—the result of the influence of the artistic *cabaret*. Still, even to-day, the variety stage, as a whole, rests content with a standard of quality which cannot claim to be treated seriously from an artistic point of view. Salis took an entirely different tack. His audience underwent a change, but his programme remained what it was from the first. He continued to appeal to the intelligence of his public, and was rewarded by finding an immense public to appreciate his efforts. He tabooed silliness and commonplace vulgarity, and offered instead an entertainment whose hall-mark was striking originality and genuine artistic merit.

It is difficult in a short space to bring vividly home to the British reader the essential nature of the performances at the "Chat Noir." Such general terms as "originality" and "genuine artistic merit" fail to carry conviction. Unfortunately, too, recourse cannot be had to comparison, as no institution at all parallel exists outside France. Probably indeed, it would be impossible to recruit the men whose talent has brought fame to the "Chat Noir" anywhere else than at Montmartre, an unique land where poets congregate and painters abound—the last refuge of the Bohemian. What have these men done? They have taken the song, have refashioned it, have used it with inimitable success as a mode of literary expression, as the vehicle of curious thought, rare emotions, lively fancy, and acute observation. They have taken that thing of horror, the recitation, have infused it with a new life, and, raising it from its penny reading rank, have justified its production before critical company. They have imagined new moulds for their plays, they have turned the art of pantomime to unprecedented account, and, improving the primitive resources of shadowgraphy, have made it the medium of astounding effects. It may be mentioned incidentally that it was a shadow drama, the *Épopée* by Caran d'Ache, represented according to the methods perfected by



AT THE CHAT NOIR

Henri Rivière, that first drew the general public in crowds to the "Chat Noir," and to this same *Épopée* must be attributed in a considerable measure that remarkable revival of interest in the Napoleonic era that has been noticeable in France during the past ten years.

Salis, however, has more than one string to his bow. He was as great an adept in whetting the curiosity of his fellow Parisians as in satisfying it when once aroused. A lover of all the arts, he was skilled in that of advertisement, a sphere wherein many of his feats have remained famous. Thus, when moving from his original premises to those now occupied by the "Chat Noir" in the Rue Victor Massé, he turned the occasion to excellent account. A procession was formed, at the head of which marched his two messengers in knee-breeches. They were followed by the beadle upholding the banner of the "Chat Noir," a black cat on a ground of gold, and wearing as livery a magnificent costume that had been made for an ambassador but never used. Salis and his secretary walked next, dressed as a Prefect and Sub-Prefect, a costume which enabled them to impose upon the bewildered policemen they encountered. The rear was brought up by a band and by the waiters of the "Chat Noir," accoutred as French Academicians. For several years Salis clothed his waiters in this way, his practice being to buy the costumes of dead Immortals. The Academy, however, did not relish this not very respectful proceeding and took measures to prevent their official garments falling into Salis' hands. He was obliged, in consequence, to attire his waiters differently, the cost of new costumes being too great, and they now wear a modification of ordinary evening dress, of which knee-breeches is the distinguishing feature.

Salis has had a host of imitators. Montmartre to-day is dotted with an endless number of establishments run on lines more or less akin to those which have made the success of the "Chat Noir." Indeed, the entire aspect of the quarter has been modified, and from a dull, if not particularly respectable district, it has become a centre of amusement. To confess the truth, the majority of the so-called artistic taverns of Montmartre somewhat belie their name. Eccentric taverns would be a

more accurate description, the "art" wherewith their frequenters are regaled being often of a spurious, not to say questionable description. In most cases the only feature they have in common with the parent establishment is the "free and easy" nature of the entertainment they offer. Still, a few partial exceptions must be made. Some of the best traditions of the "Chat Noir" were in force for a time at the "Carillon," but the house in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne has now fallen upon evil days, and the performance there is of slight merit. Quite recently there has been a notable addition to the list in the shape of the Tréteau de Tabarin, in the Rue Pigalle. The entertainment here makes considerable pretensions to artistic quality, and in a great measure fulfils its promise. Another show of comparatively recent date is the "Chien Noir." It is given at a distance from the classic ground of Montmartre, in a hall in the building occupied by the Nouveau Cirque. The programme contains nothing but songs and recitations, but the performers are all artists of talent, the best of them men who made their name at the "Chat Noir." They are well assorted, too; no two of them alike. In the company are Victor Meusy, who has a method all his own of giving the daintiest sketches of Parisian life in delicately satirical verse, and Jacques Ferny, who is perhaps unequalled as a writer of bitterly sarcastic political songs, which he delivers with inimitably comic gravity.

To return to Montmartre, on the Boulevard de Clichy, but a stone's throw from the Moulin Rouge, is the Quat'z'Arts—at the sign of the Four Arts. The premises were previously the home in succession of the Tambourin and La Butte—concerts that made some little noise in their day, but whose existence was brief. The Quat'z'Arts, on the contrary, is a success that has every appearance of being lasting. Apart from its entertainment, it is worth a visit on account of its pictures. Our illustrations show one of them, an uncommonly spirited drawing of clowns by Favrot. Others are by Roedel, Grün, and other well-known artists. On the first floor is an exhibition of artistic advertisement posters, and the painted glass front of the establishment is an admirable piece of work by Abel Truchet. It should be

Quat'z-Arts

Yon Ludg

marcel legay



C pianist



dehan Rictus

CHAT NOIR

James Craig

mentioned here that several *cabarets* boast artistic treasures of real value. This is notably the case with the "Chat Noir," whose walls are hung with a number of fine pictures, most of them by Willette, to whom, too, is due the painted glass window, a veritable masterpiece of design, and especially of colouring. The huge lanterns, over six feet high, outside the "Chat Noir" were designed by Grasset, who is also responsible for the sculptured chimney-piece, and the shadow theatre on the first floor. But the most varied gallery is that of the Ane Rouge, where "mine host" is Gabriel Salis. Every inch of available wall space in this long narrow *cabaret*, which is more like a passage than a room, is taken up by paintings, drawings, and engravings, the majority of them of great interest. This tavern, which fronts the Avenue Trudaine, is more particularly frequented by artists, and its gallery is composed of the works of its habitués: of Steinlen, Willette, Roedel, Rivière, Somme, Lund, and many others whose fame, perhaps, has hardly extended beyond Montmartre.

The evening entertainment is unpretentious, but genial, a special feature being the frequent presence of budding poets, who recite their verses, always to their own satisfaction, and not seldom to that of their audience. On the other hand, at the Quat'z-Arts—whence we



AT BRUANT'S

have digressed—the programme justifies a higher scale of payment than at the *Anc Rouge*. Even as it is, the expenditure required of the visitor, a franc, is not fantastic, as for the sum he receives a “bock”—a glass of beer—and listens to half-a-dozen artists, of whom the best are exceedingly good. For instance, there is Marcel Legay, who with a fine voice, and a contagious enthusiasm, renders songs of his own composing, conceived in a curiously original vein. His costume, which is shown in an illustration, is as uncommon as his trend of thought, and excites attention even in Montmartre, where strange garbs are rather generally adopted. Marcel Legay was led to attire himself as he does in consequence of the unexampled facility with which he used to lose his overcoats. He would enter a café, hang his coat on a peg, and on leaving forget it. After much reflection he decided to have recourse to a garment which would serve him both as coat and overcoat. He is as pleased with his invention as he is picturesque. Quite recently a very remarkable poet, Jehan Rictus, as he

elects to be called, has made his reputation at the *Quat'z'Arts*, where are also to be heard, Yon Lug, the most inveterate Bohemian known to the Butte and Secot, who of an evening pokes fun at the Government in satirical verse, and by day is employed in a Government office.

Further eastward on the Boulevard de Clichy, is *Les Eléphants*, one of the most sober going of the artistic taverns, and the haunt, at any rate on Sundays, of persons of the most unimpeachable *bourgeois* respectability. Still farther on in the old premises of the *Chat Noir* on the Boulevard Rochechouart is the *Mirliton*, where the *genius loci* is the “one and only” Aristide Bruant. Bruant is what is termed on the boulevard a “Parisian personage.” His songs, his costume, and his *cabaret* are equally celebrated; and if he does not figure on the official programme of Cook's excursions, a number of Cook's tourists must have found him out. It was to singing Bruant's songs that Yvette Guilbert owed not a little the making of her reputation. As for his costume, it includes a slouch hat with a brim of colossal dimensions,

a flaming red flannel shirt, an ample scarf of the same colour, some two metres in length, and arranged so as to let the ends dangle down his back; great jack boots, corduroy trousers of portentous bulginess, and a brigand's cloak. His *cabaret* is the reverse of a quietly-conducted establishment. When you enter, after being closely scrutinised through a grated peephole in the door, you are saluted by the company present with a chorus alluding in unflattering terms to your personal appearance. Bruant sings his songs pacing up and down his apartment like a sentinel on duty. In between his effusions he seizes any and every pretext to regale his visitors with sallies couched in terms it would be a euphemism to call impolite, but whose beauty is likely to be lost on the average Britisher who has not mastered the slang dictionary. The attraction exercised by Bruant is on the wane; but the best of his songs are sterling work, and in the fulness of time he may find another outlet for his undeniable talent.

Of the taverns better described as eccentric than artistic, the most notorious

was long the Cabaret des Concierges, at the top of the Rue Pegalle. It was kept by Citizen Lisbonne, a Communist of renown and a man of an ingenious imagination. Early in the present year the establishment disappeared; but another of a very similar character has been opened on the same premises by a "pupil" of Bruant, while Lisbonne himself has migrated to a house in the neighbouring Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, where he has opened the Jockey Club de Montmartre. Of these and a few other *cabarets* of the same stamp, it is impossible to say much good, and, were one so minded, one might say a good deal of evil. It will be best to rest content with having alluded to them, and to dismiss them with the remark that the "artists" who bring them vogue make no effort whatever to be funny without being vulgar.

This brief survey of the artistic taverns of Paris does not claim to be exhaustive. Only the more important even of the establishments of Montmartre have been mentioned, and there are several in other parts of the capital, and notably in the Latin Quarter, that would deserve notice did space permit.



Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

THE critic is frequently absurd, but never was any of his tribe more flagrantly astray than he who said of *Down Dartmoor Way* that its author had taken unto himself the style that is called French, and begun to write about unpleasant subjects for the mere sake of their unpleasantness. Mr. Eden Phillpotts was first known to fame as a humourist: that is to say, a writer of light fantastic tales that usually had and pretended to have no remarkable nearness to the common life of the world. The artist may, if he so choose, devote himself to the production of fairytales like *Sweet Lavender*, and yet be no less an artist than if his works were all serious dramas centring round some one or other of the complex problems of life, and this right of choice Mr. Phillpotts exercised for a time. The success of the tales he then produced is known of all men, nor need it here be dwelt upon. It remains to be noted, however, that they contained what may be deemed, after the event, an indication of the altogether different work that was to follow. In *Folly and Fresh Air*, and in most of the other books, you could not fail to be struck by his love and his minute knowledge of the external aspects of nature. Whether he was writing of the West Indies or of his beloved West Country, he was always interested in the birds, and beasts, the flowers, and trees, and rivers that met the eye, and he described them with that enthusiasm which is one of the gifts needed by the man who would fain translate into words effects of colour, of fragrance, of sound. He was interested, also, in human nature, but he was attracted rather by those more or less external peculiarities which go to the making of what is called a character part, than by the two or three important facts which make the men of all ages and all countries brethren, and give us kinship with the heroes—and the cravens—of the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, and the *Morte D'Arthur*.

Presently, however, as *Down Dartmoor Way* testifies, he became more concerned with these things, and, though it would beat the Powers of Darkness to shake his habitual optimism, he became

aware of the fact that—as Mr. Yeats puts it in his song of the stolen child—“The world’s more full of weeping than you can understand.” There are certain great passions—love, hate, greed, devotion—and, human nature being what it is, the man who would write stories wherein these passions are allowed to have play must sometimes present situations the possibility of whose occurrence is bound to cause annoyance to all who expect the speedy arrival of the race at the Point of Perfection. Again, if you consider the one passion of love, and hate, its opposite, the daily newspaper will prove to you that the stories which have stuff enough in them to be capable of another rendering are not those in which all goes as it will go when the earth is become a fairy-land. It is for this reason that some of the tales in the latest volume by Mr. Phillpotts deal with the actions of people who assuredly did things gravely to be lamented. But Mr. Phillpotts is a hopeless optimist, and, knowing that all things are possible to God’s creatures, he perceives that the display of an evil quality may be but the prelude to a demonstration of the highest virtues. Thus it is that *Two Primitive Maids*, a tale that Mr. Hardy would have made the grimmiest of tragedies, ends—and that quite rightly—on a scene of reconciliation and love restored; while the whole book, whose components are for the most part essentially tragic in essence, is as heartening as reading need be.

What will come in the future it hardly concerns us to wonder, though the change—or growth—which this book demonstrates can hardly be a passing one. Nor is it easy to speak of the personality of him whose portrait is given you on the opposite page. To do so from the only safe standpoint—that of complete ignorance—were an impertinence. To do it from the point of view of an acquaintance is openly to proclaim yourself the man’s friend, and so to divest yourself of all claims to that judicial impartiality which alone is likely to impress. And so the end of these lines must of necessity be an enormous omission.



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE SMART LANE CASE.

GEOFFREY NEWTON, managing director of the firm of Newton, Langley, and Brown, stockbrokers and financial agents, was sitting in his private office in Smart Lane, and reading for the third time a cablegram from Johannesburg. The message consisted of two words: "Buy blankets." Newton did not require blankets just then for his household, and when he wanted them for public purposes (as he did once a year, shortly before Christmas, for distribution among the deserving poor in the borough he meant to represent in Parliament, and a few paragraphs in the local papers), he bought them wholesale from a London firm, without the expense of a cablegram from Johannesburg or elsewhere. Mr. Newton slowly folded up the telegram, and put it in his pocket. Then he touched the button of his electric bell, and his managing clerk, William Grant, opened the door of the private office.

"What are Hammerstein Gold Mines this morning, Mr. Grant?"

"Two and five-eighths premium, and going up."

"How many do we hold?"

"Five thousand debentures, five thousand preference, and ten thousand ordinary," the managing clerk answered.

"Sell thirty thousand ordinary to-day and to-morrow, cautiously, and work off the debenture and preference."

"But, sir, Hammersteins are going up. They are the best thing in the market," Grant was beginning in a deprecating voice, when Mr. Newton interrupted:

"Do as I direct."

On that the managing clerk bowed and withdrew without another word. When he got to his desk he reflected that if his chief—a man of blood and iron in the financial world—chose to sell Hammersteins in a rising market, there must be some good reason for selling that particular stock. So he sold a thousand on his own account, in addition to what he had been instructed to sell for his firm. And as he had been instructed to act cautiously, he began his "operation" by advising a fellow-clerk, Stephen Moore, with whom he was on friendly terms, to buy largely—commencing with, say, a thousand. Moore did buy to that extent. Grant was thus proceeding cautiously.

Before these friends left the office in the evening, Grant noticed that Moore took from his desk a canvas bag which jingled suggestively in the handling.

"Hallo! Moore. Been robbing a bank?" he asked jocularly.

"Oh, no; only cashing a cheque. A friend of mine, an engineer, who is going to South Africa, sent it to me by post to meet him with the cash at Charing Cross. He sails to-morrow by the *Norham Castle*," Moore answered.

"I don't mind if I go with you to the station," Grant volunteered.

"I shall be very glad if you will," Moore returned. "It is a consummate nuisance, this business of seeing off a friend, when one is alone. It is a sort of funeral party with one chief mourner, and I have a strong objection to the part. See me through it!"

"With pleasure."

On their way to Charing Cross, Grant asked casually:

"Why is your friend going out? Most fellows of the age you tell me he is only leave this benighted country when it gets too hot to hold them. What's your friend's besetting sin?"

stock, or a bet on a cargo, is intrinsically more shady than a bet on a horse, or that a fortune made on 'Change' is less respectable than a fortune made on the turf. Quite the contrary. But from an ethical point of view we are simply nowhere." Moore was now well started



"TOOK FROM HIS DESK A CANVAS BAG"

"Betting."

"Ah! that's serious—I mean shady."

"It is," said Moore, "quite as shady as our own job."

"I beg your pardon?" Grant interjected.

"I said 'as shady as our own job,'" Moore reiterated. "But I was not quite correct. It is not as shady as our scheme. I do not mean that a bet on a

on the subject he had made a hobby.

"Some horse races are fairly run, and in most there are so many animals going that any accident may happen. Any horse may be compelled to win even if he was not 'meant.' In our deals you know there are only two horses—the rise and the fall—and we don't bet until we know the other horse is poisoned. Isn't that so?"

"I don't like your way of putting it."

"I don't myself, but I don't see how my way of putting it alters the case. My facts are indisputable." Moore was always strong in his "facts."

Grant's face darkened for a moment. Then his temper seemed to pass away. He stopped as they were passing a café, and said; "Let's have a cup of coffee. I am thirsty." Moore agreed, as there was still plenty of time to meet the train.

"I saw you at the Royal last night with Miss Van Alstyne and her mother. You seem to be going strong in that quarter."

"It isn't going very strong to bring a girl to whom I am engaged—accompanied by her mother—to a theatre for an evening." Moore answered slowly and with a deliberation which was evidently intentional.

"Engaged? You engaged to Miss Van Alstyne?"

"Certainly! Why not?"

"Why not?" Grant muttered, with the ugly dark shadow again on his face. "Wish you joy."

"Thank you. You were always a good fellow." Moore said this with a perceptible effort after cordiality, for Grant's manner was rather chilling in spite of his friendly congratulation. But the managing clerk recovered his good humour in a moment, and he ordered two more cups of coffee in a bantering way, declaring that if he could not drink to the future Mrs. Moore in champagne he would pledge her in the only liquor available. Moore was flattered by the professed good-will, and then Grant, who in his own way talked well, began an animated conversation. He joked about everything; the "man in the street," the state of the market—shop will always come in sooner or later where shopmen converse—politics, the weather, and so on. Moore's coffee was cold before he thought of it. Grant drew his attention to it. He drank the coffee off, and they parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Moore immediately called a hansom and told the man to drive to Charing Cross.

Next morning, Stephen Moore did not put in an appearance at the office in Smart Lane. His friend Mortimer, the engineer, called. Mortimer was agitated, and spoke in some excitement. The managing clerk, Mr. Grant, was promptly informed of the visit—excited strangers

were no novelty in the office of Newton, Langley, and Brown—and directed that the gentleman should be shown into Mr. Newton's room, which the junior clerks had nicknamed "Bedlam." Mr. Newton listened to the engineer's story with a show of sympathy, but with the air of a man who was determined not to "give the firm away," or any of its officials.

"It is very strange," Mr. Newton said, cautiously; "Mr. Moore left this office yesterday in his usual health and at the usual hour. I understand that he took with him a bag of gold containing three hundred sovereigns, which he said he was to hand over to you at Charing Cross. Mr. Grant, my managing clerk, walked part of the way with him, and when they separated Moore had plenty of time to meet your train."

"I can't understand it," Mortimer interrupted.

"You do not, of course, suspect him of having absconded." There was a blunt directness in this which embarrassed Mortimer.

"Not at all. It is the last thing in the world I would suspect Stephen Moore of doing. Perhaps you would give me his address, and——"

"I have already sent to his address. My messenger will be back in half-an-hour."

"If you do not mind giving me his address, I will go there myself," Mortimer said, with some asperity.

"Certainly; I do not mind." Mr. Newton rang, and when the bell was answered, he dismissed Mortimer with a stiff bow, saying: "This gentleman will attend to you."

When Mortimer and Grant, who volunteered to accompany him, arrived at No. 4, Mornington Crescent, where Moore had rooms, they learned that the lodger had not been home on the previous night. "And he's never before been a night out of the house since he came to live here. Most regular in his hours is Mr. Moore, I will say that for him." This was the landlady's evidence.

"What do you think of it now?" Grant asked, when Mortimer and he were again in the street.

"It's very strange."

"It's very suspicious."

Mortimer looked at Grant, and said coldly:

"It is rather mysterious, but I don't yet admit that it is suspicious in the



John H. Bacon

"YOUR COFFER IS COLD"

sense you appear to mean. It will likely cause me to miss my ship."

"Are you going alone?" Grant asked, with a sneer.

"Yes, I am going alone."

"I shouldn't, if I were you. It's a bit of a risk. A man with your unbounded confidence in human nature is likely to get into trouble—by himself."

Mortimer looked suddenly in the speaker's face. Grant returned the stare

with composure. The engineer thereupon turned on his heel without a word, and left the managing clerk standing on the street.

The *Norham Castle* sailed without one of its intended passengers. Mortimer had to sell some stock which the ravages of the turf had still left to him, in order to raise the funds necessary for the voyage. This took time. While he was waiting for the next vessel, he tried to

discover his friend Moore, but failed. It was fortunate, however, that in the meantime Moore had discovered himself. He accomplished this about noon on the day after he had lost himself. To be exact, at a quarter to twelve o'clock on that morning Stephen Moore awoke from a deep sleep and did so with a nervous start which nearly threw him out of a strange bed in a room which he had never seen before. He sat up in the bed and, as his dazed senses came slowly into action, he recognised in stupid bewilderment that he had gone to bed in his clothes. This, being something of a Philistine, he regarded as disreputable, and he wondered feebly how he had come to act with so much freedom from conventionality. After a minute or two he noticed his overcoat neatly folded on a chair. And he had taken off his hat! This gave him some consolation. He was not then altogether qualified for the New Revolt. Civilisation still held him, albeit with the last links of a long chain.

Moore arose from the bed and moved cautiously towards the chair on which his overcoat was placed, for his head was throbbing fiercely, and the room was swaying with a motion more trying than that of a ship at sea to a bad sailor. The chair eluded him smartly several times. It dived under his arm and came up on the other side with the agility of a prize fighter. At last he caught it, and shaking out the folds of the overcoat he plunged his hand into the left side pocket where he had carried the bag of gold. The pocket was empty.

The man threw himself back on the bed and tried to think—to concentrate all his mental power on the effort. The result was not satisfactory. All he could remember was getting into a cab and telling the driver to take him to Charing Cross. Soon after, the long parallel lines of lamps, he remembered, began to form themselves into the sides of a brilliant triangle, the apex of which seemed miles away. Then the buildings on either hand leant over toward each other, then fell upon him—he could remember no more. Some one knocked at the bedroom door. A slovenly waiter entered.

"Where am I?" Moore asked weakly.

"Abercorn, York Road, sir."

"When and how did I come here?"

"As to the when sir, last night, ten o'clock. As to the 'ow sir! 'Scuse me.

'Ope you're all right sir. Slept it hoff?"

"Bring the proprietor," Moore said as sharply as his low state enabled him. When the owner of the house came, Moore explained briefly that he had been robbed of £300 and asked for a policeman.

"You were not robbed of your £300 here, that's certain," the hotel-keeper replied with heat. "And as for sending for a policeman, if I had seen you last night in the condition I am told you were brought in I would have sent you to the police station."

"Beg pardon, sir, the cabby who brought the gentleman 'ere is down stairs. Wants 'is fare sir." This was delivered apologetically from the corridor by the shabby waiter.

The cabman was brought up and his story was straightforward and apparently truthful. He had driven to Charing Cross as directed. Arrived there his fare refused to alight and said "Paddington." Fare would not get out there either. Drove to several other railway stations and, finally, not wishing to see a man who was evidently a gentlemen "getting the horfice" he drove him to the Abercorn, where the shabby William and he did a little business in this line unknown to the proprietor. That was all the cabman could tell, so Moore, who had found the contents of his purse untouched, took his number and paid him liberally. It was three days before Stephen Moore was strong enough to leave the Abercorn, and when on the morning of the third day he got to the office in Smart Lane he found that the march of events had left him very far behind in his absence.

Mr. Newton was out, and the managing clerk received the delinquent with an air of frigid courtesy, which was not reassuring. Moore told his story through without a single word of comment from his auditor, and when it was finished Grant said coldly:

"It is probable that the cabby, hearing the jingle of the coin as you got into his cab, chloroformed you. A sponge on the end of a stick thrust through the trap would do the business in a couple of minutes."

"But why then, did he run the risk of turning up to ask for a paltry fare when he had £300? That's a point you overlook."

"It is," Grant answered, deliberately; 'and it is a point I would recommend you to overlook. Don't insist upon it. Can't you see that I am speaking as your friend?'"

"Then it is as my friend that you deliberately suggest, as you have plainly done, that I stole the money."

"I suggest nothing. Good-morning. You will find a letter from the firm at your lodgings. You had better be out of this when Mr. Newton returns."

Moore retired humiliated, almost beaten. Three letters awaited him at his lodgings; one was from the firm of Newton and Co., summarily dismissing him from its employment; the second was from Miss Van Alstyne unconditionally releasing him from his engagement; and the third was from a firm in Smart Lane, in which Mr. Newton's clerks did their private business. The last intimated that Hammersteins had fallen so heavily, the firm would require security if Mr. Moore wished his operation carried over. The dismissed clerk hardly gave a thought to the first and third communications.

He was in misfortune, and it was only natural—at least, it was in keeping with the ethics of the commercial code in which he had spent the best years of his life—that he should be "unloaded" the moment the jettison of his person seemed desirable or profitable. But Miss Van Alstyne's letter was a cruel

blow. The girl on whom he had wasted all the rigid loyalty of an unimaginative nature was really only a spoilt suburban belle, with undeniable physical curves and good flesh tints, but with very little brains and no heart at all.



"CHARING CROSS!"

She liked the man well enough in her way, it is true, but the moment she found that the fulfilment of her liking might mean a sacrifice on her own part, she weighed the object of her affections in her ill-adjusted mental balance and found him wanting. Still, she might have worded her letter a little less brutally.

The letter nearly drove Moore out of his mind, and as his disease was desperate he decided to try a desperate remedy. He wrote a note to Mr. Newton, demanding a private interview with himself and Mr. Grant at the office of the company after business hours on any convenient day they wished to name, provided it were an early one. Hammersteins had fallen seriously since he had bought at Grant's suggestion. He believed that he had been the victim of a plot, but his information as to the plot having gaps in it, he meant to play his game with as much caution as had been hitherto shown by the other side. And as he did not really know why anyone should constitute a side against him he determined to play a waiting game on that point, and a forcing game on another point. The second count in the indictment he prepared amounted to no less than the public exposure of Mr. Geoffrey Newton as a financial swindler on a large scale, and an annual forger of the company's balance sheet. On the second count he felt secure. He had direct evidence in his possession. He would use it, or sell it, as best suited his purpose. This course may not argue a very high ethical standard in Stephen Moore's morality, but it must be remembered in his favour that he was in the last extremity, and that he had gained his civic education in the office of a speculating stockbroker. Having posted his letter to Newton he went to call on Mrs. Van Alstyne and her daughter.

Mrs. Van Alstyne was out, but the young lady consented to receive the visitor, and the visitor was unaffectedly astonished at his reception.

"Edith," he said, very humbly, "you surely did not mean what you said in that cruel note."

"Why not, Mr. Moore?" the girl replied, quietly. It was a very simple remark, but the look in her eyes and the accent on the "Mr." settled everything. It was a great revelation and it brought Moore with a jerk out of the lethargic physical condition in which he had spent three days. He paused for a few moments and when he spoke his voice was strong and determined.

"You believe me guilty of this robbery?" he asked, a little sternly.

"I do not say that. I believe you are accused."

"And if I am innocent?"

"Prove it, by all means."

"Suppose I fail?" The girl shrugged her shoulders and did not answer.

"Suppose, then, I succeed! Suppose further that I prove Newton and his gang to be a pack of swindlers whom I will compel to pay me hush money—especially the ruffian Grant."

"Mr. Grant is no ruffian. Mr. Grant is a gentleman who would not come here as you have done to storm and rave before a defenceless girl. I wish I had listened to him when he warned me."

"Warned you—against me?"

"Yes—against you."

Moore paused for a moment, and then went on in a dry, thin voice which he steadied with difficulty.

"See here—and here—" he pulled a bundle of yellow tissue paper out of his breast pocket, and turning the pages hastily read or reeled off a host of figures which conveyed nothing tangible to the girl but which impressed her vaguely.

"Perhaps you cannot follow me, but if you could you would understand that I hold the largest London swindler and his accomplice in the hollow of my hand, and I am going to crush them unless they pay me to keep quiet."

His manner had now a ruthless strength in it which frightened the woman and partly convinced her. She came close to him in a caressing way. He stood off.

"They will pay you, Stephen," she said, softly. "You are too clever for them after all. My letter to you was not really serious. I only wanted to put you on your mettle. You are so easy going I thought it necessary. I acted for the best. You will beat them and then you will come to me."

"I will. I will throttle them, or be well paid for letting them go free. In either case I will come to you."

"You will?"

"Yes I will—to laugh at you, and to curse you. Good night!"

On his return to his rooms, Moore found an answer to his letter to Newton. It had been sent by a special messenger, and was marked "immediate." Mr. Newton deprecated the tone in which Mr. Moore had seen fit to write; thought he had sufficient influence with the other partners to induce them to withdraw their letter of dismissal which had been decided upon against him, Mr. Newton's, earnest advice, and in face of Mr.

William Grant's strong testimony in Mr. Moore's favour; Mr. Mortimer had again called, and distinctly expressed his confidence in his friend which would certainly have weight with the partners—and so on. The letter concluded by appointing the next evening at six o'clock for the interview Moore desired,

place. (3) A thousand down from Newton.

"I am not a blackmailer from choice. I am only a criminal manufactured by society, and society will always have the criminals it deserves. I think that's what Havelock Ellis says, and he has studied the subject generally. I have



"THE CABMAN WAS BROUGHT UP"

and the writer earnestly hoped that a settlement would be arrived at which would be satisfactory to all concerned.

Moore read the letter carefully through, and when he had finished it he said quietly to himself, "To make it satisfactory for me I shall require—let me see: (1) The return of the two hundred odd I dropped in buying Hammersteins on Grant's advice. (2) Grant's superannuation, and my appointment in his

only had leisure for studying a phase of it."

At six o'clock next evening, Moore went to the office in Smart Lane and found Newton and Grant waiting for him. He got to business with commendable directness. He announced the positive, comparative, and superlative items in his claim, and refused to say another word save that if any one of his conditions were rejected he would con-

sider the consultation over, and himself at liberty to act for himself as his discretion should direct.

"Suppose, Mr. Moore," Newton said sharply, "you would discontinue this nonsense and inform me why you have detained Mr. Grant and myself this evening."

"I have informed you very explicitly."

"You have talked some rubbish, but you have informed us of nothing."

"I do not intend to inform you further. I have informed the editor of a certain journal. In fact, my information is already sold to him—subject to a better offer from you."

This was pure "bluff." But Newton and Grant turned pale. They shuffled and began to compromise. Moore paid no attention to them. They wanted to find out what he really knew and how much. They might as well have talked to the table. Fearing to convey, even by accident, the exact amount of his knowledge (which was serious, if not absolutely conclusive) Moore maintained a rigid silence. Then Newton turned on Grant and Grant, at last, turned on Newton, and a long, wordy war was waged between the two, in which Moore's only part was to put in a word now and then which served to keep the contention keen, and during the progress of which he had picked up a few dialectical trifles which helped to make his chain of evidence complete. Then he spoke:

"Gentlemen, this wrangling does not advance my business."

The two conspirators paused aghast. They had allowed their tempers to carry them away from that strict sense of duty which a first-class swindler owes to himself. They looked simultaneously at Moore with an ugly glance. Moore observed it; but he was playing his forcing game now and he meant to play it out. Unfortunately he did not know the mettle of the men with whom he was playing. They had plenty of pluck, although they proved bunglers in the end. A little learning is a dangerous thing when one deals with poisons and is fated to be confronted in the last extremity with the toxicologist whose public services have been described in these pages.

Mr. Geoffrey Newton and his managing clerk, Mr. William Grant, called at the

nearest police-station an hour later and gave information to the effect that a dismissed clerk, Stephen Moore, had demanded an interview with them, and that they had agreed to it in the hope that he might be able to offer some proofs or suggestions in extenuation of the charge which to their minds was already only too clearly proved, *i.e.*, that of robbing his friend Mortimer of £300 and concocting a preposterous story to account for his movements at the time when he was engaged in putting the money in a safe place. They had heard him with patience and even kindness, but, to their consternation, Moore, who had been suffering from intense excitement all through the interview, suddenly rose to his feet, and, tearing wildly at his collar and necktie, fell dead in, they presumed, an apoplectic fit.

The police found on enquiry everything in the statement of Newton and Grant to be perfectly accurate. Moore's landlady, the engineer Mortimer (who was an unwilling witness), the shabby waiter, the cabman, even Miss Van Alstyne (who was summoned reluctantly), formed when taken together a respectable cloud of witnesses against the integrity of the dead man. The verdict at the final enquiry would unquestionably have been "death from natural causes," but for the evidence of the gentleman whom the Government employed at the last moment. His evidence was very material, and changed the whole aspect of the case, as well as the trend of public opinion on it.

He had no doubt that the deceased had not died from apoplexy, but that he was poisoned by nicotine, the poisonous alkaloid of tobacco which kills as quickly as apoplexy. The appearance of the victim of this poison after death—the prominent staring eyes and fulness about the neck, and so on—would resemble an apoplectic case so far that a physician with a biassed mind—a man, that is, who had been informed that apoplexy was the cause of death, and who had no special reason for doubting it—might readily arrive at that result. The fact that nicotine is not in the British Pharmacopœia, or in any, indeed, save the Swedish, did not seem to him likely to create a difficulty in procuring a fatal dose. It is known to the faculty, and described in unofficial text-books. And it would be easily administered, as it is

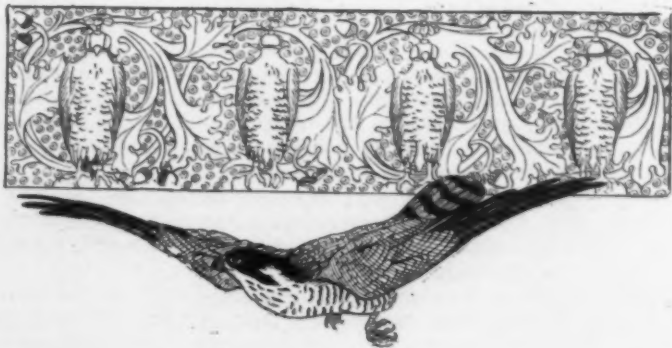
miscible in water, ether, and alcohol, as well as the fixed oils.

The witness admitted that some of the symptoms he had noticed in this instance were not usual in cases of poisoning by true nicotine, but he had recently had charge of cases in which the active poisonous agent was still more successfully disguised. In his experience the modern poisoner always aimed at the simulation of disease and the destruction of all traces of poison in the body of the victim. Distorted science, so to speak, had for the moment secured a slight lead on true science, which would be set aside in the near future. He himself had a work in the press which would present his views on this extraordinary bye-path of criminality much more comprehensively than anything he could say on the spur of the moment in his evidence. After a long elaboration of his diagnosis of the case, including a suggestion as to the impossibility of the self-infliction of some marks of violence he had

found upon the body, the witness closed his evidence, and was complimented by the Court.

Newton and Grant were at once arrested, and the latter turned Queen's evidence. He admitted having drugged his fellow clerk when in the café, and taken the bag of gold in order to ruin him and get him out of the way. He feared Moore knew too much of the affairs of Newton, Langley, and Brown, and he wished to be the only legatee of Newton's malpractices. He had the decency left to keep back Miss Van Alstyne's name. Newton and he had vainly endeavoured to "square" Moore at a reasonable figure, and, having failed, they killed him. He gave the details, but they are not intrinsically interesting.

Newton suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and Smart Lane was rid of its smartest "operator," and the way to other people's money was thus made easier for operators of less nerve, resource and general rascality.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The best photograph sent in for the June Competition is "The Harbour Bar," by W. G. Jamieson, Cults, Aberdeenshire, and to this the medal is awarded. Three other photographs are commended, and here reproduced. Of the poems the best is that sent by Miss M. E. Kennedy, 9, Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin. The story which receives the medal is "Zsofi's Wedding," by Miss Beatrice Danford, Poklisa, Hatszeg, Hungary.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

A NOCTURNE.

BY M. E. KENNEDY, 9, Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.

THE sun was on the mountain tops,
'Twas silent far and near;
There were no voices in the vale,
No wind upon the hill.
I moved amid the golden flags
Beside a waveless mere,
Wherein the snowy, shining clouds
Lay mirrored deep and still.
Upon the gleaming, daisied fields
You passed me with a smile;
My heart beat high, the sinking sun
In heaven stood still the while.

The sun went down, the shadows thrilled
And quivered at the flash
Of rising stars, the gold barred clouds
Sank fading in the west.
'Mid dim, dusk trees, in moss green ways,
With susurrous purl and splash,
The streams flowed loud, the moon arose
Above the mountain crest.
Upon the shade-hushed fields you crossed
My pathway with a sigh;
In heaven's deep hyacinthé slopes
The fleet stars paused on high.

Upon the impassioned silence hummed
A brown, belated bee,
On white flower-clusters in the hedge
The slim, blue butterfly
Hung poised within the tender dusk
Where love alone may see;
The wide, dim fields were streaked with streams
That twinkled to the sky.
Ah, then, without a smile or sigh,
You clasped me to your breast,
The world, the universe of stars,
Sank with our souls to rest.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.

ZSOFI'S WEDDING.

BY BEATRICE DANFORD, *Poklisa, Hatszeg, Hungary.*

OLD Pascu Serbanu sat on his cottage verandah, smoking, and watching the peculiar conduct of his only daughter. It was a balmy evening in April. Green things were sprouting around him. The Carpathians showed a flushed pink outline against the evening sky. Beyond the paling the wheat was emerald. Zsofi alone cried and sobbed, and rubbed her eyes with her scarlet apron.

"Good gracious, girl!" said the old man at last. "What on earth is the matter?"

And, finally, Zsofi stated her grievance. "I want to get married," she said. "I am eighteen, and I must have a husband."

Then Zsofi's mother came out. "It was Zsofi's own fault," she declared. "Zsofi was so particular. She turned up her nose at everyone. There was Ivan Vasioni, who was not at all badly off—expectations, too, and wanted a wife—would Zsofi take him?"

"Will you?" asked the old man, wondering. "You see, you are in such a hurry, my girl."

"Hurry!" echoed the maiden. "Nariska is to be married on Tuesday, and she is just sixteen!"

Old Pascu sighed deeply. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and surveyed his wheat-field thoughtfully. "Your mother may be right," he reflected aloud. "Ivan is not a bad fellow, eh, Zsofi?"

Zsofi's nose was rather snub. On that point her mother was quite right anyhow. "Yes, I like Ivan well enough—sometimes—" confessed the maiden, "and I must get married." With which sensible view her mother entirely agreed. Only, strangely enough, there were tears in her eyes.

Nariska, of sixteen years, was married on Easter Tuesday. After the complicated ceremony in the very simple, little white-washed church, one hastened out to dance beneath the plum trees. Overhead the blossom was white, underfoot, violets sprinkled the grass. The gypsies fiddled, the skylark sang, and Zsofi danced first the Romanian "Hora," and, next the Hungarian "Csárdás" with her affianced husband. After which Ivan Vasioni believed himself in Heaven.

Ivan Vasioni was a somewhat plain young man, who thought most humbly of his own merits. Zsofi was an angel,

of course. He her abject slave, whom she had actually selected to wed! Twenty-eight days, alas, intervened between this and the wedding, days which would have to be spent in dreary exile and military routine. Ivan, who was an ordinary young man, objected very strongly to the exchange of his linen shirt, with its smart cross-stitch embroidery in blue and red, for the tight tunic of duty. As for the town, it terrified him. Still, after it all, he would return to the village and marry Zsofi, who loved him. The smile on the lad's face at this was such as to render him nearly beautiful.

Meanwhile Zsofi danced with the Hungarian steward's son, who did not think her a bit of an angel: only a rather good-looking little peasant girl.

Zsofi danced a good deal with this young man on the whole. At last, after a Csárdás which had lasted over two hours, she ran off from her partner and found Ivan. Ivan was seated on the fence, adoring his betrothed in her long boots and short muslin petticoats.

"Come, sit beside me, sweetheart!" he said, eagerly. Zsofi was hot, she was flushed and excited. But she would not sit down.

"You are off to the soldiers to-morrow, Ivan?" she enquired. The boy looked sadly at her.

"And I promised to marry you when you came back, didn't I?"

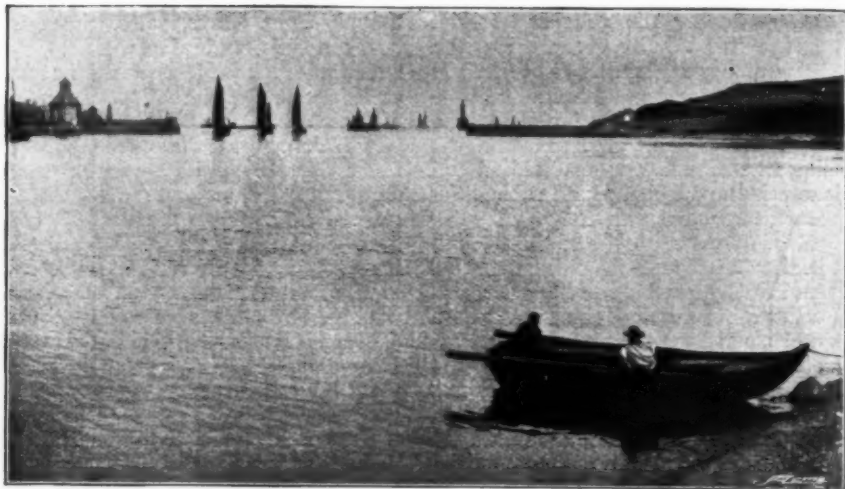
"Yes, Zsofi. In twenty-eight days. Not so very long."

"Well, I won't marry you. I have changed my mind."

The lad's face went from crimson to pale ashen grey. His lips closed. "Don't be cross about it, Ivan," said Zsofi, lightly.

There were several unhappy recruits in barracks with Ivan Vasioni. Recruits are, as a rule, unhappy. Some of these were compelled to resort to a certain chemical, as the only means of escaping drill. It was a strong poison, one which swells and stiffens joints and muscles, thereby rendering marching impossible. In Ivan's case it might have been an overdose. Still, the doctor was puzzled for a motive. "Such a strong young man, who had already served his three years! Had he been a fresh conscript, one might have understood. But to take poison for a matter of twenty-eight days!"

The Best Photograph.



THE HARBOUR BAR: MEDAL
By W. G. JAMIESON, *Cults, Aberdeenshire*



SUNSET AT RENMAENPOOL, NORTH WALES: COMMENDED
By C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*



A BREEZY DAY: COMMENDED
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Liverpool*



A VIEW ON THE CANAL: COMMENDED
By R. KAVANAGH, JUN., *Dublin*

Lessons in Light.

BEING A RESUMÉ OF HISTORICAL TEACHING BY A MODERN METHOD

MOST of us have worn a dunce's cap in our time. I lived in one. It was no use doffing it for an hour or two: it became as inevitably mine as the holland over-all—a species of scholastic strait-waistcoat—wherein Dame Trotter uniformed us. I was the *ignoramus par excellence*: the girls all beat me in a canter, the slowest boy in the class could win against me hands down. History was a nightmare, and geography an abomination. I could count ten with the assistance of my fingers; where they stopped, I stopped. On analysing my astounding blockheadedness I find I must have been not a backward boy merely, but a regular backslider. My brain read backwards, like Arabic handwriting: it had its own theories of education. Dame Trotter's history, for instance, began at William the Conqueror, and skipped, waddled, or limped till it arrived in a state of exhaustion at Victoria. Mine, on the contrary, began with our own good Queen—of whom I heard every day—and travelled away as far as its strength would carry it, back to the Norman.

But in those days this perverse propensity was undiagnosed. The fools' cap extinguished me because, instead of remembering that William Rufus was shot by somebody or other, none knows where, I ruminated over a fire portrait of the Prince of Wales that had fascinated me at the Crystal Palace! Here, began my interest in the Royal House of Guelph, and here, by degrees—I discovered the insignificant value of the tiresome details of the tragedy of 1100 A.D. that had proved me dunce of the deepest dye. But the fiery effigy of the heir to the throne was not my only incentive to education. From time to time in the same place, and by the same means, my greedy eye took in new data, and forced on my brain a chronological record of nineteenth century events. An enormous representation of the Arc de

Triomphe glowing with national colours, standards, and spread-eagles, brought France very close to the juvenile heart, and curiosity for a month or two played luridly round the harrowing details of war and revolution. In the same magnificent way I was introduced to the Spanish Armada, and witnessed the splendour of the defeat: guns boomed, masts and yards fell, every drop of British blood in my veins tingled with a glow of exaltation, the memory of which is revived even to this day at the mere sight of a Michaelmas goose.

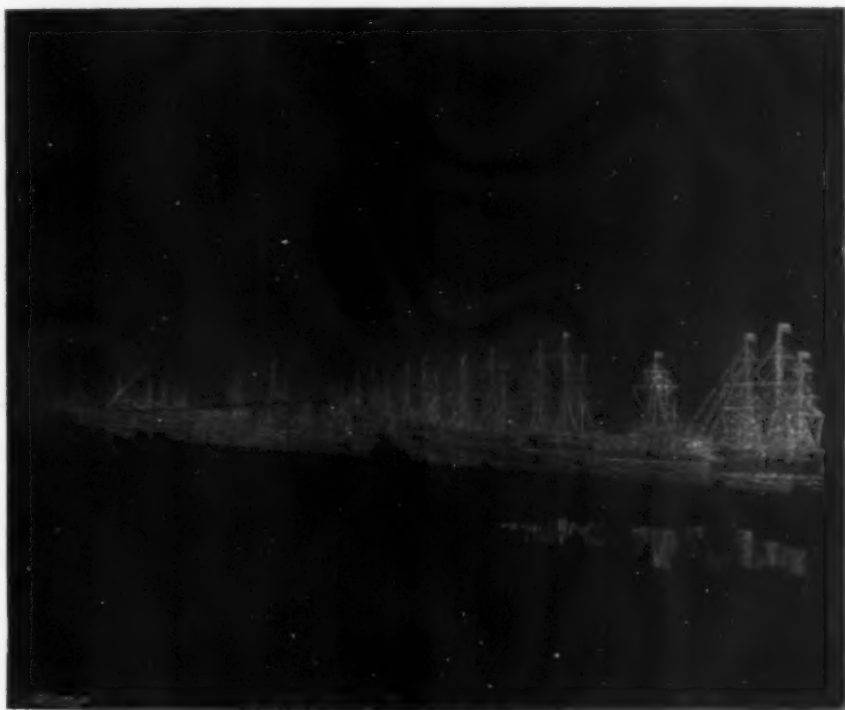
But the magician who worked these fire wonders in our midst had a greater object lesson still in store. Dunce-like I ignored the crisis in Egypt, for Dame Trotter's successor—a pedant, who smelt of snuff and wrangled over the quantitative pronunciation of Latin—tabooed the newspapers. The bombardment of Alexandria was talked of, but vague were my ideas of its why or wherefore, till, on a momentous night in the Crystal Palace grounds the whole scene in its actuality was illumined before us. We saw, we heard, we conquered—in imagination! Shall I ever forget the hoarse roar from thousands upon thousands of lusty British throats, voicing the sheer frenzy of appreciation; while the band, working with all its wind and biceps, strove to assure us that it meant well by the National Anthem, not a sound of which could be heard!

By this time it will be discovered that I was a fire-worshipper of the most devout order. The luminous name of Brock had begun to rank in my philosophy between Zoroaster and Confucius: Zoroaster on the one side, as the prophet of the Supreme Fire: Confucius on the other as the Father of Science, the inspiring source of the Chinese alchemists and pyrotechnists, with whom the art, now arrived at such gigantic development, had originated. What wizard was this who could colour history through the agency of mineral substances, who, with

salts of copper, could paint the blue Mediterranean, and from barytes bring forth millions of verdant trees? I had seen the Falls of Niagara in gold, and showers, like all the stars of Heaven, hailing down to woo the earth—a passionless Danaë; gold they had been to me, but to the conjuror I found their chromatic glory resolved itself in nothing more or nor less than simple carbonate of soda!

Wonderful things those salts, I dis-

aggressor, and that for once the cause of morality was not furthered by the pyrotechnist. The disobedient frog, however, who would a-wooing go without the sanction of his Mamma, perished ignobly. In truth, he was a sorry spark, for slowly and surely his gorgeous green coat faded, and his golden hose forsook him, until at last he was left with only one auspicious, amorous, crimson-eye—ogling and ogling. The Cheshire cat of *Alice in Wonderland* fame with



A GLIMPSE OF THE FLEET
From a photograph by Negretti and Zambra

covered after an unusual exhibition of their adaptability: how they lent themselves at one time to poetry, at another to the humorous conceits of their proprietor. For, when the bolus of history was well silvered, the early literature of toddling England got its chance. Little Miss Muffat on her tuffet—sat at her meal in fiery crimson, while a facetious spider, descending apparently from the clouds, took up a coign of vantage, and so frightened the damsel that she disappeared into thin air. It must regretfully be owned that in this case the sympathies of the public were with the

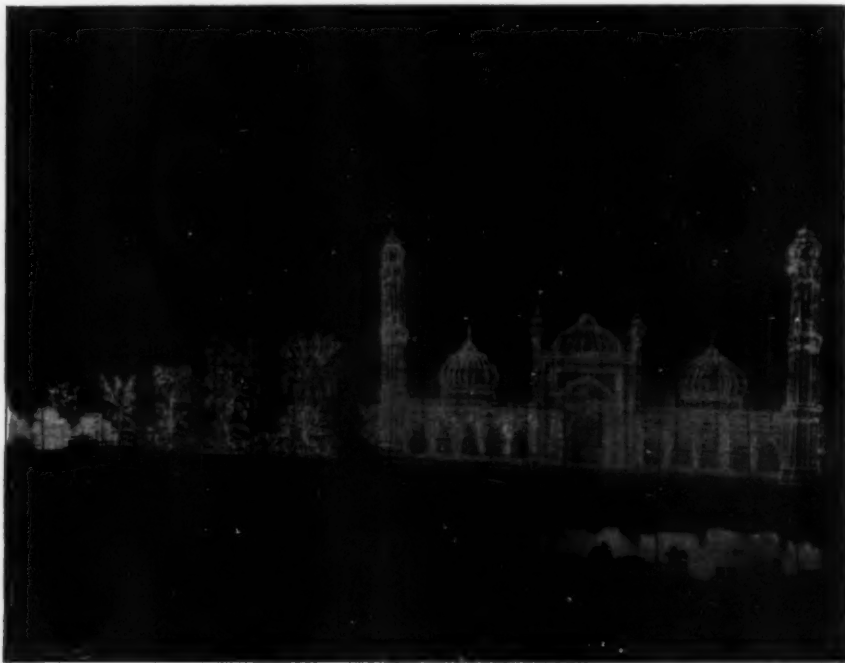
immortal grin came next; a much dappled tabby beaming a smile so radiantly urbane that one could have made toast by it at twenty yards.

By this time I had discovered that the "Wizard of the Brocken"—so I had christened this invisible Professor who taught us history and patriotism in a flash—was somewhat of a wag. Before long the discovery was ratified beyond doubt. Topical ever, he had taken cognizance of a vanishing lady trick that had astonished London. Not to be outdone by optical illusionists the object lessons at the Crystal Palace were

expanded. A vanishing cow took the place of the vanishing Dame and—wonder on wonders!—in her disappearance, she out-Röntgened Röntgen, for her skeleton in form of a pump slowly

was not a boy among us who had not the whole history of that Nile Battle at his fingers' ends in twenty-four hours!

Meanwhile, for years and years our historian of the Crystal Palace had been



THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI
From a photograph by Negretti and Zambra

gleamed forth, and gibbered a homely prosaic warning.

But history marched at the double by the side of frivolity. On the exact anniversaries of those great events came the Siege of Gibraltar and the Battle of the Nile, and the exciting scenes, blazing on the retina, re-animated the passages of Allison, and Hume. Thousands on thousands of spectators were transported to Aboukir Bay, brought face to face with our fine old battleships, the *Vanguard*, *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Swiftsure*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, and the noble *cortège* of the enemy's vessels, which, amidst the terrible booming of cannon, were seen, one by one, to sink or strike. And then came the final catastrophe, realistic in every detail: the fire on the *L'Orient*, and the terrific explosion that whirled the French flagship, with its hundred-and-twenty guns, helter-skelter into the air. What cheers there were, what roars and what hurrahs! There

performing herculean feats of fire abroad. The minarets and mosques of India had been fretted in flame: the proclamation of the Queen Empress, the visit of the Prince of Wales, the Maharajah of Jey-pore's accession to power—all had been literally emblazoned on the tropical azure. The Jumma Masjid, at Delhi, and the wondrous white Taj had glowed golden, carnation, and blue beneath the magic wand: and, nearer still, a vast expanse of the Bosphorus, at the command of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, had blazed with millions of chromatic rays. The classic ripples that had beat on the breast of Leander had shone at a word like burnished gold, and the thunder of hundreds of mortars vomiting forth flame had come again to old Byzantium, like an echo of Alexandrian days. Later on, to celebrate the marriage of the present King of Portugal, the Tagus was literally converted into a river of flame, no less than thirteen vessels,

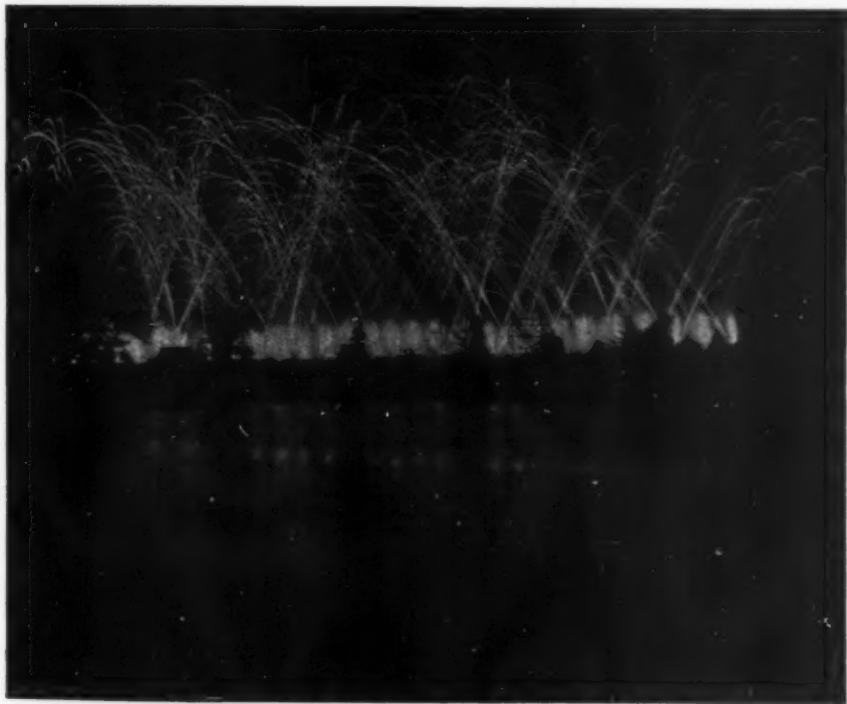
troopships and others, having been placed by the Portuguese Government at the disposal of the fire King for the transport of his eighty tons of material to the scene of action.

But beyond the historical and architectural nature of his instruction, the Professor kept his little classes of some hundred thousand persons continually *en rapport* with the notabilities of the age. His portrait gallery was rich as Tussaud's and as comprehensive. All the leaders of the time, crowned and uncrowned, were presented to us as they came in due course into the foreground of political history. Two tragic pictures after a lapse of years still loom vividly in memory. The first, in the summer of '84, represented poor Gordon, hero, saint, warrior, and mystic; the second, years later, was an In Memoriam wreath surrounding the central letter G, significant at the time of the assassination of

weird solemnity of silence with which we hailed the last, the simultaneous hush of a vast panting multitude, awe-stricken, compassionate, regretful?

Those were fine doings of the Professor's, and they haunted me long after I was let loose from schoolrooms and pronounced independent of the tomes that would have remained closed but for his incentive. They lived with me in my travels through wild regions of desert and sand, and dotted my memories of "Home, sweet home" with many lambent lights.

On returning to the old country, I made inquiries, and learnt that the object-lessons continued, and that the scion of the noted house of Brock—now in its seventh generation—might be seen in the flesh by a journey to the great factory at South Norwood. In short, the present wizard, Mr. Arthur Brock, graciously invited me to the Brocken.



IN HONOUR OF THE AUSTRALIANS AT SHEFFIELD PARK
Photographed for the Earl of Sheffield by E. Hawkins and Co.

President Garfield. Shall I ever forget the greeting we gave the first?—the roars that swelled over lakes and trees and swept the stilly night with a very cyclone of human emotion? Or, again, the

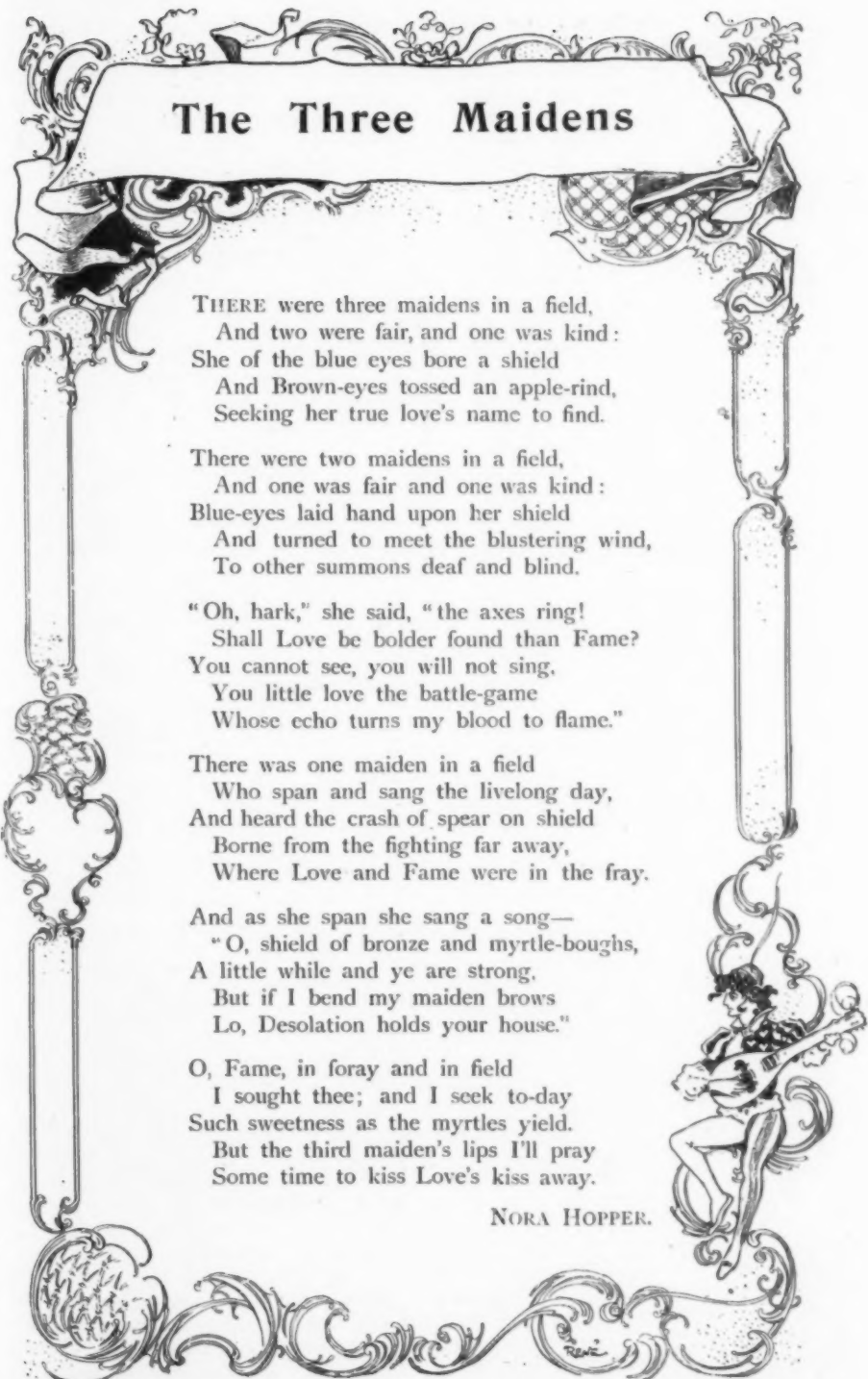
There were no mountain peaks, no perilous ascents; vast acres, studded like an encampment with iron and wood buildings, each well removed from the other, stretched before the eye. At the

only gate sat Cerberus, in the form of a huge St. Bernard—a creature of highly distinguished character, affable during daylight, yet a very Tartar after sundown. Within the alarming precincts, all was precision and cleanliness. The innocent work of cutting wooden frames and constructing paper cases for the explosives was going forward in the nearest fields; but further on, in houses specially provided, the task of filling squibs, crackers, and charging Roman candles and rockets was carried on, mostly by women, whose hands are supposed to be more deft and delicate than men's at the work. A few remarks on the nature of the place may be appreciated. The priests and priestesses of Zoroaster pursue their quaint avocations of "choking" and "bouncing" (technical terms in the mystic language of the Brocken) in compartments roofed with highly-varnished wood and floor-clothed with Kamptulicon, every nail of which is capped with bronze. Though they put not off their shoes before carrying on their mystic rites, each one on reaching the doorway is provided with an enormous pair of boots, into which he steps. These capacious articles, that would afford accommodation for the family of the Old Woman of nursery lore, are now known as "Trilbys." They

serve to protect the floor from contact with the nails of the mundane boot. The official garments of "Brockenites" are in some cases fireproof, in others woollen and pocketless. Every disciple is searched before entering the sacred precincts. Not a grain of dust is anywhere to be seen, and bacteriologists would find the Brocken a poor hunting-ground for germs. Miles of planking lead across the fields from house to house; and equi-distant from each other are tanks and pails of water, the contents of which can be gathered to one spot at a moment's notice on any alarm of fire.

The chief I found to be not only exhibitor and manufacturer, but inventor and antiquarian. Chemical, historical, and technical secrets of his craft had been gleaned from rare books and from prized prints, which he handled with the reverence and delicacy of a dilettante. He was gratified to learn the nature of my historical debt to him, and expressed his intention of this season continuing his object-lessons for the benefit of the rising generation. "And how about illuminating the North Pole?" I said, knowing the wide range of his operations. He laughed, and patted the affable St. Bernard. "The word 'impossible' is not written in the pyrotechnist's dictionary."





The Three Maidens

THERE were three maidens in a field,
And two were fair, and one was kind:
She of the blue eyes bore a shield
And Brown-eyes tossed an apple-rind,
Seeking her true love's name to find.

There were two maidens in a field,
And one was fair and one was kind:
Blue-eyes laid hand upon her shield
And turned to meet the blustering wind,
To other summons deaf and blind.

"Oh, hark," she said, "the axes ring!
Shall Love be bolder found than Fame?
You cannot see, you will not sing,
You little love the battle-game
Whose echo turns my blood to flame."

There was one maiden in a field
Who span and sang the livelong day,
And heard the crash of spear on shield
Borne from the fighting far away,
Where Love and Fame were in the fray.

And as she span she sang a song—
"O, shield of bronze and myrtle-boughs,
A little while and ye are strong,
But if I bend my maiden brows
Lo, Desolation holds your house."

O, Fame, in foray and in field
I sought thee; and I seek to-day
Such sweetness as the myrtles yield.
But the third maiden's lips I'll pray
Some time to kiss Love's kiss away.

NORA HOPPER.



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

I.—THE HAUNTED CHILD.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BAYES.

AT forty I had exhausted all the resources of civilised life. I had health, wealth, and position, yet I knew that unless I could devise some new expedient for passing time suicide would be my last sensation. As to whether suicide were justifiable or not I did not concern myself. I was bored and I did not purpose to continue being bored. Exploring my mental reserves I lighted upon a vein which, suitably worked, might profit me. I set about working it. So far I have done so successfully. Once more life is tolerable, occasionally exhilarating.

The vein is an insatiable and absorbing interest—curiosity—call it what you will—in other people's lives. Fiction has no charm for me. I am always conscious that its personages are but printer's ink. And I like my pages of story wet with the ink of life. I meet a man or a woman whose appearance or conditions stir me. By the expenditure of a little ingenuity, some trouble, and more or less hard cash, that person's story lies in my hand. Aided by a staff of well-drilled agents, whose duty I have made it to shadow in one capacity or another the fortunes of such persons as roused my curiosity—I am enabled to read their stories like a book. And, I tell you, few romances approach in interest some of the realities I have thus been able to trace. My right to peer into my fellows' lives may be denied. I myself have never considered the question. To do so amuses me. That is sanction enough for my morality.

It has occurred to me to record a few of the stories I have chanced upon. That thus set down they will interest others as they interested me who watched them as they were wrought in the forge of life I do not pretend. Yet they may serve for entertainment. As already stated my concern is purely psychological, or, if you prefer a simpler term, impertinent curiosity. With the right or wrong of things I do not meddle.

Only in exceptional cases do I even trouble to put the law on the track of murder, though, in the course of their activities on my behalf, my agents should witness the commission of such a crime. For my part I prefer the delinquent to escape, that I may find, as I do, penalty closing in on him as an indirect consequence of his action, rather than that it shall take the clumsy form we dignify by the title of justice. Far crueller, subtler, and a hundredfold more fitting to a particular crime are the methods whereby time, character and circumstance enmesh the criminal. Expedient it may be to rid ourselves of the confessedly vicious. But the Powers which are moulding us to ends our finite minds have so far failed to grasp are neither assisted in their ultimate objects nor appeased in their far-reaching wrath—so to put it—by our crude expedients. The long arm of development which encompasses the human family and places effect in the unerring train of cause will find the murderer, many years it may be after we have done with him, but find him it will as inevitably as the impulse given to pool by pebble laps the shore.

How can it reach him after death? you ask. Death is but change of identity. Entities in the school of evolution pass through myriad lives in training for eternity, and the ill acts of one existence may not find expiation until a later one. A theory, you say. A theory, I admit. But I ask you for another that shall equally explain the inexplicabilities of human life. I have a story illustrative of my theory. Read into it any other interpretation that you will, and judge if it apply as mine does.

In a cottage on one of my estates a gamekeeper lived, some ten years since, with his young and pretty wife. He was middle-aged and morose, considering, as does many another, that the one cardinal virtue he practised—in his case that of

honesty—absolved him from the obligation of practising any of the minor amenities and amiabilities of life. Nobody could imagine by what sorcery or fortuitous concomitance of accidents he had persuaded pretty Polly Penrose to mate with him. He had saved a certain

so they let the matter drop. Cooper was but one of Polly's "whimsies."

It is probable I should never have concerned myself with Polly's affairs had I not one day come upon her crying her eyes out in a wood. On seeing me, she blushed and stole away. Matters just



"STRUCK HIM WITH THE BUTT-END OF HIS GUN"

sum of money, for to other unlovable qualities he added that of screw. Polly had swains better circumstanced than he, however, so that this offered no solution of the problem. The village wondered, chattered, and finally decided that "you could niver calculate on what gells do, for they're chock full o' whimsies;" and

then were dull with me. I had no other case on hand; and, without anticipating much result, idly determined to trace the cause of Polly's tears. I had, among my agents, a girl of about her age and temperament; and, putting her to lodge in the village, she soon made Polly's acquaintance. It came out then that

Polly had married for pique. There was a certain stalwart sweetheart of hers—another of my keepers—of whom she was fond, but he rousing her jealousy by attention to a rival, in a fit of temper she accepted Cooper. To make a long story short—for this is but a preface—Polly and her lover made it up again too late, for Polly was then Mrs. Cooper.

Polly was a good girl, and I do not believe Cooper had any substantial reason for complaint, as she saw Dell but rarely. But she grew pallid and depressed. Occasionally she was seen with Dell. The circumstances reaching Cooper's ears, with doubtless some embellishment, there was trouble in the cottage. Cooper even went so far as to strike her. In her fear and agitation—the poor girl was soon to be a mother—she fled to Dell.

Cooper, following, found her in a shed near the latter's cottage. From words the men passed to blows, and eventually Dell struck Cooper over the head with the butt-end of his gun. Whether he meant murder or not, who can say? but a long acquaintance with the poor fellow makes me confident the impulse was momentary and uncontrollable. But murder it turned out. Cooper's skull was fractured and he died in a few hours.

Dell made no effort to escape. His one fear seems to have been for Polly. He remained with her in the cottage, soothing and re-assuring her till he was handcuffed and taken to gaol. I did all I could on his behalf. I even had the gaol-lock tampered with. I had an instinct of what would happen should his case come to trial, and hanging was the last death for the fine young fellow he was.

I was a magistrate and could easily have contrived his escape. But the blockhead would not take his liberty. He could not now marry Polly he said, and he did not care for life.

A thick-skulled jury, directed by a judge who on the Bench was as keen a stickler for the proprieties as off the Bench he was obtuse about them, put the worst—and, I believe, the false—construction on Dell's and Polly's fondness. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to death. Under the circumstances, it was a monstrous sentence. There had been assuredly no premedita-

tion, and his provocation was great. We petitioned the Home Secretary; we petitioned Parliament. We might have spared our signatures and ink. When Dell's time came he was hanged. And now comes the gist of my story.

I filled up the places left vacant by Dell and his victim, putting in two keepers from a distance. There was a strong local feeling against the occupation of either of the cottages. Presently it was rumoured that the shed wherein the murder had occurred was haunted. But the new keepers, unaffected by the tragedy which to them was merely hearsay, pooh-poohed the rumour.

Curiously enough, the wife of one turned out to be a distant cousin of Dell's. She was a buxom person, strong-nerved and braced with common sense. She scoffed at ghost-talk.

"Depend on it, your lordship," she said once to me, "there's a deal more to be afear't on in the livin' than the dead; and as long as it's noboddy comin' to meddle wi' Johnson's belongings, why, let the poor things, if things there be, come an' go as it pleases 'em."

I mention this to free my story from an implication to which it may presently seem open. Mrs. Johnson was as unimpressible a woman as could be, and was as little affected by the talk of ghosts as she would have been by their apparition.

Now the ghost which was said to walk and to have been seen by more than one person, was not, as I have gathered is the way of ghosts, the shade of the murdered man, but that of his murderer. All who had caught the fleeting glimpse—which is as much as the ghost-seer generally permits himself—agreed that the apparition haunting the wood-shed was Dell's. Round and round in a restricted circle, skirting the space whereon a ghastly form had stretched, the ghost was seen to pass. Its head was bent, its face leaned down. Its eyes stared, frozen with horror. Moans and sighs of the direst distress were heard to issue from the shed. But the man from whom I had a description; a tramp who, unwitting of its reputation, had stolen there one rainy evening for the purpose of a night's lodging, described the thing he saw as mute and noiseless, making a dumb and ceaseless circuit of the floor. To him the circuit taken by the apparition was but a stretch of dusty

boards, but the stark horror in the shadow's eyes told of some ghastly visibility.

The man was green with fright. He had lain there staring nearly all the night, afraid to move, afraid almost to breathe, lest he should turn the horror of the eyes upon himself. He painted in the vivid speech of panic the curious effect of morning: how as the light grew, it left less and still less of the apparition visible, how from being something luminous against the darkness it passed into a thin translucent shade against the light, how the outlines slowly faded and the form was lost, yet he could see it whirling like a grey smoke round and round six feet of floor. When the sun came up it slipped away as mist slips into air. In the morning when the man was brought to me he was piebald. The hair and beard of one side had gone white in the night.

A time came when the ghost was seen no more. The sighs and moanings ceased. Still the shed lost no whit of its evil reputation.

A year after the Johnsons' advent to the cottage, a child was born to them. They had already several children—buxom, cherry-cheeked youngsters, after the type of their mother. This child was different. The difference did not show at first. The infant was as other infants—a mere homogeneous mass of red-pink flesh, with the slate-grey eyes of its kind; eyes that deluded mothers call dark or light according to their fancy, for the rest of the world perceives that not until long after seeing the light do babies' eyes take on the shade they eventually keep. But this infant, though like enough to others, differed from them in one particular—it had a large blood-red spot in the palm of its right hand. The doctor pronounced the spot merely accidental and ephemeral; it would disappear before the week was out. Subsequently he modified his opinion. It was a variety of *nævus*, but he considered that it did not call for operation. The child would outgrow it. But the

doctor was wrong. As the palm grew the blood-spot grew, and its colour did not wane. Presently, when the child assumed with age the waxen whiteness that afterwards characterised it, the spot had a curious effect of focussing all the blood in its body. As the baby slowly evolved an individuality out of



"AFRAID TO MOVE"

its pink homogeneousness, it was seen to differ singularly from the rest of the Johnson children. In the place of their fair chubbiness, it was pallid and dark. Its brows were strongly and sombrely marked, and its eyes gathered slowly a look of weird horror. It cried rarely or never. Nor did it smile. It sat staring before it with a fixed expression and a blood-red palm upturned.

A child is born with its hands knotted into fists, fists which for months are opened with difficulty. It is an instinctive action of grasping the life before it. A man or woman dies with the palms extended. The life has been wrought and is rendered up. The Johnson baby never curled its fists as normal babies do. It held its palms limply open with the

blood-red spot for all to see. The villagers talked as villagers always talk of something out of the common. They drew conclusions—the short-sighted conclusions of their kind. They pronounced the child's uncanniness a judgment on the mother for her scoffing.

"It don't do to make light o' they things," they croaked. They predicted the baby's early death. The child attracted my attention from the first. I got a curious impression about it. Its face had a familiar look. The horror in its eyes reminded me of something. It was not until later that I knew of what.

I had a vacant cottage near. In it I installed an elderly woman of observant faculty. She made friends with the mother, and having leisure took the infant frequently off her hands. By her means I am able to relate what happened. So soon as it showed signs of intelligence—signs such as those used to children interpret, while to others they are still meaningless—the Johnson baby developed interest in the haunted shed—now, it must be remembered, no longer haunted.

The moment it was taken out of doors its eyes turned in the direction of the building, that stood but a short distance from the cottage. It was restless and wayward out of sight of it, and would weary and fret with inarticulate demands until carried whence it could see it. So soon as it was able, it would drag itself along the floor and out at the door to sit there with hands on tiny knees, staring with fascinated looks.

Before it was ten months old, it was found, having crept across the patch of ground between the house and shed, tired with its efforts, lying extended on the grass, its waxen face turned solemnly upon the building, its eyes fixed. Later it managed to escape attention long enough to reach the shed, shuffling along as infants do on hands and legs. It was discovered crouching at the open door, its head dropt till its chin rested almost in its lap, its pupils wide upon some portion of the floor. An illness followed, and for some weeks the child's life was in danger. It had taken a chill, the doctor said. Even then, though weakened with fever, the poor little creature left for a moment, would struggle feebly to the foot of the bed, whence through the window a corner of the shed was visible. There it would be

found staring with grave, frightened eyes.

When strong enough to be up again it made always for the window, to stand there with its face pressed close against the glass. The doctor diagnosed the child as weak-minded, but I cannot say the term at all described the terrible intelligence that looked out of its eyes. The women shook their heads.

"It knows too much, poor little dear," they said. "There isn't nothing that's said it don't know. If anybody could find out what it's always askin' in its eyes per'aps it ud be able to die quiet, for anybody can see it ain't long for this world."

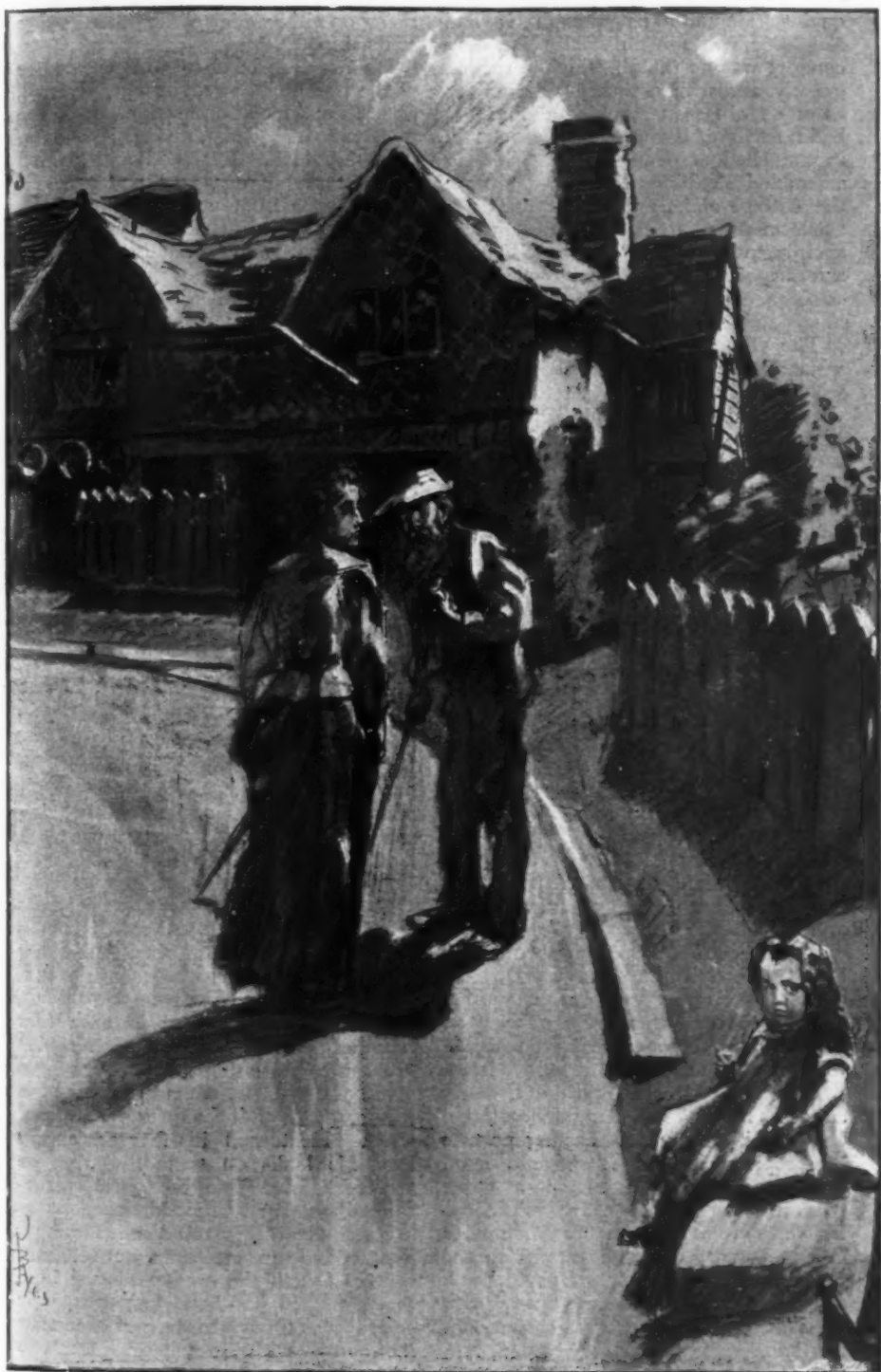
Mrs. Johnson paid but little heed to all the talk.

"I don't see anything much different in the child from other children," she said impatiently, "only it don't thrive. I expect it'll be stronger on its legs when it's got its teeth and can take a bit o' meat wi' the rest of us."

But the child grew no stronger on its legs, nor did it grow the least bit less unlike the chubby-cheeked Johnson brood. It seemed to have no wish to walk. It was a patient little thing, and when planted by a chair would stand there; but so soon as attention was drawn from it, it would drop to its hands and knees again, and creep to the door.

Johnson made a little fence, to keep it from straying; but it developed a weird sagacity for evading this, wriggling through or clambering over, or escaping by a back door. Then, if not intercepted, it would work its way across the patch of ground till it reached the doorway of the shed. There it would sit for hours together, straining its eyes upon some portion of the floor—always the same portion. Rain, snow, or wind it minded not. Frequently it was found squatted there in the entrance, wet to the skin, with a heavy rain beating on it, to all appearance unconscious of its wet and chilled condition—its gaze and powers magnetised. It took but little food, and was a puny, miserable morsel. Such food as it took, it took mechanically and in obedience to its mother. It never seemed hungry, or interested, as babies are interested, in the sweet and edible.

It did not play, nor did it seem to have a notion of the use of toys. A doll or painted ball it would turn seriously over in its fingers, then lay aside with a



"THE VILLAGERS WHISPERED THAT IT HAD THE EVIL EYE"

quaint solemnity as though it had weightier matters on hand. Its only comfort was its thumb, which it sucked gravely, and with a thoughtful sobriety as of an old man smoking a pipe. It had no fear of darkness. It was found in the shed at dead of night, having scrambled stealthily from its cot, down the cottage stairs and out at the door. Sometimes it sat at a distance gazing spell-bound. Generally it spent its time shuffling round and round a certain area of floor dragging itself laboriously on hands and knees as one doing penance.

The villagers grew scared at it, and whispered that it had the evil eye. They would turn back to avoid passing it in the road. I have had boys thrashed for stoning it. Even its matter-of-fact mother came to have a horror of it, with its weird ways and terrible eyes. Yet it was patient and gave no trouble, so long as it were permitted to be in the shed. Its limbs, they told me, were raw and red, from the continuous rub of the boards against its baby skin. And the nails of toes and fingers were worn to the quick with its ceaseless clambering.

That the child suffered mentally, I cannot say. Possibly not. It seemed to gather satisfaction from its treadmill labours, though there was always that horror in its eyes.

"Perhaps your lordship would be pleased to come and see it," my agent suggested one day, when I chanced to pass the Johnson cottage. "Mrs. Johnson has gone into the village. The baby was shut in, but it has got out somehow and crept to the shed."

I followed her. We went quietly; but I doubt if the child would have heard in any case, so absorbed was it. We watched it through the window. Its frock and feet were stained with the soil over which it had dragged itself. The day was damp, and mud clung about its hands. But it minded nothing. In the half-sitting, half-kneeling posture of creeping children it dragged itself sideways round and round a circle encompassing some six feet of floor—six feet in length and from three to four in breadth. Dust lay thick on the boards, so that the circuit made by it was clearly traced. It went always over the same ground, marking a curious zig-zagged shape. Round and round, now up, now down, tracing the same inexplicable course it plodded, a thick dust

rising on either side to the infantile flop of its skirts.

Its face was bent towards the centre of the trail it followed, its eyes rivetted. Sweat stood moist on its skin, and in the moisture dust clung, giving it a dark, unearthly look. It sighed and panted at its task. Every now and again it would cease from utter weariness and, sitting up, would lift its dusty frock and wipe its lips. After a minute it resumed its treadmill round. I went in. It lifted its averted and grimy countenance and looked at me with that terrible intelligence. Then it resumed its dusty way.

I took it up and sat it on a pile of wood. It whined and fretted, stretching its arms to the shape on the floor. I left it where it was, and, crossing the shed, stood looking down upon the figure it had traced. I could make nothing of it. It was an irregular oblong of indefinite form, wider to one end, narrowing to the other. A grim thought struck me that it resembled a coffin. I was interested. What was the meaning of it all? What, if anything, did those weird eyes see? I bade the woman bring some cake or sweets. She came back with an orange.

"He'll do anything for an orange," she said.

I made her take the child and set him on the floor to one side of the figure. I placed myself on the other. The oblong was between us at its widest part. I held the orange up, and beckoned him.

"Go get it!" the woman urged.

He gazed at me questioningly, as though probing my intention. His eyes rested on the orange; then something that in another child would have been a smile floated over his face. He set out, creeping toward me. I watched him intently. Would he cross that circle? He came on, shuffling slowly, raising a cloud of dust. But when he reached the further limit of the oblong, he stopped short. He turned his face down, and bent his looks on something that he seemed to see within the circle—something about the level of his eyes.

I stamped my foot and called to him. He looked up curiously but did not move. I held the orange toward him. He stretched his hand out, raising it carefully as though to prevent it coming into contact with the something that was there.

"Come," I said.

His eyes again levelled. They travelled slowly over that I could not see. Then he looked up at me, dully reproachful.

"Come," I called again, tossing the orange.

He shook his head with a grave, old-man solemnity. I stamped my foot once more.

"Come," I insisted.

His lips quivered feebly. Tears came into his eyes. Suddenly his features quickened with a new sagacity. He swerved aside and came creeping to me

Thank goodness she was in time! I looked down into his face. Poor little wretch! There was all the dumb agony of a ripe intelligence frozen on it. He clung to me strenuously, turning his rigid looks from that over which we stood. I gave him to her.

"Take him away. Get the poor little wretch out into the air. Give him the orange. Give him anything—only drive that look from his face." She took him out. He turned a shuddering head over her shoulder seeking



"THE FLOWERS STOOD AROUND HIM
LIKE GENTLE SENTINELS"

round the outer edge of the figure he had traced, bending his looks with an awed avoidance upon that he saw there. I tried a dozen times. But he would not cross the line. He scanned me plaintively. Why did I so torment him?

I took him in my arms. I carried him toward the charmed circle. Looking back I can see that the act was a brutal one, such a brutal one as the curiosity we dignify by the terms intellectual or scientific is frequently guilty of. But the woman stopped me. She caught him out of my arms.

"For heaven's sake, don't, my lord," she gasped, "I did it once. I thought he would have died."

that spot. It was the spot where Cooper had lain. I knew it now. He had lain there stretched full length, and over him Dell had stood with stricken eyes. Heavens! Why had the child those eyes? And why had it been cursed with this terrible vision? Had re-birth come so soon? Were the retributive forces of murder thus expiating in a little child?

I stood looking down at the figure traced in dust. I thrust my stick into it. Did I really feel a dull resistance? I lowered my hand to within some inches of the floor. Was the air really chill? Pshaw! The babe had infected me. It

was but a draught from the door. As I stood my stick slipped from my hold, and sliding stopped between the curves composing the lower end of the oblong. A tree-branch, stirred by the wind, shot its shadow through the doorway immediately across the tracery. In a moment, as a few strokes put to outlines which had had no meaning gather the lines into life, so now the unmeaning tracery took shape. The stick formed a line of demarcation between extended legs, a limb of the shadow-tree lay like an outstretched arm and hand. Even for a moment convulsing features were given to a curve that might have been a face, as a flicker of twigs and fluttering leaves hurried like vanishing pencil marks across the outline. In that moment the murdered body of Cooper was reproduced as I had seen it. I am sufficiently strong-nerved. Yet I admit I turned sick. I picked up my stick and went out.

I knew now that what had been momentarily visible to me was ever before the doomed baby, that to its eyes the murdered man was always there. I felt my hair lift as though an ice-wind swept under my hat.

I had the shed pulled down. I had the ground it covered sown with flowers.

But the spot kept its old fascination for the poor little creature. He could not now drag round it, the way being barred. But he sat for hours tracing with waxen fingers something that for him lay there, something that to us was but space between flower-stalks.

I sent him to the sea, a hundred miles away. In three days his life was despaired of. His impulse in living was gone. He fell into a state of stupor. He revived when brought back. He dragged himself out to the flower-bed, and sat there crooning with a kind of plaintive content, tracing that outline with his pallid hands.

One morning they found him dead there. He had crept from his cot at some time during the night, and had scrambled in the darkness—he never learned to walk—to the old spot. Rain was falling, and he lay on his back with face upturned and wet, his fair hair limp about him. His brows were unbent and tranquil, through his half-unclosed lids at last peace looked. The flowers stood round him like gentle sentinels, their flower-cups full of rain as eyes with tears. For the first time in his life the smile of a child lay over his lips. And the blood-spot in his palm was white as wool.



Concerning Sir Henry Irving.

IT is interesting, where possible, to trace the secret corner-stones of human success and to survey the foundations that lie at the root of all human achievement. In the case of Sir Henry Irving you find, of course,

health are but the scaffolding of success. Many thousands of men and women fighting for a place in art possess all these qualifications, yet attain to no eminence and vanish unremembered. For them their humble, unavailing service in



EUGENE ARAM

the inevitable back-bone of fixed purpose and iron determination, allied to that good physical health without which supreme eminence in the most arduous of all artistic callings must be impossible. But determination, courage, and good

a great cause is their sole reward. Super-eminence and the winning of a separate niche in the temple of the Goddess is given to but few, and in such cases an examination of their peculiar gifts, over and above those essential to

every doer of deeds, cannot fail to be profoundly interesting. Henry Irving's appearance and elocution have been advanced so often as natural stumbling-blocks in his path, that a critic grows

historian of the stage may look in vain for more splendid stage figures of Hamlet, Lear, Louis XI., Mephistopheles, Iago, or Matthias, than he has given. There is a mysterious charm about the actor's



MACBETH

impatient of the parrot-cry, and may even doubt the truth of it, since it is often certain that what every man asserts no man should accept. As a matter of fact the artist's weird personality is eminently fitted to many among his greater presentations, and the

face, and even his voice at times, which leads you to the vital secret of his power. All highly eminent men possess in a degree the quality of magnetism, and none wields a fascination for the beholder more subtle and enduring than the great actor. His art grips



RAVENSWOOD

the members of an audience, chains them, makes slaves of them for the time being. They are dragged out of themselves by a power which can only be called magnetism, for its influence is the same, whether you watch an Irving through one of his great parts or in others whereof he would be the first to admit he is not an ideal exponent. Sir Henry's Romeo, and his Ravenswood, were frankly uninteresting; his Malvolio was—let the truth be spoken—absolutely dull: yet, under the influence of the man himself, you followed every

movement, woke to renewed attention when he came upon the stage, never quite realised the performance was inadequate until all had ended, and a review of it proved disappointing. Few actors have won such an overwhelming consensus of appreciative criticism in so many varied characters. His comedy is almost universally praised; his tragedy naturally offers a wider scope, and the more so because Irving has carved a method of his own, and, like all the greatest professors of his art, can be contrasted with and compared to no

man. His methods are part of himself; and his imitators copy him at their peril, for nothing seems easier and nothing is more impossible.

Among those artists who have represented Henry Irving, many, and those of note, conspicuously fail in suggesting the extraordinary subtlety of his face. Thus Sargent, to mention no other of admitted merit, never did anything more unfortunate and uninteresting

than his portrait of the tragedian exhibited some seasons ago in the Royal Academy. But two, at least, of the great black-and-white draughtsmen have proved more successful, and both Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. F. Barnard hand down to posterity fine and truthful portraits of the greatest living English actor in many of his most famous impersonations.

The Macbeth of Mr. Partridge is full



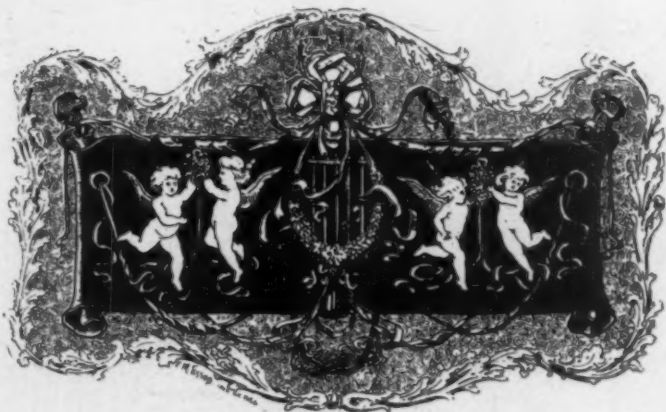
KING LEAR

of strength, and the pose free and alive; while even finer is the same artist's Lear—a really magnificent study revealing to perfection the air of inner mystery which for ever sits on the face of Henry Irving. Contrast the virile manhood in every line of the upright figure of Macbeth with the almost senile bend, and huddle of old age in the Lear. Mr. Barnard's Eugene Aram is likewise admirable. He has captured every frantic gesture of the tormented man.

The honour done by the State to Henry Irving, while a thing futile to absurdity viewed in connection with his services to art and the English stage, was yet received with extreme gratification, alike by his profession, and all

theatre-lovers, as marking happy judgment and good sense in the givers. An actor has never been officially honoured until Henry Irving was offered his knighthood, and recognising the compliment, therefore, for what it was worth in connection with the stage at large, he as representing his art in the noblest, loftiest and worthiest sense graciously deigned to accept it.

Our illustrations are given through the courtesy of Mr. John Macqueen, the publisher of *From "The Bells" to "King Arthur,"* an extremely interesting volume by Mr. Clement Scott, who has gathered within its pages his impressions of Lyceum first-nights from '71 to '95 as recorded at the time in the *Daily Telegraph*, and other journals.





EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN BY T. HALL.
ILLUSTRATED BY D. V. CAMERON.

THE proud claim of the ancient capital of Scotland to the title, "The Modern Athens," scarce finds sufficient justification in the simulacrum



THE UNIVERSITY

of the Acropolis which crowns the Calton Hill. In literature the golden day of Sir Walter has passed through the twilight of Christopher North to a night illumined but by the stars of a Masson and a Skelton. Since the death of the author of *Rab and his Friends*, and the passing of Professor Blackie—though Edinburgh has almost a school of historians—literature pure and simple has scarce a representative. To the end Stevenson, greatest literary son of Edinburgh since Scott, loved his birthplace as only an Edinburgh man can; but for all his later years the city of his fathers was far away, and he had no part in its domestic history.

The ancient Athens was supreme not only in literature, but in politics and in Art. The modern has ceased for nearly two centuries to play any but the most commonplace of parts in the political life of the Empire. Its drab history, indeed, has been relieved by but two incidents since the Union: the one when Prince Charles came to Holyrood, the other the great ecclesiastical turmoil of half-a-century ago. On these two occasions Edinburgh was again a capital, and set the tune to Scotland. Now, in politics, it is but a glorified county town. In short, for nearly three centuries the capital of the Stuarts has been more or less provincial. For the hundred years between the Union of the Crowns and the Union of the Parliaments, save during the brief usurpation of Cromwell, it still retained something of its ancient state, but since 1707 its national supremacy has gone, and year by year

London becomes not merely the capital of the Empire, but the capital of Scotland. There are more Scotsmen in London than in Edinburgh: and though Edinburgh has lost in prestige and social and political importance, the gain has been, if not for Scotland, at any rate for Scotsmen.

In Art, Scotland has no proud past: here the present shows little falling off.

A Jameson, a Raeburn, and some landscape painters found no claim to the inheritance of Praxiteles. To-day the Art life of Scotland is fresh and vigorous: thanks, however, not to Edinburgh, but to the fact that a group of young men more or less connected with Glasgow studied at the same time in the Paris studios. The Glasgow School is celebrated all over Europe, and its



LORD ROSEBERRY

From a photograph by Dickinson and Foster

contributions to the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy redeem that institution from provincialism. It is a curious repetition of the influence France has had on Scotland, for



though Velasquez be the god of their idolatry, the Barbizon School has really had the shaping force on most of the work of the Glasgow men. Of course, London has attracted, and will attract, many successful—though not possibly the best—of Scottish artists as of Scottish men of letters. For in literature, in every branch save Scottish history, London is the loadstone. The part

played by Scotsmen in the conduct of London journals is on a par with their part in the conduct of the Empire. And even the writers of the Kailyard School find that they have more honour in the capital of the Empire than in their own romantic town. They follow their distinguished leader South—for though Edinburgh educated Mr. J. M. Barrie—it could not keep him amongst her sons. In science alone is Edinburgh before her past. Her University is her one remaining hope. Deprive her of the Law Courts and the Professors, and society would be intolerable, reputation would be extinct, and a romantic history would alone remain. The University, however is still on the onward track. With a revenue of quarter of a million, with some three thousand students and an increasing number of teachers, Edinburgh University is now the greatest institution in Scotland, and bids fair to distance Oxford and Cambridge in achievement: for now, at last, after three hundred years, research, literary and historical, as well as scientific, is being recognised as one of the main functions of a great seat of learning. The chief products of Edinburgh are men, books, and beer: its chief manufactory is the University, but its printing houses and its publishers still enable it to claim to be the second literary centre of the Empire. The names of Blackwood, Constable, Chambers, Clark and Douglas still, with many others, carry on the traditions of the town. In fact, as regards the mechanical part of book-making, the golden age of Scott was, compared with the present, the day of small things. The *Scotsman* is the great journalistic output of Edinburgh—no London daily, save the *Times* alone, can compare with the *Scotsman* in the amount and accuracy of its news. Its leading articles, however, while solid in information, are somewhat lacking in literary grace. The other side of politics is represented by a well conducted evening journal, the *Evening News*. With all this present lack of distinction in literature and art Edinburgh can still boast a cultured society living in a literary atmosphere. Less donnish, less scholarly perhaps, than Oxford—more in touch with the world—the society of Edinburgh is less provincial than that of any other town in the Empire. It is, however, essentially professional—lawyers, phy-



THE MONTROSE MONUMENT IN ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL
From a photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand

sicians, and, not least important, clergymen, with a sprinkling of soldiers; politicians, public officials, and representatives of county families compose what Edinburgh folks are pleased to regard as their *monde*. Wealth, with no other claim to back it, has fewer social advantages in the Scottish capital than anywhere else in Britain. In fact, the merely rich instead of being courted, as in London, are looked at askance, and the wealthy brewers and distillers, who are the millionaires of the Scots as of

the Irish city, find, curiously enough, a heartier welcome in the counties than in the town.

Scotland's place in the Empire may, from time to time, be brought vividly before the man in the Edinburgh street. That short figure in the "pot"-hat was Prime Minister some months ago; that tall man in the furred coat on the steps of the New Club is the First Lord of the Treasury—hurrying—no, Mr. Balfour cannot hurry—but proceeding to catch a train to Dunbar for a round of golf

before he goes home to Whittingham. Lord Wemyss, the Marquis of Lothian, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Earls of Stair, Camperdown, Haddington, and Hopetoun, are all frequent figures on Edinburgh streets, and remind us that Scotland still gathers her sons of all ranks about her capital.

So much has been written of the outward appearance of the place that few

is, but no city in the world owes less to its civic rulers and more to nature—still triumphant in spite of all the mistakes of generation after generation of Town Councillors. Imagine a Londoner's feelings were it proposed to drain the lake in St. James's Park and remove Westminster Abbey to find room for a railway station. This, however, is on a smaller scale exactly what



MR. BALFOUR

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

can fail to be familiar with the Castle, Holyrood, the Scott Monument, and Arthur's Seat. The ancient church of St. Giles, the brand new cathedral of the Episcopal Church, Heriot's Hospital, the stately new buildings of the University, including the magnificent *Aula*, built by Mr. McEwan, one of the M.P.'s for the city, at a cost of £100,000; these are some of the architectural works of the city on which it prides itself. Beautiful, Edinburgh undoubtedly

happened in Edinburgh. At the foot of the Castle Rock stretched a lake—now there is a railway; while on the site of the Waverley Station stood Trinity College Church, a delicate Gothic edifice built and endowed by Queen Mary of Guise—certainly the most beautiful monument in Edinburgh. The acts of vandalism which gave rise to these "improvements" have their sequence to-day, when the gardens in the very heart of the city are curtailed first on

one side that tramways may ruin the comfort and appearance of the finest street in the world, and then, on the other, that the North British Railway may extend its borders and increase its dividends. The Caledonian Company has not been without its share, too, in the more recent destruction of the picturesque, for it has built a great handsome red stone station at the very end of Princes Street, blocking up the Castle Rock itself. Even the church has not been behind. Below the Castle, within a stone's throw of the gate to which Claverhouse rode before he left Edin-

course, the fault of Edinburgh people themselves. The civic crown offers no attractions to a future judge or to a University Professor, and the Town Council is almost entirely composed of shop-keepers, whose lack of art and letters is not counterbalanced by breadth of view or length of vision. To the Town Council Edinburgh owes one distinction—its streets are the worst paved of any city in Europe—except, possibly, Belgrade.

Edinburgh has, however, two charms which can never fail. The one its situation, with the sea before it and the

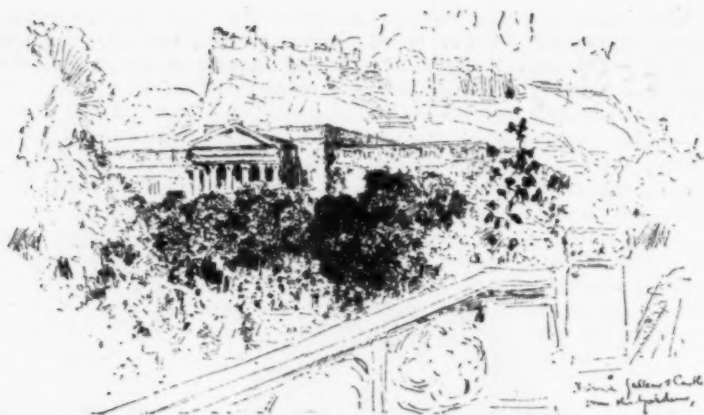


JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

burgh for ever, has stood since the Tenth century the Church of St. Cuthbert. Originally a chapel, then a simple low Gothic church, then a plain and inoffensive barn, the Saxon Saints' shrine is now replaced by a monstrous palladian theatre which some three thousand worshippers crowd every Sunday. On the other side, too, an effectual attempt has been made to detract from the beauty of the Castle and to destroy one of the literary associations of Edinburgh by the building about and around Allan Ramsay's unpretentious villa a great block of yellow-walled, red-roofed residential flats.

That such things should be is, of

mountains behind; the other its romantic history. If ever place be haunted, it must be Edinburgh. Queen Margaret, Queen Mary, the gay and gallant James IV., that strange and ill-understood James VI. and I., Knox, Moray, Montrose, Argyll, the First and Second Charles, James II., and last, Charles X. of France (the last of the Bourbons), inhabiting the rooms tenanted not so very long before by another Charles, the last of the Stuarts. Then the literary ghosts would be a strange and yet a glorious company: Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay—all of whom, as Professor Masson tells us, had their habitual residence in Edinburgh—



usher in the throng, for throng it is. Then, with Knox, comes George Buchanan. Napier of Merchiston follows to begin the line of men of science. Drummond of Hawthornden rekindles the touch of poetry, with Allan Ramsay catches smouldering; and then come David Hume, Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dugald Stewart, and so on till the greatest of them all, Sir Walter. Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner, Lord Brougham, De Quincey, Christopher North, and Carlyle, are all names inseparably associated with Edinburgh: their houses or their graves are there. And then there is, alas! another who, more than any save Sir Walter himself, was essentially an Edinburgh boy, though his grave is in another hemisphere, and it is already long since he sat in the College classrooms or sunned himself in Heriot Row. To him "her very dust was dear." "When I forget the Edinburgh street-lamps," wrote Stevenson, "may my right hand forget its cunning."

Edinburgh is still the chief seat for the administration of law in Scotland. The Supreme Court consists of thirteen Judges, who constitute five Courts of First Instance, and two co-ordinate Courts of Appeal. The Parliament House—built in the reign of Charles I., but entirely altered in the present century as regards its exterior, is one of the sights of Edinburgh. It is the place of rendezvous for counsel, agents, and suitors; and here, every day during session, some three hundred gentlemen of the long robe may be seen talking scandal, arranging golf matches, and, in the case of the minority who are so fortunate, discussing their causes. The Scottish Bench has always been a pride of Scotland, while the social position of the limbs of the law in Scotland owes much to the fact that for long it has been the custom of Scottish noble families to have at least one member in training for the Bench.





INVESTIGATIONS AT LORD'S.

WITH MR. J. A. MURDOCH.

IN June we are all thinking of cricket. There are things in the newspapers which are not cricket; but when we open our morning journal the first thing we want to know is whether Grace is up to his usual form, and how the Australians are getting on. The news-boys know their public; and though thrones should totter and ultimatums be cast abroad like confetti, the man who made 500 in an innings would be screamed from end to end of London; nor could President Kruger, or President Cleveland, or the Kaiser himself, do anything which would overshadow his glory.

It struck me to visit the Metropolis of Cricket. More than once I had visited Lord's Cricket Ground. I had sunned myself at the Eton and Harrow match. I had stood on tiptoe to catch a fleeting glimpse of the man who was fielding long leg for Oxford. But I had not investigated the business side of the Marylebone Cricket Club. I had seen the play; but I had not made the acquaintance of the stage carpenter, the acting manager, and the limelight man. That in itself, so soon as it occurred to me, was enough to make me uneasy. And so I took train one sunny morning for St. John's Wood. Lord's, when there is no match in progress, is a very solemn place. A solemn policeman met me at the gate, and said there was no play to-day. There was none. It was work—serious, solemn work. In the middle of the pitch some men were thoughtfully sprinkling water upon the turf, while another looked on critically.

At one end of the ground some batsmen at the nets were earnestly defending their wickets against the attacks of bowlers who bowled with the regularity and the disinterestedness of a Hoe machine. I walked to the Pavilion, which you doubtless know from the outside, though you may never have walked up the steps with the applause of some thousand pairs of hands in your ears, and a century to your credit. Inside the Pavilion there reigned the solemnity and decorum of a Government office. Clerks were adding up rows of figures, telegraph messengers passed silently and swiftly in and out, and in the centre of all sat Mr. J. A. Murdoch.

Mr. Murdoch no longer, I believe, plays cricket himself; but he is the cause of an immense deal of cricket in others. Living in one of the houses which fringe the ground, and passing his working life in his office in the Pavilion, he has his finger, winter and summer, on the pulse of the cricket world. Mr. Murdoch was busy when I arrived, for it was Saturday morning, and all manner of people—among them several women—were streaming in to get their wages. But he found time to show me the arrangements of the Pavilion. The ground floor is devoted mainly to offices, reading and writing rooms, and a long room in which the general meetings are held. On the walls of every room are hung cricketing pictures, photographs of elevens, of famous matches, engravings of school cricket grounds, portraits of the Presi-

dents of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and so forth. Among the most interesting are portraits of such eminent cricketers of the past as Mr. Alfred Mynn, Fuller Pitch, and Lillywhite, all of them in the regulation top-hat and duck trousers of the period. There are also several dozens of pencil sketches of the most prominent of contemporary amateurs and professionals. They were sketched by Mr. Wilson for a book which, I believe, never came to the birth. Upstairs is a hive of dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and hospitals for bats, old and new, which you might see being nursed, doctored, and treated with massage.

I asked Mr. Murdoch how many people were employed at Lord's. He gave me a blank copy of the wages sheets. The list started with something over fifty bowlers who are in the pay of the M.C.C., bowlers whose names you see day by day in the cricket reports. Then there were ground boys—who field at the nets—attendants and charwomen, besides secretaries and clerks. The whole staff numbered over a hundred.

"But all these are not working all the year round," I said.

"Not all of them," said Mr. Murdoch. "The bowlers are engaged only for the four months of the cricket season, from the beginning of May to the end of August. But a large proportion of the staff, of course, must be here always. You see, there are racquet-courts and a tennis-court, which have to be looked after. Then the winter is the time for arranging the programme of the next season's county matches, and all this involves a deal of correspondence."

"But it must entail considerable expense," I suggested. "Where does the money come from?"

"Well," said Mr. Murdoch, "practically every amateur who plays, or has ever played in first class cricket is a member of the M.C.C., and besides there are a lot of members who have a merely platonic affection for the game. Altogether there are about four thousand members, and as each pays £3 a year, you will see that the result is a respectable income. Then there is the gate money, which amounts to a pretty big sum, as you will believe if you have ever seen the crowd at the 'Varsity match. Besides that there are profits from odds and ends, such as the sale of match-cards

and so forth. Financially the M.C.C. is as sound as a bell."

"Then you never have any difficulty in sending out an eleven of the M.C.C. to play public schools and——"

"None whatever. That you will understand is the business of the Committee. But there are always plenty of gentlemen ready for a match. And as there are members of the M.C.C. in every corner of the kingdom—I might say of the world—it is easy enough to plant down an eleven where it is wanted. Then, of course, we have always plenty of spare professional players on the spot who can be sent at an hour's notice anywhere."

"The club, then, is, as it were, the M.C. of cricket?"

"The M.C.C. of cricket," corrected Mr. Murdoch, gravely.

WITH TOM HEARNE.

Thereupon I sought out Tom Hearne, the head bowler at Lord's. He was sitting peacefully in a comfortable room in the basement of the Pavilion, the walls of which were decorated with the every-day clothes of the professionals who were now toiling in the sun at the other end of the ground. On the table lay an exhausted bowler asleep.

"Your name is a pretty well known one in cricket," I remarked. "Do all the Hearnies spring from the same parent stock?"

"They all belong to one family," said Hearne, "and I may say I am the founder of the family so far as cricket is concerned. All the players of that name are sons, or grandsons, or nephews of mine."

"You could play a family eleven, I presume?"

"Yes. The Hearnies play a match every year at Ealing, where I live."

"Are you a Middlesex man?"

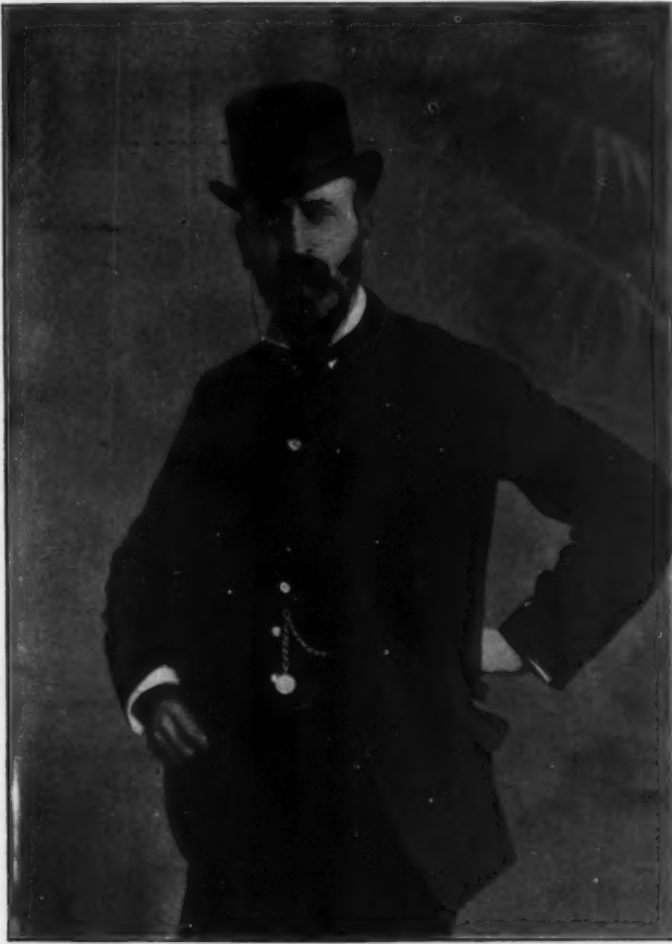
"No. The general impression is that we are a Kentish family, because the Hearnies have been rather prominent in Kentish cricket. But I was born in Hertfordshire, and used to play cricket on the Green at Chalfont St. Peter. However, I came to Ealing, and became a Middlesex man by residence. In 1857 I played in an All England match here at Lord's, and the next year I was engaged as bowler. I've been here ever since—twenty years or so as head bowler."

"And do you bowl still?" I asked, for the old age of Tom Hearne, like the old age of the gods, is fresh and green.

"Of course, I *can* bowl," said Hearne. "But it hurts me when I come down hard on this leg"—he stroked his left knee—"and my fingers get a bit numb. My business is to look after the other

"Then how do you arrange the bowler's working day?"

"They are supposed to be here at ten, and they leave at half-past six. But, of course, they are not at work all the time. We don't want to spoil our bowlers. And when a fresh man is wanted I don't send out one who has just come off."



MR. J. A. MURDOCH

From a photograph by Henry Ashdown, South Kensington

bowlers, mark the attendance-sheet, and see that the gentlemen are properly served. You see, when a gentleman comes here for practice he generally wants a particular kind of bowling to play. Say he wants a medium and a fast left-hand; well, I look around and send him out a medium and a fast left-hand."

"And supposing a player wants to go and play in an important match elsewhere, can he get off?"

"Certainly. The rule is for him to send in his name to the Committee on Monday morning, and he usually gets leave. You see the M.C.C. does all it can for the interests of cricket everywhere. In the case of a sudden sum-

mons I can give a bowler leave off myself unless he is specially wanted. That little chap over there, for instance, has just got leave to go over to Ireland to play in a match."

"Extra pay is given for matches, I suppose?"

"Of course; and the more important the match the more the professional gets. So, you see, a man is always trying to play his best, because the better he plays the more matches he has and the more he earns."

"Then cricketing is a pretty good trade?"

"It is and it isn't," said Hearne thoughtfully. "While the season lasts it's good enough, but what is the player to do with himself for the rest of the year. It's not so easy to find an employer who will let him off for four months and then take him back again. That's the mistake that a lot of these youngsters make. They haven't a trade of their own, and it's very bad for a young chap to be doing nothing for more than half the year. A good many of the north countrymen are miners—Mycroft is a miner, and works all the autumn and winter. But a lot of them simply loaf about. Now I have been a tailor all my life. I've got my business going on all the year round at Ealing, and the consequence is I've been able to live comfortably, and bring up my boys, and there's a bit to leave 'em when the umpire gives me "out."

"Do you have any trouble to keep all these men in order?"

"None at all, they're steady fellows. I'm supposed to report them to the Committee if they disobey orders, or misconduct themselves. But I don't think I've ever had to report a man. You see the men here are the pick of the profession, and they are rather proud of being at Lord's."

"I suppose Lord's to-day is an improvement on Lord's of 1857."

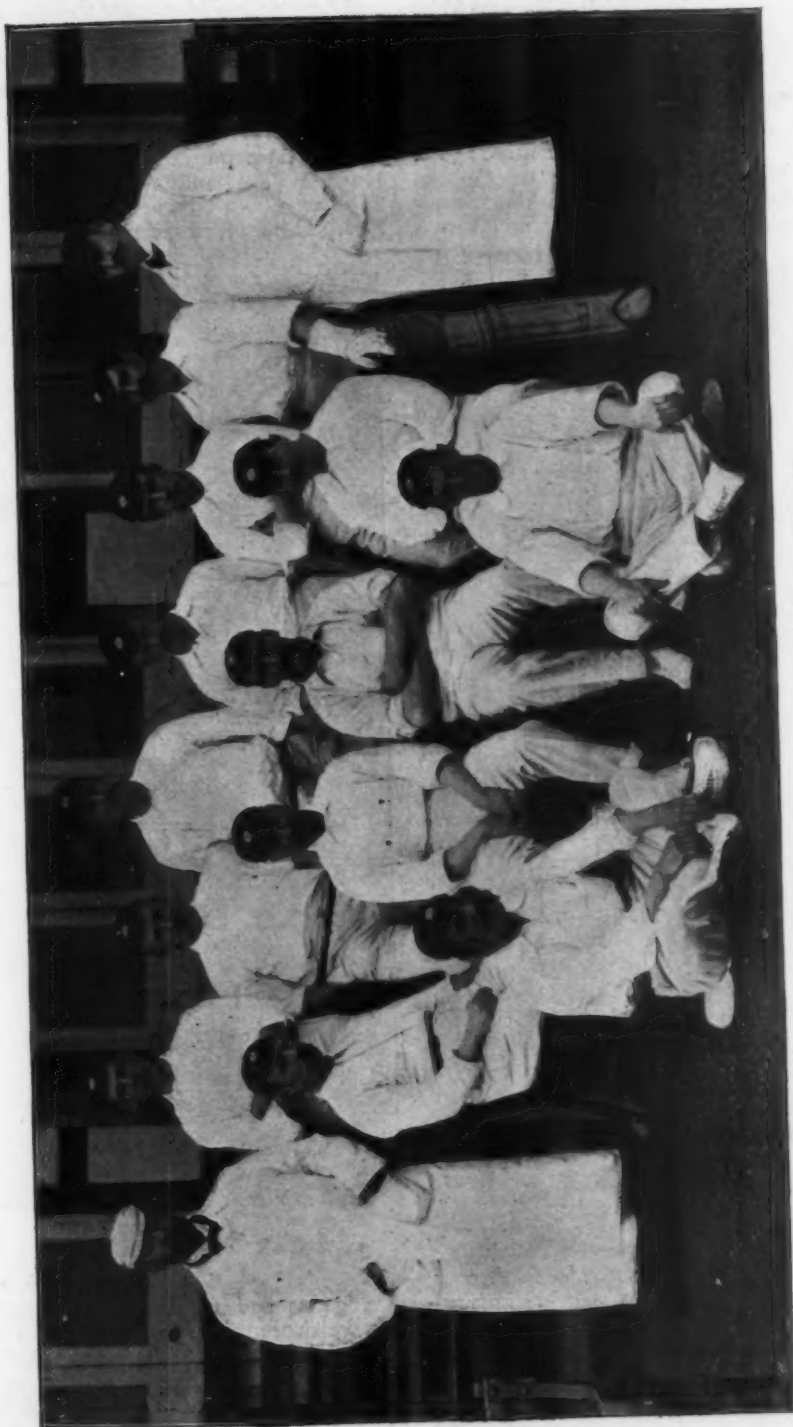
"Ah, there's a lot of changes. This Pavilion wasn't here then, only a sort of wooden shanty. And when I first came here there were only eleven bowlers employed. Now there are fifty-four. The ground then belonged to Mr. Dark. But in a few years the Marylebone Club took it over entirely."

"There is no fear of the new railway annexing Lord's?"

"O, no. It's going to run along the edge of the ground. But when it's finished we are going to have an extra bit of ground over there, and that will come in useful for the nets. No, thank, I won't drink. I was born in a public, and I wouldn't take one now if you gave it me free."

As I left the ground men were still solemnly watering the pitch, batsmen were still earnestly defending their wickets, and bowlers were still sending down their balls with the dispassionate precision of the Hoe machine. For Englishmen take their sports—not perhaps sadly—but very seriously.





THE YORKSHIRE CRICKET TEAM
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. J. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM

Theatres and Music-Halls.

VALLI-VALLI.

THE beautiful child-actress, of whom two portraits are here given, has now arrived at the mature age of seven, and in these days of the glorified amateur there are adult ladies playing leading parts who might well

she toured all over the Continent in *Morocco Bound*, and was conspicuously successful. Then she sang with her sister (whose portrait is also given), in Drury Lane pantomime. Her latest appearance was on the operatic stage at Drury Lane, where she sang in *The Lady*



VALLI-VALLI AND HER SISTER



VALLI-VALLI

From photographs by Hana, Strand

envy her her dramatic experience. At four years old she began to sing in drawing-rooms, and in 1894 she created the child's part in Austin Fryer's *Gentle Ivy*. In the same year she sang before no less a person than Patti, and the diva's delight found vent in the exclamation "O you darling, come and kiss me." Last year

of *Longford*, playing her part with an intelligence and a delicious self-possession which are things to remember. The stage-child is usually a thing to set the nerves of the sensitive upon edge, and make a misery out of what should be an enjoyment. Valli-Valli is the exception which makes you all the more despe-

rately certain that the rule needs no proving when, after seeing her, you recall other children whom you have watched upon the stage.

MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA.

Miss Marguerite Sylva, who recently made her first appearance on any stage when she appeared at the Crystal Palace in *Carmen*, is the daughter of a well-known English doctor settled in Brussels. At twelve years old she had become a clever pianist; but her ambitions were always towards the stage, and she was often punished for rehearsing before a looking-glass for her own amusement. She developed a voice, and studied under the care of the cantatrice to the Court of Holland. Finally, by the advice of

engagement to endure over a period of five years. This she accepted, with the result that her *début* at the Crystal Palace was followed by a successful appearance at Drury Lane.



MISS MARGUERITE SYLVA

THE SISTERS PERCY.

The two ladies whose heads might seem to have been severed by some remorseless tyrant, were their expression a shade less animated, are rather better known in the provinces than in London. Their first real engagement was to join a touring company organised by Mr. Harry Monkhouse to play the burlesque *Larks* throughout the country. This tour

lasted six months, and the two sisters have now rejoined Mr. Monkhouse after a lapse of several years. In the interval they have appeared at most of the variety halls,



THE SISTERS PERCY

From a photograph by W. Avenell & Co., Brighton

Sir Simeon and Lady Stuart, she came to England, and was introduced to Sir Augustus Harris. She had the good fortune to win his approbation by her singing, and was immediately offered an

and have made the inevitable trip to South Africa under the auspices of Mr. Luscombe Searelle. They have appeared in pantomime at some of the best provincial theatres, and, looking at the

photographs, you will realise that on one occasion the subject of the pantomime was *Ali Baba*. They are Americans.

MISS LETTY LIND.

It was a happy thought to make the gay and happy life of a Japanese tea-house the subject of a musical comedy, and the authors of *The Geisha*, which is

the art of being amusing, and every man who ever visited Japan and recorded his impressions in print has reserved his choicest encomiums for her. One need not have a very long memory for matters theatrical to remember a long list of pieces which were rendered delightful by Miss Letty Lind, and though London's *Geisha* is vastly too popular to be mono-



MISS LETTY LIND IN "THE GEISHA"

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey

now filling Daly's Theatre to the roof night after night, must have felt, when they made one of their English characters put on the costume and enact the part of a geisha that only Miss Letty Lind could properly carry out their intentions. The geisha, in her own country, is a lady who lives to lighten the leisure of all who can pay for the privilege of her company after dinner; she makes a business of

polished by any audience so limited as that which gathers in a tea-house, you feel it a singularly appropriate accident by which she finds herself at last in Japanese costume. Yet there is a little room for regret. A man can scarce reconcile himself, after so long a time, to a London in which it is no longer possible to hear Miss Letty Lind sing her "Tomtit" song of an evening.



ON LONDON'S RIVER
DRAWN BY H. C. SEPTING WRIGHT

With the Moonlighters.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THE moon is hiding behind two grey clouds, as though the impudence of the steamboat people in advertising her assistance without due consultation had annoyed her. One or two very young men, enlivened by the brief rest at Richmond, have already complained to the walnut-faced captain about it, and the walnut-faced captain has told them definitely that he can't help it. It's nothing to do with him. All he's got to do is to get the *Camelia* back to London Bridge before midnight and that's quite enough for him. "Don't you go worrying me about the moon," says the walnut-faced captain to the very young men, "but jest you go and join in the 'armony aft." The *Camelia*, with its awning covered deck and its red warning lamp, and its lighted saloon below, rushes on past Kew Gardens, and the people on board sniff appreciatively and say, "Now you can smell the country if you like!"

Under the awning, the transverse garden seats are full; the occupants are mostly sober young couples who show no signs of annoyance at the necessity of sitting very close to each other. At the end a large, important young man in a silk hat just a little too small for him; before him a table; on the table a tumbler of whisky and water, a wineglass containing cigars, and two exhausted fairy lamps. Near him an affected youthful lady is sipping daintily with extended little finger at a glass of port, which she replaces on the table with a wry face, as one who has been tasting medicine.

"I thank the gentleman who sung last," shouts the Chairman in the insufficient silk hat, "and I now beg to call upon a lady friend to give us a song."

Cheers from the garden seats. Cheers from the small crowd standing at the side. Faint cheers also from the other end of the steam-boat.

"Song will be entitled," bawls the Chairman, "I cannot forget the old domestead!"

The affected young lady looks up at the white awning which forms a ceiling, fixes her eye on a slight rent, and sings in a high offended voice, as one labouring under a personal grievance.

*As I pace through the manshin and
Stroll through the park
And list to the suitors galore,
My thoughts often wander, as
Thoughts sometimes will,
To the 'omestead I dwell in of yore.
For there in my child'ood—*

At the other end of the *Camelia* there is some attempt at dancing, and a short boy with a talent for whistling is giving melody to one or two couples who shuffle uneasily around the insufficient space. The couples complain of each other's want of dexterity, and point out errors in deportment, and presently they give up the game sulkily, and go to the middle and speak to a grimy, red-shirted man who has popped up out of the engine-room for a breath of air, and ask him with some acrimony how much longer it'll be before they get to London, for goodness sake. The grimy, red-shirted man replies curtly that the *Camelia* will get there all in good time; and that a steamboat ain't a swaller on the wing, and it's no use thinking it is.

*The cottage I loved, O! so well,
I recall as a child, how my parents so
mild,
There treasured (pause, and break in
voice) their own darling Nell.*

The Chair raps enthusiastically, and leads with his astonishing voice the repetition of the chorus:

*I kennot forget the old domestead,
The cottage—*

The Chair is fond of oratory, and he explains elaborately, after the lady has finished her song, that though there are professionals on board, engaged for the purpose of enhancing—if he may so term it—of enhancing the gaiety of the

trip, yet he would like it to be understood that the help of any amateur lady and gentlemen would be welcomed.

"Let us," says the Chair, oratorically, "let us never forget the old adage—the old old saying, which is as true now as it was when it was first spoke—let us never forget, I say, that ancient saying which is to the effect that—that—well, I don't remember the exact words, but I daresay you know the one I mean. Beg to call upon," adds the Chair, with something of hurry, "Mr. Tom Whiffle for a stirring recitation."

Mr. Tom Whiffle is downstairs in the saloon. He is sent for, and he comes up slowly and importantly—a heavy, middle-aged professional, wiping his lips and clearing his throat. He strides up by the side of the seats to the Chairman's table, and, resting one fist on that table, and placing his other hand in his waistcoat, he frowns in the dim light at the audience. Then, very loudly—so loudly that young couples get closer to each other for company, he announces the title, "The Bloody Hand"! Mr. Whiffle relents a little, and offers an alternative title, with an American twang, "or how Abigail Smith traced Bill Price of Californy." It is a dialect piece, and the dialect is very strong indeed; but even the dialect is not stronger than the *motif*. Bill Price of Californy, in committing one or two minor murders, was careless enough to leave the imprint of his hand on a white counterpane. Miss Smith it is who cuts this out, and by its aid tracks Mr. Bill Price down:

"Now look right yere," says Abby Smith, and she give a kinder smile,

"I guess I've got a photograph of you; Leastways, Bill Price, it's of your hand, you boundin' scorchin' skunk!"

And Bill he sorter shrunk into his shoe.

The recitation frightens everybody. When it is over, ladies shiver and say that they wish they were home. It isn't a nice time, they say, to be on the river. There's no telling what might happen. The gas lights marking the outline of the Embankment slightly reassure these, but the effects of the recitation does not quickly pass, and the Chairman, noting this, calls on a youth for a song. On Chelsea Bridge a crowd of three boys look down and cheer, and drop pebbles on the awning,

and then, with sudden change of manner, rushing to the other side assail the *Camelia* with much contumely and tell it wrathfully to go home.

The youth fixes his cap the wrong way round: spins his walking stick by the centre, rubs his chin and says loudly, "Begorra," One's worst fears are confirmed. The youth is going to sing an Irish song.

Did ye iver hear the tale, boys, of O'Brien's birthday party

When the guests thay turned the doining room inter a Donnybrook?

There was Patrick Whelan's eldest boys they shtarted first the barney,

Then everybody's head somehow got most seawairly broke.

Then Bridget O'Maloney she——

Those who have sung already are rather inclined to resent the excitement that the amateur boy shows; they look at him with an amazed air, click their lips, and turn up their coat collars and stare at the Embankment.

There is a red light in the sky over Chelsea way, and some one in the dusk says, optimistically, that he lays it's a fire. The suggestion cheers everybody. An old gentleman in a straw hat and black frock coat is obstinately in favour of Meekin's carriage works in King's Road; a boy says "what price the Stores in the Brompton Road;" and a middle-aged lady says she hopes it isn't St. James's Palace, that's all. The original discoverer, annoyed at the wild shooting says, defiantly, that if its anywhere, its jest by Sloane Square. Mate of *Camelia*, being appealed to by excited debaters, damps everybody's spirits by replying briefly, "Always there. Factory works."

"Time getting short," bawls the Chair. "I think I shall be giving voice, if I may so express myself, to the popular wish if I call upon our old friend and well known professional who has already obliged once or twice in the course of the evening—I refer" (with burst of confidence) "to my dear old friend, Banks. If my dear old friend Banks will only consent to sing my old favourite; 'Tumbling 'ome at two a.m.' I shall feel greatly obliged."

The patient pianist plays gay festive chords. Mr. Banks, youth in evening dress with carefully oiled, carefully parted, carefully flattened hair, steps

briskly up, puts on his silk hat and nods to the pianist. The Chair leans forward with elbows on table: an attitude of interest copied by others. An astonishing voice, Mr. Banks's, produced mainly through the nose: a voice calculated to rouse Vauxhall from its slumbers and to keep Nine Elms awake.

*Tumbling 'ome at two a.m.
That's the hour for us,
Each of us a perfect gem
At raising of the dust.*

Suddenly the Moon appears. The Moon's idea is to show the *Camelia* what it could have done all the evening if it had been so pleasantly minded. The passengers on board look up at the Moon and blink and seem inclined to think after all that they have not been cheated.

"What did I tell you?" asks the walnut-faced captain, confidently.

Big Ben looks down at the *Camelia* swishing along the dark river, and folk on Westminster Bridge hurrying home from the play stop a moment to rest their chins on the railings and listen to Mr. Banks. Some of the passengers are asleep, the hour being past their usual bed time, and their companions use main force and violence to arouse them.

"James dear. Wake up, why don't you? 'Ere's London, and we're nearly home. Do wake up and take your foot off my dress, there's a dear. You've bin fast asleep this 'alf hour."

James rubs his eyes and asks all in one word "Whereami?"

"Oh, never mind where you are dear, but do wake up and keep awake. If it 'adn't been for me you would have slept on till Domesday!"



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE

DRAWN BY CHARLES WILKINSON

"My First Appearance."

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

I.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

"ALL I can remember in regard to my First Appearance," said Mr. George Alexander, "is that I knew very few of my words when I got on the stage, and made up my mind to retire from it altogether after the performance. Perhaps some of your readers will express the wish that I had not changed my mind!"

I replied that I felt quite positive no reader of THE LUDGATE would be guilty of such a heresy. Then "the handsomest eyes in London" smiled, and Mr. Alexander consented to tell me the how and the why of his going on the stage.

"I was born at Reading, in 1858," he said, "my father being Scotch and my mother English. At the age of ten I was sent to Dr. Benham's school at Clifton, but on my father returning to Scotland in 1872 I commenced to attend the High School at Stirling. While I was still a scholar there took place my initial appearance, as the saying goes, 'on any stage.' This happened at beautiful Bridge-of-Allan, at the house of the late Mr. Davenport Adams. His son, since well-known as a dramatic critic, was the author of a classical

burlesque entitled *Jupiter Ager*. I was offered, and accepted, a small part in its production by a band of amateurs at his father's house, and this experience, trifling though it was, served to kindle

in me a burning desire for histrionic distinction. I was fifteen years of age at the time, and at seventeen I left Stirling and was sent to Edinburgh to take up the study of medicine.

"Frankly, I didn't like it the least little bit in the world, and I said so. Without direct intervention of my own, however, my father altered his mind about my career, and after a couple of terms in the Scottish capital I proceeded to London and entered the office of a silk mercer, a friend of my father's. Once in the Metropolis, of course, I was enabled to indulge my bent for theatre-going to the full, so that I speedily developed into a first-nighter of the most pronounced and persistent type. How far the varied experience so gained may have

moulded my own methods as an actor, I leave you to judge."

Here let me interrupt Mr. Alexander's interesting narrative for a moment to mention how generous he is and can be



MR. ALEXANDER IN "SCHOOL"
From a photograph by H. Vandyk, Liverpool

when speaking of the much-belittled amateur actor. In his last Presidential Address to the George Alexander Dramatic Society at Leeds he took occasion to say:

"I am sufficiently young to be one of the actors who studied in the amateur school. For many years before I became a professional actor I devoted every hour I could steal from the commercial pursuits in which I was engaged—and which I studiously neglected—to the study of the stage; and blossoming into an amateur, I learned a great deal from the aid which the clubs to which I belonged obtained from professional coaches. Speaking from my own experience, one of the first pieces of advice I would give to any amateur dramatic club is, that the best available professional 'coach' should be called in as stage manager. From the old theatrical hand more can be learnt in a couple of hours than will come in weeks

spent in the difficult task of finding things out for oneself. In the course of time the pupil may outstrip his master, but he will ever be thankful for a good grounding in the rudiments of his education."

"The Thames Rowing Club," continued Mr. Alexander, "of which I became a member, is, as you know, great on amateur theatricals. In their company, my Charles Courtley in *London Assurance*, and my Jack Wyatt in *The Two Roses*, were, I think, two of my best assumptions. But I will never forget what I owed, as Charles Courtley, to Mr. Henry Neville, while I would

also find record my indebtedness to the late John Clarke and the late Horace Wigan; not to mention the kindness of Major Knox-Holmes, the genial 'Canterbury Stroller.' I had many laughable adventures as an amateur—notably once in *Hamlet*, when the wigs failed to arrive, while the prompt-man added to the general confusion and terror by making the clock of Elsinore Castle strike fourteen!"—and Mr. Alexander left off to laugh heartily at the recollection.

"But you will be wanting me to hurry on to my professional *début*. I was by this time fairly well known as an amateur, and in 1879 was asked to take part in *The Critic*, as played at Cromwell House under the auspices of Lady Freake. Mr. F. C. Burnand and the late Mr. Samuel Brandram both took part in the performance, which was one of the greatest successes that has ever fallen to a band of amateurs. This was the turning-point in my



MR. ALEXANDER AS "FAUST"
From a photograph by Window and Groves

life. People were exceedingly kind to me, notably Mrs. Stephens, once so celebrated herself. Therefore, on a night in September, 1879, I 'took the plunge' by appearing at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's *The Snowball*."

It may be added that Mr. Alexander signed himself "George Alexander Gibb Samson" until the period of the Nottingham engagement. Then, acting on the advice of the agent who negotiated that engagement, and unlike his friend, Mr. Jones, when advised to be known as Mr. "Henry Arthur," he deleted the "Gibb Samson," and appeared to the world as



MR. ALEXANDER IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST"

From a photograph by Alfred Ellis

George Alexander. One wonders whether a performance before her Majesty at Balmoral was included in those youthful dreams of his. From playing Faust to Irving's Mephistopheles to the management of the St. James's Theatre was but a step, and the rest was to follow. His stay with Sir Henry at the Lyceum he remembers with the utmost delight,

speaking of his old chief as his "master and friend." Yet, I fancy he would impress upon you, as he did upon me, that the actor's life is not entirely a bed of roses.

Mr. Alexander is one of the few prominent actors who wooed and won his wife outside the profession. He married in 1882 Miss Florence Theleur.



SHOPPING

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON



THANKLESS DAD.

TWO short weeks back Lucinda came to town, eager to buy new garments, to see fresh sights, and to cram into a month the pleasures of a year. To put the matter in her own words:

"As the only child of a widowed country rector, I must be grave and decorous for eleven months of the twelve: an you love me, let me be gay for a little."

So we dissipated for a space. The hansom knew us, as did the front seats of 'buses, the green chairs in the Park, the Queen's Hall Concerts, and the lighter pieces at the theatres. Our noses were flattened against the Regent Street shop-windows, where Lucinda had her pocket picked of a purse containing one and threepence, the purchase of a new French hat but a few moments earlier having providentially reduced the girl's available cash to that low ebb. The head-gear thus proved, as Lucinda cheerfully remarked, a clear saving of money.

One Tuesday evening Lucinda had returned glowing with delight from what she deemed a heavenly day on the Blair-Houghton's houseboat at Cookham. She had tossed off her hat—the new one, whose scarlet poppies framed her dark curling hair to perfection—had thrown herself among the cushions of the studio throne, and had just begun in most ecstatic mood to recount the glories of her visit when a letter was brought to her.

"It's from Dad," she said, looking up from the perusal with dolorous countenance. "And he wants me to engage rooms for him. He is coming up for the Meetings at Exeter Hall."

"He must come to us," was the

simultaneous exclamation of Mr. Babbington-Bright and myself.

"O, no, dear people, that would never do. You don't know Dad, he is an awful worry; even at home, where everybody studies him, he is always in a fidget; and in town he would be quite an inflection. He is a dear old Dad, you know," she added apologetically, "only he is a little difficult to please."

"But, Lucinda, dear, we would be so glad to try to make him comfortable," we pleaded. "Our household goes so smoothly and the maids are so attentive: he could have no possible objection to our menage."

"Would you really like to know your shortcomings from Dad's point of view?" retorted Lucinda, demurely. "Well, first of all, Mr. Babbington-Bright, you smoke."

"Admitted," responded my husband blowing a smoke-ring.

"Well, Dad can't breathe in a room that smells even the very least of tobacco."

"I'll knock off indoors for a week, and confine operations to the balcony."

"Then," here Lucinda looked mischievous, "you don't say grace before meat, and—that sort of thing; and when you took me to church on Sunday, the pew-opener wished to escort you to the seats reserved for visitors, and not until you had explanations would he allow you to take possession of your own pew. Now, Dad——"

"Say no more, my child," exclaimed the convicted sinner resignedly, "but begin your quest at once."

And assuredly to judge from Mr. Santhem's lists of requirements three days were all-too few wherein to find a dwelling with the desired qualifications.

The lodgings must have a southern exposure, must be airy yet free from draughts, must be without other lodgers or children, must be near a good church and a trustworthy physician, and must be within easy access of the District Railway and a 'bus route. Moreover, the cooking must be perfect and the attendance must be skilled; there must be a hot-and-cold bath adjoining the rooms, and the landlady must produce a sanitary certificate that the drains are in good order. Armed with a list of advertisements clipped from the local journal, Lucinda and I sallied forth next morning on our voyage of discovery.

One notice made special reference to the superior nature of the accommodation, as also of the large secluded garden. So to Delsarte Villa we hied first. It proved to be a small semi-detached house in a dull road. We hesitated, wavered, and finally knocked. The door was opened by a general servant, dishevelled of aspect and garrulous of tongue. A bang of untidy hair hung over her face; on the "bun" at the back of her head was perched a small, grimy cap, with long streamers. This badge of servitude was fastened to her hair with an immense pin whose ends protruded on either side her face. She welcomed us with volubility, and stated that, in the absence of her mistress, she would have great pleasure in showing us the rooms.

"This here is the droring-room." It was a small, stuffy place, crammed with furniture. The sofa and all the chairs were draped in turkey-red chintz, whereon many gay scenes were depicted in lively hues. On a table in the window was a stuffed dog covered with a glass shade. The hearthrug bore a noble representation of a lion-hunt, and words cannot express the ornate glow of the wall paper. The maid gazed round with an air of proud proprietary. "It is a sweet pretty room, ain't it? Missus don't 'ave the windows open because of the durst. it do blow in so."

Edging past a hall-stand that supported two mothly foxes upholding a waste-paper basket, we ascended the narrow steps to view a poky chamber, whose entire floor space was well-nigh occupied with a giant wardrobe, an antiquated boot-jack, and a mahogany four-poster with faded damask curtains. Two texts, and a case of stuffed fish adorned the walls. From the

window we caught a glimpse of a patch of grass bordered by a brick wall in whose shade languished a few miserable shrubs; while at the further end three cats quarrelled over a fish-bone.

"That's the garding, miss. O! it is a beautiful place of an evenink." I fear we seemed a trifle unresponsive, for as we followed her down the stair, the maid felt it incumbent to burst into a flood of loquacious recommendation.

"I've bin in 'eaps of places 'fore I come 'ere, an' I never was in sich an 'appy 'ome. Them that comes 'ere is sure to like it. It's an 'appy 'ome, an' it's only thirty shillings a week."

"Are there any extras?" queried Lucinda, who evidently thought it necessary to express some interest.

"Well, Miss, there's gas, that's sixpence a burner, an' kitching fire 'alf-a-crown a week, and bed an' table-linings—"

"Is the cooking good?" we asked.

"Yes, miss, it is," decidedly and with an assumption of dignity, "I does the cooking."

Then relapsing into her early manner: "An' I does love work. I never feels 'appy hidle."

Possibly we looked incredulous; more probably the fact that the rooms she had shown us needed her ministrations badly occurred to her, for she added, hurriedly:

"I ham a bit behind this morning, owin' to being hout larst night; but most days I'm done by now."

And when we had shaken the dust of Delsarte Villa off our feet, her assurances that, did we return later, we would find her mistress at home, followed us down the street.

Canute Road was the next address on our list, and five minutes later we sat curiously scanning the contents of the reception room at No. 217. It was the common or villa drawing-room. Stalky palms, with their limbs decently draped in petticoats of crinkley paper, stood in corners. Knots of ribbon bound up the spars of little gilt chairs; photographs of ladies of the ballet were dotted about on small tables.

The rustle of a silk skirt, a whiff of patchouli, and the hostess entered the room. She had passed the bloom of youth, but her locks were golden still, and powder tenderly veiled the cruel ruts worn by the passage of time. Her tones were French, and her stockings tartan.

"Good-morning, madame. Pardon my asking if you require ze rooms for a lady or a gentleman. I mouch prefer ze gentleman."

We wanted lodgings for a gentleman, and said so. The rooms shown were quite suitable. Our insurmountable objection was to their owner, but it would have been difficult to convey that fact to her. So, temporising, we left. Drawing a deep breath when we got outside, Lucinda exclaimed:

"Fancy poor Dad in that siren's clutches! Ugh! come away!"

Our next venture introduced us to a German matron, plump, elderly, and capable. Her house was cheerful and clean, and Lucinda was on the point of arranging terms, when Providence intervened. A distant rumble and a piercing whistle was followed by a jarring noise that shook the house. As we listened, aghast with vague visions of earthquakes, the landlady observed placidly: "Ach! you hear de trains. Dey do pass at de foot of de garden here."

"O! that dreadful noise would kill Father in a night. He is so nervous," gasped Lucinda.

The good Frau smiled complacently. "De gentlemens not notice dem. One goot friendt has slept here dis dree, four year. He say dey not disturb him ever."

Time fails to tell of the abode of the drunken housewife; of the house redolent of paraffin oil; of the pleasant villa whereof the drains were up—"Not," averred its mistress, "because there is anything wrong. O, no! But just that I like to satisfy myself;" or to mention the apartments whose owner kept a Kindergarten on the ground floor. Suffice it to say that we were dismally retracing our steps homeward, when a chance inquiry at the baker's elicited the information that No. 74 in our own road had admirable lodgings to let. We surveyed them in the light of Mr. Santhem's requirements. There was a sunny sitting-

room, an airy bedroom with dressing-room attached, no other lodgers, no children, the landlady in person superintended the cooking, and so on to the pleasant end of the whole chapter.

Lucinda was so overjoyed that she let off steam by wiring to her parent "Eldorado found," a message that mystified the reverend Anthony most completely.

When Wednesday evening came Lucinda started triumphantly for the terminus, to meet her father and escort him to his haven. She got back just in time for dinner with her spirits damped.

"Does Mr. Santhem like the rooms?" we asked.

"Ye—es, but there is a laburnum in bloom in the front plot. I had quite forgotten that the perfume always gives him a headache."

"But that is merely an imaginary objection. Don't let it worry you."

"Well, I won't," said Lucinda brightening. "There was a cosy dinner ready for him. I left him weighing out his quantity of fried sole. You know he weighs all his food in a pair of scales he carries about with him, and as he believes talking bad for digestion I came away. O! and, Mrs. Babbington-Bright, he asked me to thank you so much for sending him down the wine jelly, but he never takes liquor in any form."

Early next morning a persistent knocking at my bedroom door aroused me, and I had a hurried talk with Lucinda on the landing.

"I've had a note from Father. He is quite upset, has had no sleep all night. There was a clock that ticked in his room, and at dawn a cock began crowing somewhere. He wants me to start home with him to-day. He thinks another night in London will kill him; and I'm off at once to do his packing."

"Poor little girl," murmured Mr. Babbington-Bright, as we heard the hall-door softly close behind her.

"Selfish old wretch," said I.

MURIEL BABINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

SINCE June is here summer may fairly be said to have begun; though May brought many charming foretastes of it. Cool and neat-looking for summer are white and cream-coloured alpacas. One worthy Henley is trimmed with narrow bands of shot silk, that look like ribbon, in navy-blue and fawn. Each of these bands is edged with black chain stitching, and is finished off top and bottom with military twirls of the stitching, so that the effect is exactly that of braiding. Bands of silk like this run down the coat bodice behind; a shorter one in the middle, and longer ones curving with the bodice seams on either side. Similar bands decorate each side of the skirt and edge its hem in front, while at the foot where side-seam and hem meet there is a pretty scroll-like device in the shot-silk and black stitching. The coat-bodice in front is supplemented by a vest of white ondine silk, with a cascade of creamy lace down the front. Square-shaped epaulette pieces edged with the silk band stand out over either sleeve. With this is a dead white straw toque trimmed with rosettes of navy-blue tulle, and bunches of mignonette would look well. Another pretty alpaca gown in cream-colour has a plain skirt, and a blouse bodice of printed gauze of rather large pattern in deep purple and gold tints. Rounded bits of alpaca resembling a zouave appear under each arm, but reveal the gauze bodice most fully both back and front. Quaintly-cut epaulettes of the alpaca stand out over the gauze sleeves, while a deep piece of creamy embroidery falls over the neck-band behind, and arranges itself in a cascade on either side of the bodice in front. A bow of the gauze under the chin and a broad black satin folded belt complete this costume. A gold-coloured straw hat, wide-brimmed and wreathed in black and white tulle, whence a few tall purple irises would rise at one side, might fittingly accompany this dress.

For simple morning wear grey and fawn alpacas are exceeding useful. A grey coat and vest with military braiding in white, and a vest of white pique with pearl buttons, cut away to reveal a white stand-up collar and a bow-tie of pale green brocade, is very neat and workmanlike; whilst a short fawn coat, with its full brief basque lined with pink silk, worn with a plain skirt and a vest of transparent open-worked grass lawn mounted on pink silk, is dainty and demure.

Our first illustration shows a pretty chiné silk gown, with irregular spots in shaded greens strewn on a maize silk ground. Two frills of gathered green satin ribbon edge the skirt. Braces and belt of green satin ribbon relieve the bodice, and fall thence in long ends over the skirt. The neck-band is of dark green satin, and the fichu of the loveliest, creamiest chiffon, fastened under large rosettes of green satin ribbon. Where the pretty sheath-like cuff opens out over the hand, it reveals a dark-green satin lining. The cream straw hat has a green satin crown, from beneath which Gloire de Dijon roses with glossy dark green leaves look out, a single creamy rose rests on the hair, and two tall shaded plumes stand up at one side.

Gauze blouses are perhaps the newest. Grass lawn is amazing popular, but the low prices whereat it is already sold foretell an early and a quick decay. Printed gauze is more delicate and expensive, and will thus retain its distinction longer. One of these, of a sombre pattern in dull reds and greens, has a broad, deep shoulder collar of black gauze with appliqué of cream guipure edged with iridescent sequins. The drooping shape of the collar, the quaint fall of the wide sleeve, remind one of the modes of Charles I. reign, and particularly of the charming portrait of Henrietta Maria in Dulwich Gallery.

The blouse in our next illustration is of chiné gauze, with an irregular device

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

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CHINE SILK GOWN WITH CHIFFON FICHU

in pale pink on a pale blue ground. Black dots strewn all over it accentuate its delicacy, and the yoke and vest of embroidered guipure strewn with sequins of all shades, and mounted on pink satin, give richness and style to the garment. The cuffs and quaint outstanding collar are edged with quillings

of cream-coloured gauze, whilst the wide folded belt is of black satin. The cream straw hat is trimmed with shaded pink roses, and the brim is lined with pleated black gauze with appliqué of creamy guipure. Tall black and cream ospreys give the necessary touch of height.

Quite delightful is a gauze blouse

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NEW BLOUSE

with black satin stripes running horizontally across a maize-coloured ground. The blouse is drawn and ruffled about the neck; a bit of broad black satin ribbon forms the neck-band, and ruffings of the gauze rise above it. A circular frill of black satin ribbon edged both above and below with cream guipure

passes round the shoulders both back and front. But grass lawn, in spite of its popularity, is not to be despised. It is a charming material: light, durable, and becoming, especially when combined with some colour. Pretty skirts of grass lawn are being made with Valenciennes insertion crossing them at intervals

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A great deal. For instance, no good Cyclist would dream of riding a wheel that did not bear the name of that celebrated American wheel, the

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all the way up to the waist. These are usually lined with silk, say pink, and if worn with a silk blouse to match the lining are charming. The grass lawn cut out, and worked with white looks well if lined with pale green, and worn with a broad yoke collar of cream guipure laid over with pale green satin. Grass lawn with a white satin stripe, and made up with wide white satin bows at the neck and waist, and, perhaps, a fichu of white chiffon or net is excellent for young girls, whose fresh delicate colouring will be enhanced by these neutral tints.

Loose-backed jackets are full of temptations, and the home-made abominations one sees are truly awful. The whole secret of a loose-backed jacket is that it should hang in rather than hang out. It requires extra breadth across the shoulders, so that the straight portion below should by force of contrast hint agreeably at the waist. A loose-backed theatre jacket is useful because the largeness of the sleeves, and the lack of actual waist make it easily slipped on and off. A pretty one is of creamy guipure hanging over a shot fawn silk. The huge bishop sleeves are of fawn brocade o'er-twined with tiny roses. The yoke is of the brocade, and the stiff stand-out collar and turned-back cuffs are of guipure over pink satin.

A lovely and cool-looking dinner gown for a young girl is of pale green moiré shot with silver. It has a loose front of fine guipure strewn with diamonds. A triangle of pale green chiffon rosettes, one on either side of the bust, and one in the centre of the waist, is the only other decoration.

The most curious and interesting fashion this year is that which demands

an excrescence of some sort under either ear. Sometimes rosettes are placed there, sometimes the lace frill round the neck hangs out in a special peak there, or, again, the collar curves out into a square stiff tab on either side. Occasionally, if well managed, this little eccentricity has its graces, but still it is an eccentricity, and, as such, had best be avoided by the average women. Another note of the year is the tightened sleeve and the way it expands bell-like over the hand. This is rather a pretty fashion, and if the sleeve is slit up to permit an inner lace ruffle to escape, or a dainty silk or chiffon lining to reveal itself, all the better.

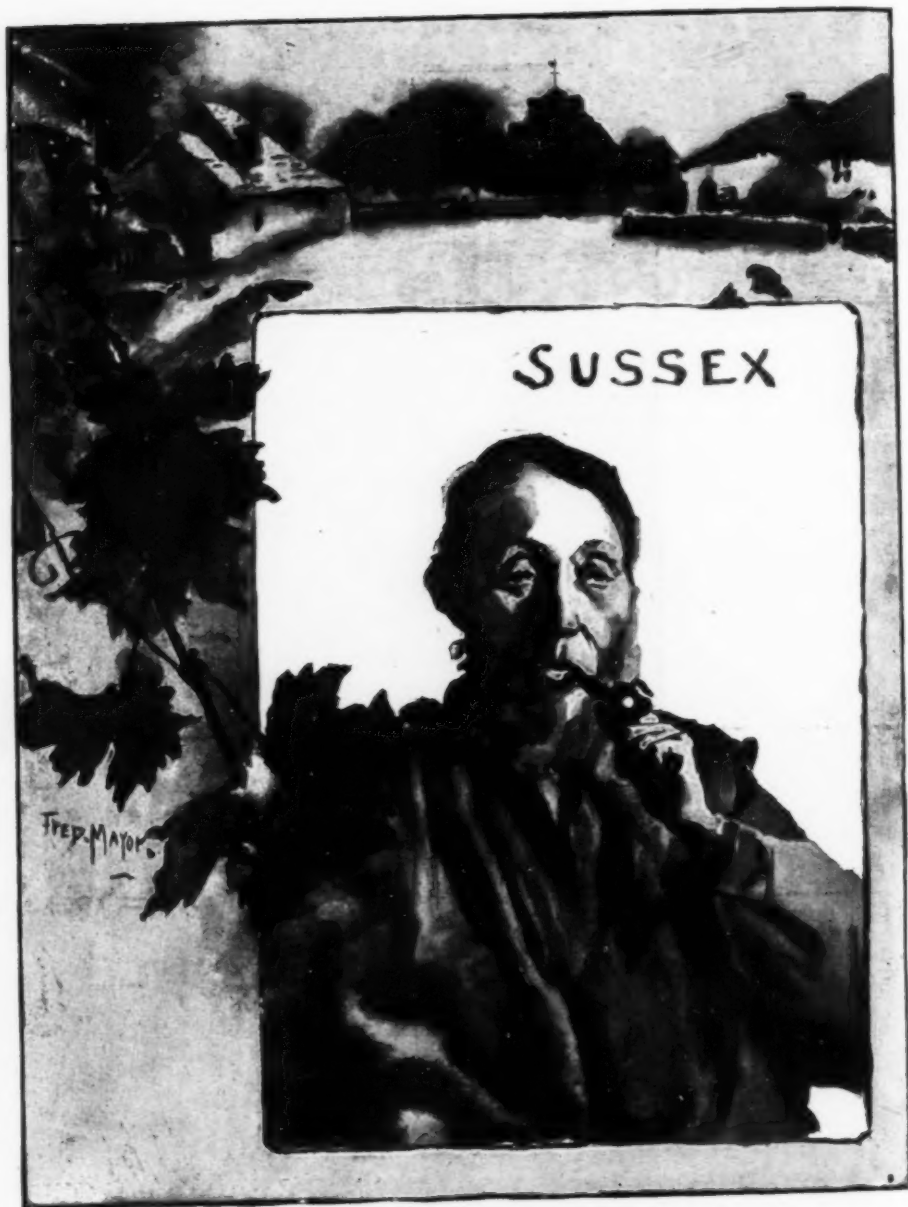
The figaro jacket is not yet dead, but combines itself in all sorts of unexpected ways with other things. For instance, a novel cape is one that forms itself into a rounded zouave in front. In black velvet, absolutely plain, save for its sumptuous brocade lining in white and dove-grey that reveals itself only in the high collar that stands up and back a little, and in the occasional flutter of the cape behind, its very simplicity gives it distinction. Very pretty and neat is a tailor-made costume in blue grey canvas. The skirt is plain, the bodice has square-cut zouave fronts and quite tight sleeves, but over either sleeve fall two full cape-like portions of the cloth edged only with machine-stitching. The zouave bodice has no collar, and is worn over a pretty blouse of soft creamy silk with a high neckband topped by a full soft frill of chiffon. Round the waist is a broad black satin ribbon that hangs in long ends at one side. White gloves, a white sailor hat, and a black en-tout-cas complete this severely simple costume.





BEAUTY AND THE BEAST





THE HOME COUNTIES.—II. SUSSEX

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6 JUL
1896
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CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman; containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PEMRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of his surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and go with him to Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, now in the hands of the Royalists. But it is recaptured, and the Royalists mostly imprisoned. Barbara, Langford's sweetheart, proposes that they shall emigrate to Virginia and buy an estate.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL.

ASTROLOGERS have told us that the destinies of men are interwoven with the courses of the stars: a thing at once difficult to believe, and hard to disbelieve. Certainly there have been fateful times and days, whose

recurrence has been rare as the slow unalterable revolution of the zodiac. Even Cromwell himself, who was so firmly persuaded—in his more perfervid moments—that he was no more than the tool of a lively and interfering Providence, wrought all his greatest deeds on his lucky date of the third of September: whereon also he was born, and whereon he died.

In the same manner, it seemed to me that the eighteenth of April was certainly charged with evil significations. 'Twas the date King Charles had first fixed for the Penruddock rising: and his messenger, baffled by wind and wave, only arrived in time to disorder all arrangements. Now, upon that very day, the leader of the insurrection and the most of his party were put on trial of their life. And in my own case, no sooner had my wedding been devised for the same day, than dire misfortune fell upon me, and at the time I should have stood at the altar rails—I scarce could think of it—there was I wedged cheek by jowl with that wild freebooter, Jacobus, in the dense crowd that packed to bursting the Guildhall at Exeter.

The Guildhall was an arched chamber, great and wide: the brackets at the springing of the arches were carved into caryatides from the bestiaries: and at intervals along the cornice were stuck painted armorial shields. Across the upper end ran the dais, where Judge Nicholas, in scarlet and ermine, sat in his great chair to judge the men who had but yesterday spared his life—for Nicholas had been the fellow of Chief Justice Rolles at Salisbury. On either side of him were seated some gentlemen of the county, among whom was Steel, the Recorder. Below, upon the counsels' benches, between the dais and the prisoners' dock, sat Attorney-General Prideaux and Sergeant Glyn. In the dock stood Sir John Penruddock and twenty or thirty of his following, among whom I recognised some of my own men, labourers on my estate.

The commission of oyer and terminer having been read, and the usual formalities concluded, the Attorney-General stood up to read the indictment of high treason. The prisoners were then asked to plead guilty or not guilty. Whereupon Penruddock, who was spokesman throughout, disputed the legality of the indictment itself, and demanded counsel

to conduct his case. This request was refused him, and he was again required to plead, on pain of having sentence passed then and there. "If I plead, shall I have counsel allowed me?" asked Penruddock. "The Court makes no bargains," returned the Attorney-General. The rest of the prisoners here persuaded Penruddock to plead not guilty: which he did, and again demanded counsel, which was again refused him.

"Sir," said Penruddock, "*durus est hic sermo*, 'tis no more than I expected from you: but rather than I will be taken off unheard, I will make my own defence as well as I can."

We also had come with sad enough expectations; they began to be confirmed; and thenceforward throughout the whole five hours occupied by the trial we endured the spectacle of a brave man foredoomed, but fighting to the last.

The jurors were then called: there were five-and-thirty of them; out of whom Penruddock challenged twenty-four. Thus the jury entered their gallery a man short: and it was characteristic of the whole proceedings, that the irregularity was considered too trifling to remark upon. All the prisoners except Penruddock were then marched out, leaving the Colonel to take his trial alone. The jurors being sworn, the indictment was read out once more, and Penruddock was asked if he had any exceptions to make, whereupon he repeated his former plea, that the prosecution was illegal *in toto composito*. This was his impregnable defence throughout: "Just as his sacred majesty Charles First confronted the regicides with the unanswerable proposition that there was no law in existence under which he, the King, might be arraigned, there can be no treason against a protector," said Penruddock. The validity of the plea was again denied by Recorder Steel, who was moved by sheer malice to take part in the case, for his legal status did not entitle him to address the prisoner: and Sergeant Glyn, a tall, sharp-faced man, with slanting eyebrows, rose, and said; "Sir, you are peremptory, you strike at the Government: you will fare never a whit the better for this speech: speak as to any particular exception you have to this indictment."

Penruddock replied that the enactments concerning high treason referred

to the King, for whom, and not against whom, he had acted: if there were any statute authorising his indictment, he requested to have it read. The Attorney-General answered that Penruddock had not behaved himself in such a manner as to incline the Court to grant favours. At that, Penruddock demanded it as his right: and upon this being refused him, renewed his request on behalf of the jury.

"Sir, the jury ought to be satisfied with what hath been already said, and so might you too," said the Attorney-General.

"Sir, I thank you," returned Penruddock, "you now tell me what I must trust to;" and indeed, it was plain enough.

The Attorney-General, a dark, bullying fellow with a red curved nose, then made a large speech, aggravating the offence, falsely stating that Penruddock had been four years in France, when he held a correspondence with the King his master, whom Mr. Prideaux sacrilegiously described as a debauched, lewd young man: that Penruddock had endeavoured to engage the nation in another bloody war: and that if he had not been timely prevented, he had thus destroyed the jurors and their whole families. At this point the prisoner interrupted the glib counsel for the Government.

"Mr. Attorney," said he, "you have been heretofore of counsel for me: you then made my case better than indeed it was. I see you have the faculty to make men to believe falsehoods to be truth, too."

"Sir," retorted Prideaux, truculently, "you interrupt me: you said but now you were a gentleman!"

"I have been thought worthy heretofore to sit on the bench, though now I am at the bar," returned Penruddock; and allowed the Attorney-General to complete his bitter, nonsensical speech, and to call witnesses.

Then Penruddock spoke again.

"Sir, you have put me in a bear's skin, now you will bait me with a witness." He turned half round, scanning the faces of the silent crowd in the body of the Court; then, raising his arm with a sudden, imperious gesture, Penruddock cried out in a great voice: "But I see the face of a gentleman here in Court—I mean Captain Crook—whose

conscience can tell him that I had articles from him which ought to have kept me from hence!"

A little to the left of where we were sitting, Crook rose in his place: a huge, heavy-shouldered, black-avized man, his face went the colour of clay, and his glass-green eyes glistened like a cat's eyes in the dark as he stared at his accuser. Every head craned to look at him: there was a rustle and motion as those behind stood up—then, for a full minute, a breathing silence. Penruddock leaned back against the rail of the dock, his dark face frowning and smiling at the forsworn Captain of Dragoons, who stood dumb as a beast before him. Twice Crook essayed to speak: then he put his hand to his throat and sat down without uttering a word. A murmur went up from the people as Penruddock turned his shoulder and looked at Judge Nicholas. He had won his case in that moment, had not the jury been packed, and had not Cromwell sent down his lawyers with orders to hang the malignants. But the craven judge held down his head over his notes. When Penruddock appealed to him he answered never a word. 'Twas a pitiful exhibition: a straw mammet would have administered as much justice, with infinitely more dignity.

Jacobus, at my side, crossed over his right hand and clasped the hilt of his rapier, bowing forward a moment: then he sat upright again with a composed countenance. Some days afterwards I asked him what it was he did, and Jacobus told me that he then took an oath upon the Holy Iron, swearing by God and the Mother of God to slay Crook before the week was out. Most persons, I suppose, would have been content to make a quiet resolution to cut the Captain's throat at a good opportunity without this splendid formality: but Jacobus liked to order his little affairs with all the pomp attainable.

The Attorney-General then called, as witness, Dove, the lachrymose Sheriff of Salisbury, who did no more than complain that Penruddock's men had handled him with violence, one of them "running him through the side with a carabine"—an impossible feat. Other witnesses having been called, some of whose evidence went against the prosecution, proving that Penruddock, besides pro-



"WE RAN LIKE HARES, DOUBLING AND TWISTING BACK TO OUR INN"

claiming the King, had likewise proclaimed the Protestant religion and privilege of Parliaments, the Attorney-General made a second speech, in which he directed the jury to bring in the prisoner guilty.

Penruddock then began to address the jury in his own defence: if Captain Crook, said he, had never promised him pardon in exchange for his surrender—upon which supposition the Court was proceeding—why had Crook, in Penruddock's presence, recounted the circum-

stance to his commanding officer, Major Butler of Salisbury: adding that he had refused money offered him by Penruddock to fulfil his conditions. For Penruddock, finding Captain Crook unsteady and mercenary, had proffered him a bribe of five hundred pounds: which was doubtless what Crook had at first intended he should do: but in the event, found it more profitable to forego. Immediately upon his refusal, some of the troopers, having gotten wind of the affair, mutinied, and were disbanded

"for defending these conditions of ours," said Penruddock. "But let that pass, and henceforward, instead of life, liberty and estate, which were the artifices agreed upon, let drawing, hanging and quartering bear the denomination of Captain Crook's articles!"

There was a brief noise of applause at the back of the Court: and turning, we perceived it arose from a knot of red-coated troopers, doubtless the honest soldiers in question. Penruddock then went on to enlarge upon his original plea with an excellent eloquence.

"There can be no treason but against the King, the law knows no such person as a Protector. Gentlemen, look upon me, I am the image of my Creator, and that stamp of His which is in my visage is not to be defaced without an account given wherefore it was. . . . The law which I am now tried by is no law, but what is cut out by the point of a rebellious sword: and the sheets in which they are recorded, being varnished with the moisture of an eloquent tongue, if you look not well to't, may chance to serve for some of your shrouds. . . . You can, at most, make but a riot of this," he concluded. "Consider of it, and the Lord direct you for the best."

The jury then left the court: soon after they were gone, the great clock of the cathedral chimed three-quarters past four, and, after an interval incredibly tedious, they entered again as it tolled five, and gave the verdict, Guilty.

"The Lord forgive you," said Sir John Penruddock, solemnly, "for you know not what you do."

The mockery was over: all rose to leave the court. It is matter of history how that on the Monday following Sergeant Glyn sentenced almost all the prisoners to death: that some were afterwards reprieved and sold in Barbadoes, while three or four were acquitted: and how Sir John Penruddock and Sir Hugh Grove were beheaded at Exeter on May 16th following.

Jacobus and I pressed through the dispersing crowd, and about half way down the High Street fell into step one on either side of Captain Crook. Jacobus rounded him in the ear.

"Crook, y'are a damned villain," said he, in a low voice. "Do not raise your voice nor attempt to escape, or we will stab you out of hand. I challenge you to a fair duello. I have no time for

punctilios and preliminaries, nor, I take leave to say, are you so much the gentleman as to stand upon so much ceremony. Settle your weapons here, and now, and appoint a place of meeting for to-night or to-morrow betimes."

Crook turned a dusky visage quickly upon us: but, perceiving that resistance was dangerous, he merely quickened his pace.

"What the devil is this insolence," he demanded. "And who are ye?"

"That is nothing to the purpose, quoth Jacobus. 'Tis sufficient for you to know that I am a man that hath taken a fancy to fight you, will-ye, nill-ye."

"Am I to take up the quarrel of every common stabber? I would have you to know I fight but with gentlemen, sir," said Crook.

"Y'are but a poor liar," returned Jacobus. "Ye trepan honest gentlemen to their death with your bloody treacheries and false articles. Y'are more forsworn than any pitiful shilling perjurer at Westminster, Crook of Woodstock. Come, sirrah, I have no time to waste upon such dogs as you! Where shall I soil my sword with your vitals? What spot of earth shall I defile with your blood?"

The man was quivering with rage: but it would have required a brave man to free himself from two such assailants: and Crook, I take it, was a coward in grain.

"I will not answer you," said he, with a great assumption of dignity. "Ye may send me a cartel, an ye will, as one gentleman to another, to my quarters at Rougemont yonder; or ye two foot-pads may come seek me, and since y'are so fain ye may try conclusions with the whole corporal's guard. 'Tis my last word."

"Why, very well," returned Jacobus, indifferently. "Go and hide in thy castle. 'Tis pity your great general Fairfax broke the portcullis in his godly zeal; you should ha' slept the sounder else."

We had reached the foot of the long hill at the top of which stands the ruined Castle of Rougemont, where, however, there was still accomodation for Captain Crook and a corporal's guard. Jacobus stopped, whereupon Crook set off at a very lively pace of walk. We walked slowly across the road to a side street, but no sooner were we round the corner than we ran like hares, doubling and

twisting back to our inn. "For," said Jacobus, "no sooner is our gentleman in his castle than he will send his soldadoes to catch us." But if he did, we saw nothing of them.

"Ye will ride to-morrow betimes, of course, Anthony," said Jacobus, as we sat gloomily over our wine that evening. "There is no more for you to do here. The play is played out."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I inquired.

"I have my affair with Crook to settle," replied Jacobus. "But that is a piece of business I can best perform alone."

"For how many men do you take yourself?" I said. "Crook will never go out wanting half-a-dozen dragoons at his heels. Are you going to carry Rouge-mont Castle by yourself?"

Jacobus was plainly nonplussed: and for my part I could not imagine how the two of us were to accomplish his purpose, much less how he could perform it by himself. For that Crook would not fight was certain.

"For God's sake," cried Jacobus, angrily, "go and get married, and leave me to mind my business."

"If I have a mind to stay to this city," I returned, "it is not you who shall hinder me. I take an interest in its scenery and the curiosities. Come! I am not going. Now we can debate with a quiet mind. It appears to me that y^e have proposed the impossible. But I raise no exceptions, not I."

The Captain looked at me from under his brows, pulled his mustachios, and lapsed into silence.

"Without a mighty hard push for't, we shall be no more than accessory to our own ruin," he went on, presently. "After the mortification we put upon the excellent Crook, he will be raising the devil's own hue-and-cry after us: the town constable will be set upon our track: and Crook himself, belike, is even now searching the streets with a lanthorn, like the heathen philosopher of the ancients, and with a handful of dragoons to help him. We are caught in a trap: 'tis two against a city, and the odds strike me as cruel disproportionate."

"Well, we have no time to recruit a regiment," I said. "Before the bottle is out Crook may be bursting the doors upon us," and an ugly presage flitted across my mind. I saw the row of the condemned on Tyburn Hill, writhing in the noose, while the hangman, aloft on the crossbar, stamped on their shoulders, until, one by one, they dangled motionless and limp.

"I could do with less than a regiment," said Jacobus. "Give me but a file of Haslerigg's Lobsters, or Lunsford's Horse, and I would sweep the streefs with Crook's dragoons, 'twixt prime and noonsong. By God!" he cried, slapping his hand on the table, "I have it! The disbanded troopers! Y^e heard what Penruddock said in Court."

"What then?" I asked: and Jacobus proceeded to expound a project. 'Twas but a desperate chance, but we were driven to such a pinch that we took speedy resolution upon it.

"Once more, Anthony," said Jacobus, rising to buckle on sword and pistols, "I ask you, a' God's name, to take horse and get you gone. Y^e are merely foolish to remain: 'tis no more than the indulgence of a freak, when all's said. As for vengeance, until Noll and the regicides are drawn quick and hanged, there can be no useful vengeance. For me, I set not my life at a groat's value, save for the pleasurable excitement of risking it. But here are you, with a sweetheart awaiting you, and a long life afore ye: 'tis murdering posterity to fling it away. And conceive with what face I should carry tidings of your death to fair Mrs. Barbara! No, no; take horse and be wise, Anthony."

"Were she here, she would bid me go with you," I answered.

"I would not make too sure of that, neither," said Jacobus, with a grin: and although my sentiment had the right sound to't, upon a second consideration I had my doubts also.

"Well, I am not going, at any rate, as I said before," quoth I.

The Captain, seeing that my mind was set, desisted from further argument: and, armed and muffled, we set forth to discover the disbanded troopers.



"STAND ASIDE!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST NOTCH ON THE SCORE.

WE must have visited a round dozen of alehouses without finding the men we sought: passing from the windy and dark streets into the bright tap-rooms, where a crew of mechanics and 'prentices loudly debated the day's events over pipe and ale-cup. The tavern-talk ran always down the same gutter: hatred of the Protector's bloody army, and the Protector's bloody scriveners: and at the same time, condemnation of Penruddock for attempting to upset the orderly state of the country, under which trade so prospered.

"The cowardly shop-folk!" said Jacobus, "They would see every yeoman and gentleman in the country put to death before they stirred a finger, unless their money-bags were in danger. Comes me your Puritan, with pike and shot, bellowing religion; and straight-way, by your leave, they are all good Puritans: and you shall see, when the King returns, they will be lighting bonfires in every street for pure joy: and Geneva gown and bands may pack to sour Scotland, where they be ever welcome."

As he spoke, we entered an alehouse in a by-street: and spying through an open door that led from the tap-room into a little parlour beyond, a group of men in scarlet seated round a table, we went in upon them.

Sure enough, there were three of the troopers we had observed in the Court-house: one, a great ox of a man, with a brick-red countenance, purple-jowled with shaving; another, stalwart and long-limbed, with a dark eye as alert as a fowl's: and the third, a lean man with a great hooked nose, a brown goat's-beard, and something of a fanatical air.

"God save you and all of us," said Jacobus. "Are ye of Captain Crook's company—mine old acquaintance, Bully Crook?"

The Captain spoke with a kind of patient heartiness: he had assumed, in a twinkling, the voice and manner proper to the part he was to play: that of a peaceable, quiet country gentleman, living for his crops and his beeves, yet meekly willing, at a word, to sacrifice all for friendship's sake.

"Once upon a time, but now no longer so," quoth the big trooper, in deep

rumbling tones, slapping his pewter ale-pot upside down.

"What!" cried Jacobus, lighting up like a candle. "Are ye, then among those noble hearts of whom Sir John Penruddock did speak in Court to-day? who for conscience sake did risk a halter: who rather chose the reproach of Egypt than the praise of iniquity?"

"That was it," said the dark-eyed man, in a dry voice, looking at us with a face of wood.

"Landlord," cried Jacobus, kindling into a sort of gentle ecstasy, "a jack of ale for these gentlemen. I am proud to make your acquaintance, friends; I would have you to shake my hand. Right so! When I said the damned Crook was mine acquaintance you must not take it he was ever my friend. No, no. For truly he is mine enemy. See now, sirs, what a fortunate conjunction is here! Behold how the hand of God bringeth honest men together at a pinch! Although I am of the contrary party, I say so: y'are honest men, and I care not to cloak my principles, for have I not gotten me religion? The King, say I, for God surely made him; but bishops, away with them! Give me your bishop and I will spit in his face. But let that pass. What have I to do with Crook, or he with me, saith a'? Why now, I will tell you. Heard ye what Penruddock said in his speech how that Crook, after refusing monies proffered him to carry out his articles, put a pistol to Penruddock's head and threatened to shoot him; did not the noble Colonel promise to betray a certain Royalist into his clutches? But noble Sir John stood fast; and word was brought to me of the incident—for I was the Royalist in question, friends all, and for that I am well-to-do, did Crook covet to get me in his clutches. Ay, I have monies; the Lord hath prospered me; why should I deny it?" and Jacobus, with a simple, smiling, open countenance, slapped his pockets till the coins jingled. The men had taken their pipes in their hands and were regarding him with grave attention.

"And what dost here, sir, in the very tents o' the Amalekites, as a man may say?" growled the big trooper.

"Canst ask?" returned Jacobus, "when

mine old friend and comrade John Penruddock standeth in peril of his life." The Captain's voice declined upon a sob, and he brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "'Tis but little I may do, belike, but here I stand upon the chance of it, in spite of the devil Crook. He did espy me to-day, and would have taken and laid me in ward, but that he had no soldiers with him: yet he threatened me, and me seemeth 'tis very like I shall presently figure in the dock cheek by jowl with the rebels—I, John Blechynden, than whom the Lord Protector hath no more peaceable subject—and my nephew here beside me"—Jacobus put his hand on my shoulder—"in the very blossom and May-day of his youth, all that Crook may dip his dirty hand in my coffers. For we will not leave poor Penruddock while we may render him the least particle of service. What! Are we not his friends? Hath he not hazarded his life for us?" and a freshet of emotion again overwhelmed this noble spirit.

The troopers seemed somewhat at a loss; they stared at us in silence; when the big trooper's glance, wandering for a moment, lit on the black-jack, and filling his cup from it he passed it on.

"Your excellent good health, sirs," said he; the others followed him, and we drank to them in turn, after which we seemed to stand upon a better footing of understanding.

"Had I but half-a-score tall men such as you at my back," quoth Jacobus, "I would not care for vermin such as Crook that much," and he snapped his fingers and leaned back smiling.

The three men exchanged glances, and the fanatical-looking trooper clasped his bony hands loosely before him on the table, opened wide his great, pale-blue eyes and, gazing into vacancy, began to speak. His comrades watched him with an evident admiration.

"For lifting ourselves into your service, sir, to deal plainly with you, 'tis mainly a matter of wages. Doth God take care for oxen? Yea, truly, as saith Holy Writ, yet until His kingdom on earth be established, His saints must still shift for themselves. For that you look for a king, excellent sir; you're so far in the right, so do we; y'are but wrong in that ye fix your hopes on the Young Man Charles, who is but a lewd person, a notorious evil liver, whom may

God confound. Yea, verily, there is but one Reign to look for—the Reign of the saints on earth, the thousand years of triumph, the Fifth Monarchy, the absolute dominion of God!" He spread his arms abroad and his voice rose. "Pope and Kaiser, priest and king, shall bow down, bow down, shall crouch and fawn beneath the iron rod. Corruption and darkness shall flee away, and the whole earth shall be clothed in the light of the morning. The noise of wars shall be utterly silenced, and the crying of the poor and needy be no more heard in the land. The strongholds and high places of cruelty shall be laid even with the dust, and grass shall grow upon their battlements. To bring these things to pass we labour mightily; we take the sword, we lie dogging at our prayers until our eyes be dim; we serve mammon for righteousness sake. Yea, for this did we not choose to serve under Crook, and did he not cajole us with lying promises, saying that he himself was a Fifth Monarchy man, and that he used his commission but as a means to hasten the coming of the kingdom, hoping without doubt to cut out some deal of wealth for himself by means of our swords? 'Twas naught to us whether the malignant Penruddock lived or died; but there were monies to be gotten from him. He did offer Crook five hundred pounds for liberty, yet did Crook start aside like a broken bow, preferring the favour of Cromwell before the glory of the Lord. Wherefore did we admonish this glazing Judas, using great plainness of speech in the matter, but he, being stiff-necked and utterly delivered to Satan, broke out into a mighty heat of anger, commanding our dismissal. How long, O Lord!" The preacher twisted his fingers in his beard, turning up his eyes. "Silver and gold must go to the foundations of the city of the kingdom," he went on, in a high monotone. "Her walls shall be of precious stones, and her tower of rubies. The wise and learned shall dwell therein; to them shall come all the nations of the earth for wisdom. But we be unlearned and ignorant men, fit only to wield the sword; what can do save hew therewith the corner-stones for the habitations of the just? . . . Pay us, therefore, and we will serve you, even as the builders of the Temple wrought with sword on hip."

The man paused and wiped his forehead, for he had been speaking with a

vehemence that made the glasses ring. In the momentary silence that followed there came a clatter of hoofs and jingling of bridles in the street, and we heard the outer door flung open.

Jacobus leaped to his feet. "Crook, by God!" he cried. The big trooper heaved himself up and opened the door as the latch clicked. Jacobus and I whipped against the wall, whence we could espy Crook through the crack of the door.

"What, Gilvy!" said he. "Stand aside, sirrah! stand aside! or I will put a bullet in your head. I am about searching the house."

Gilvy, who was girt with a great broadsword, drew it with such suddenness that Crook leapt back a pace to avoid a blow.

"Out o' this, Beelzebub!" thundered the trooper, "or, by the Twelve Tribes of Israel, I will chop you into gobbets! Y'are no better than a dead man, Crook! Call your men!" he bellowed; "call 'em in man, and see if they will draw sword on brethren-in-the-Lord."

We heard the outer door clap, and the trample of retreating hoofs. Gilvy rolled in again, shutting the door upon the astonished folk in the tap-room, filled his tankard, drank it off, and regarded the Captain with a grin.

"How now?" said he.

"S'blood!" said Jacobus, "mighty well done!"—and taking out a fistful of coin, he bestowed it on Gilvy; and spreading a handful of gold pieces on the table, "Handsel," said he, "a crown* a day for every day I remain in Exeter, and a Jacobus each at parting, to serve me as bodyguard. What say you? Shall we strike a bargain?"

The country gentleman, having served his turn, had vanished in a twinkling: and Jacobus, himself again—upright, alert, with a valiant eye and the port of a commander, stood in his place. The men stiffened to attention as if upon parade, and saluted.

"Why, very well," said Jacobus. "Let me know your names."

The preacher gave his name as Robert Warrenwell, the burly Gilvy was christened Joshua, while the third man was known as Shillard the Rider. The Captain ordered them to hire horses (Shillard, it seemed, possessed a nag of

his own), and to present themselves at our inn at nine of the clock the next morning.

When we returned thither we found the lights out, the shutters up, and the door barred; but, upon knocking, the landlord himself opened instantly to us. After locking and bolting the door again with the most particular care, he took the candle in his shaking hand, and surveyed us. The hoary, fat old man looked as though he had seen a spirit: his lips were trembling, his cheeks fallen in, and his eyes wild.

"What the devil ails the man?" asked Jacobus.

"Zurs, zurs," said the innkeeper, "who be ye to bring a old, honest man's house into disrepute; and his life into danger. 'Twas ill done, zurs, 'twas ill done. I had sooner than forty pounds I had never set eyes on ye. Lifelikins! Have I lived through the civil broil to be hanged on account of two bloody, rebellious cavaliers?" he wailed.

"Come, come, sirrah, keep a civil tongue, and explain matters," said Jacobus, sitting down on the table.

"Explain! 'Tis for you to explain, I'd think," returned the old man, querulously. "No sooner do you be gone out o' house to-night, than a half-a-company o' dragoons or thereabout cometh linking o' horsebarck down street, and a' stampeth in, and arxes for landlord. 'I be he,' says I, whereon Captain putteth pistol to my head, and saith he, 'Hast a couple o' Cavaliers lodging here?' says he; 'Tis a hanging matter, I warn ye,' says he, 'for they be two bloody conspirators against Government.' 'Sworns, not I,' I says. 'Whutt be laike, then,' I arxed him. 'A middle-sized man wi' a long nose and a devilish countenance,' a' saith, 'and a girt young man above sax feet o' stature, wi' a red face, and no be-ard,' says he. 'Swouns, Captain,' I says, 'I do believe that two zuch did coom in to drink a toss o' Hollands about five o' th' clock, and out again,' says I. 'Which wai did they goo,' asked he. 'I marked them not,' I zed, whereat he cursed me up and down, and trampled all over houze, he and his soldiers. 'If y'ave lied, a' saith, 'you shall swing for't, by God. Give me a cup of Rhenish,' and a' drank it down, and went way, and never paid a groat. Zurs, get you gone, I d' beg and pray of ye, and the Lord for-

* The regulation pay of a trooper was two shillings per diem.

give ye that ye ever coom anigh a old man as never did ye any harm."

"What, man!" cried Jacobus, "pluck up heart. Y'are not hanged yet, nor never will be, I'll wager. Y' have done the best day's work as ever in your life: y' have saved the lives of two o' the King his Majesty's most precious subjects, and ye shall not lose by that. Content you: we will ride betimes to-morrow. Now reckon up the score, and set a price on thy alarums."

Something pacified, the innkeeper ciphered out the score in chalk upon the panelling: and Jacobus (who must have made mighty profitable use of his time during my absence over seas) paid him double.

"God save you," said our host, completely consoled and beaming. "By 'r Lady, y'are two of the prettiest civil gentlemen as ever I served o' my life. Hark ye, zurs," said he, creasing his face into innumerable wrinkles, "I would, wi' all my heart, the King, God bless him, were to home again, and the bloody Army and their General at the black devil. Zed I to Captain, 'Swouns, not I,' I says." And the old man was taken with a fit of chuckling: and going upstairs ahead of us to light us to our chamber, he kept repeating with an infinite zest, fragments of his momentous conversation with the baffled Crook. "Hast a couple o' bloody Cavaliers lodging here?" asked he. "Swouns, not I," I says. And when our host closed the door behind him, we could hear him chuckling still as he stumped down the passage.

The morrow was to bring forth the last of my adventures with Jacobus: a final pitch of the dice with Fortune. Before the sun set we should have cut ourselves free of the coils of conspiracy,



"HE HAD WHEELED HIS HORSE, AND WAS STILL GAZING AFTER US"

or another's sword should have freed us entirely from earthly doings. The thought of it ran in my dreams all night, with a clash and sparkle of swords, and now the balance dipt one way and now another. Once, Jacobus and I, our enemy slain behind us, and trouble at an end, would be riding swiftly through the mellow dark towards a golden dawn: and again I would be smitten with a sharp stroke, taste the agony of death,

and be suddenly fulfilled with the despair of loss irrevocable.

But I awoke with the chiming of bells in my ears; 'twas no more than the cathedral clock striking; nevertheless, I took it as a good omen, and sprang up, fit to face the world.

Jacobus was slumbering on his pallet like a child. Under the magic touch of sleep, a subtle change had passed upon his face; something had gone from it, and instead, something of the man's inner spirit that smouldered beneath the rough fabric of robbery, fighting, and antick mummery of which his life was made up, peered forth. I stood a pater-noster while perusing the time-scarred countenance, but I had no eyes to decipher it. Had I not been my mother's son, perhaps I had not perceived so much as I did. I wondered idly whether there lived the woman who would have read that inscrutable, gallant, crafty, generous riddle, Jacobus the Highwayman, Sir Clipseby Carew the Cavalier. I know now that such an one there was: and that she was dead.

Unwilling to arouse Jacobus, I leaned my elbows on the sill, thrusting head and shoulders out of the open casement. Our room was a garret chamber, and the window commanded an ascending field of roofs, brown thatch, or red, shining tiles, with the smoke drifting and curling from the chimneys; beyond the huddled houses rose the great broken rampart of Rougemont Castle, over which white clouds came lifting in ranks, with now and again a flying whisp of grey vapour like a puff of smoke. The wind bore odours of the country mint with a briny tincture from the sea, and presently there came the thin shrilling of a trumpet. Captain Crook, in Rougemont Castle, was sounding boot-and-sadd'le.

A few minutes later, armed and equipped, we were devouring a hasty breakfast, and before we had finished hoofs rang in the street, and our whole army drew up at the door. We contemplated the troopers through the window, sitting in the saddle like statues, carbine on thigh, and toes turned in: perfectly equipped in bright steel cap, gorget, back and breast, great boots and winking spurs: the horses groomed to a marvel, the sun gleaming upon glossy haunch and shoulder.

"Had I a hundred times as many

there would be doings," quoth Jacobus, with his mouth full of pastry.

The landlord, fidgety already as a hen with ducklings, could scarce contain himself at sight of this new portent, and saw us off with benisons, and I doubt not the most pious inward thanksgivings.

Jacobus took his place on the right front as captain, while I rode upon the left in the senior corporal's position.

"Rank entire, right wheel, forward," shouted the commanding officer, and we paced jingling down the street, and wheeled into the High Street.

From the castle on the hill-top sounded the Tucquet—warning for a march. A minute later from out the shadow of the archway issued a flash of steel and scarlet, and a knot of horsemen, with a black-bearded man at their head, came riding down the hill towards us. Jacobus halted instantly. Fortune, in hastening the event, was already befriending us. We were abreast of the Court House, I remember, with its arched and columned front designed in the Italian manner. The people in the street began to stop and stare, but took us, of course, for Crook's own troopers. So, doubtless, did Crook himself, for, until he and his four men were well within pistol-shot, he did not appear to remark us. Then I saw his face change suddenly. Crying "Halt!" and reigning up his horse, he whipped out a pistol and fired. Jacobus swerved, and the ball struck upon the plated breast of Joshua Gilvy, and glanced off.

"What ho, brethren!" roared the trooper. "Would'st see old Gilvy murdered? Seize the traitor, brothers."

But before the words were out of his mouth Jacobus had flung his pistol in Crook's face, and was charging down upon him with naked blade uplifted. Swift as his assailant was, Crook had drawn his sword ready to strike, but the fury of the onset caused his horse to rear and his blow fell harmless. With a level sweep of his sword Jacobus cut deep into the dragoon's neck, just above the stiff collar of the buff coat, and the man swayed and toppled sideways. I spurred up to Jacobus's side, and for a moment we both fought desperately with Crook's troopers. But our own soldadoes pushed into the fray, shouting to their comrades to desist, and dealing great blows with the flat of their broadswords. There was a mighty din and confusion,

and halloing and running together of people, and our assailants began to give back. Perhaps they were not entirely desirous to take us; at any rate, although blows were falling like hail, I saw no one hurt, and Gilvy and Shillard were grinning broadly above the chin-strap. Jacobus backed his horse out of the press; I followed instantly, and, wheeling, we struck spurs in and galloped full tilt down the street and out of the East Gate.

The wind whistled past our ears, and the horses settled into their stride. We thought we were clean escaped, when we heard the drum of hoofs behind us. Looking back, we saw Shillard the Rider on his huge bay stallion, gaining on us at every step. I have never seen such a devil of a nag as he rode that day. There was use in racing, and we drew rein in the little village of Heavitree, and stopped at the ale-house. Shillard came up at full gallop, pulled his lathering horse on its haunches, and saluted. Methought the situation was a trifle difficult.

"Y' have a good nag," remarked Jacobus. "Will you sell him?"

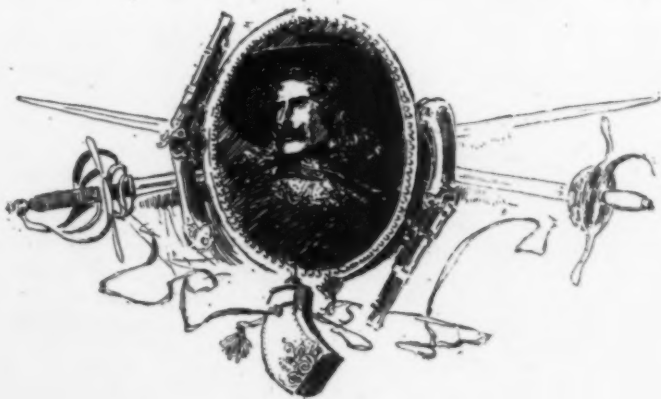
"Not I, sir, by your good leave," returned the rider. "You see he is mighty useful on occasions."

"And why the devil are the other men not here?" demanded Jacobus fiercely.

"They await orders, Captain," returned Shillard, eyeing him. "This is a pretty business. There will be a noise."

"'Sblood," said Jacobus. "The orders are 'Dismiss.' I have slain your back-sliding murdering Captain, you see; wherefore, go to, go rejoin your company. Y' have done very well for a parcel of bloody Roundheads. Here is wages, all as agreed—is it not so?—with a piece over for liquor. Give you good-den till we meet again, as may befall, for I am often on the road."

The man, still staring, murmured a word of thanks, took the money with an air of great dubiety, and saluted mechanically as we rode away. Looking back, we saw that he had wheeled his horse, and was still gazing after us, the sun beating down on his mailed figure, and the steam from his horse going up in a cloud about him.





Lowest London.

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

WE have already almost forgotten the Society fashion known as 'S'umming,' when worthy souls, sighing for a new thing, put on old clothes, shook disinfectants over themselves, and went East to see how the poor live. These fatuous folks here and there touched the fringes of Lowest London, as with a walking-stick a man may disturb the scum on a stagnant pool; but the depths remain hidden to this day. It is proposed to investigate them in these articles, and the arduous work has fallen upon no superficial journalist, but one who is familiar with the black subject, who can put his hand on the fevered pulse of Lowest London, who is not easily deceived.

Under the roar and rumble and naptha glare of a Saturday night, he sought the resting-places of the submerged wanderers. They were men of all kinds and classes: men who had "gone under" and men who had been "born under"; men who had lost the tide and found themselves stranded for ever in the bitter consciousness of failure from their own fault; men who had lived subterranean lives of ignorance and crime—mere human brutes looking sulkily out at a world they could not understand, as thirsty cattle look at the drover. Every sort of poor broken failure collects in these dark kitchens of

the East. They conform readily enough to the iron rules which the law directs and the police enforce; they eat with the comfort of chairs and tables; they exchange ideas; they ultimately drag their weary legs upward to the dormitories, and there, if they can sleep, escape the sordid hell of their waking lives for a few brief hours.

It is our purpose to describe one of these homes of the London outcasts; and we give a composite picture for obvious reasons. Not a few of the places were inspected and reported upon, so that glimpses of many shelters and many life histories go to make the substance of this paper. But let our Commissioner speak for himself:

Plunging away from the open markets and the final struggle and rush, before sleep settles on this wilderness for a season, I face, in a silent, ill-lighted street, one house, over the door of which a light flickers, and a transparency proclaims that "Comfortable beds for Working-men" may be procured at a nightly cost of fourpence or sixpence. A motley group have already gathered within. They look suspiciously at my camera, resentfully at me. The fame of pictorial presentation is a thing to be avoided by many of them like the plague; and they shrink and huddle away as ugly things loving darkness shrink when

the stone which hides them is upturned. The "Deputy," or Manager, of the place answers my summons speedily enough—a broad, hale, hard man, strong and clean, rising like a tower above all this lean poverty and feeble misery. He sweeps his customers to the right and left as he comes forward on heavy feet that firmly hold the ground.

"Snap-shot our house? Why, certainly you can; an' a cleaner, better-ordered one you won't find. An' a man what knows his business better than me you won't find neither. Come on."

Short, sharp, and to the point, the Deputy seemed marked by Providence to fill his present position in life. Following him, I found myself at the foot of a flight of steps, and soon afterwards, passing a pigeon-hole where a hard-voiced woman was refusing a Militiaman permission to take a lodging, we entered the kitchen, or main apartment of the institution. Utterly sordid and spotlessly clean the big room shone under gaslight. Around a great fire some of the inmates clustered, toasting scraps of bacon, or herrings, while at the table a cup and platter was at every visitor's service. Some talked glibly and coarsely, with a multitude of strange words beyond the power of any but an

expert to understand. They referred to enterprises of a more or less questionable nature: to triumphs, to failures, to escapes, to future attempts, and newly acquired accomplishments in the predatory arts. Some sat remote and alone. Not a few heads were bowed; some, having placed a few morsels of food in their empty stomachs, had succumbed, and now already slept, with their heads upon their arms. A few played cards, and had strength and energy sufficient to quarrel and swear. But, for the most part, the broken spirit of that mournful company was stamped on the faces of the poor failures that composed it. Most of them chose to be morose and silent. Some scowled at me and my camera; some turned their backs; the new-comer showed shame; but the Deputy all obeyed with promptitude, for they knew his power.

"They're tame as hungry cats mostly," he confided to me. "Some of us carries revolvers and some police whistles, but I've never found no call to be feared with them. Treat 'em straight an' never go back on your word, an' let 'em know they can trust you, an' it's all right. I only carries this little bit of a reminder myself," and he showed me a long, flexible cane-like apparatus, loaded with



SOME OF THE INMATES



AROUND THE FIRE

lead, which he carried in a pocket specially made for it down one leg of his trousers. A photograph was now taken, and after another glance at the white-washed walls, the sanded floor, the long rows of spotless benches, and the strange medley of characters who reposed upon them, I set out and followed my guide through a labyrinth of passages. Great keys grated in heavy locks at every turn, for the place was guarded like a gaol. Indeed, old prison warders, as my companion informed me, usually make the best "Deputies."

"Yes, they're queer some of 'em, no doubt," admitted the big Manager, in answer to a question. "They've got their ideas same as you and me. They won't do this and they won't do that; they will have this and they will have that. Some of 'em forks out twopence extra every night—what for? for a spring mattress! There's toffs for you! But you'll see where they sleeps bimebye. The great trouble is the washin' of 'em. Lor! how some do hate clean soap an' water! An' generally the more respectable they seem to be to the eye the less they likes having to strip and take the dirt off. Why, there was one only a few days since, with shirt cuffs, an' a tie an'

collar, an' such-like luxuries, who simply wouldn't wash till I just made it clear as he'd got to. Then we seed how it was—the cuffs and collar was all on their own like, with never a shirt to hang on to."

We stood in a yard where a man was busily employed in hauling pails up a rope to the various sleeping apartments above. "That's the 'lift,' that is," said the Deputy, humorously. Then he showed me the washing premises, where a gentleman allowed me to photograph him in the act of getting up his solitary shirt for Sunday wear.

"No, I shouldn't say they was all bad 'uns—not quite," exclaimed the Deputy, as we went forward again. "We don't ask no questions so long as they can pay for their lodging and what food they order. You see every man jack of 'em's got some pretty black fault, else they'd never drift so low as this. But there's faults and faults. Thieves? Yes; very likely. There's thieves in every rank of life, I'm told; an you're as certain to find 'em here as anywhere else. There's all sorts as I say. Of course, drink's the great trouble. If I said that nine out of ten comed here by that road, it wouldn't be less than the truth. But some's got good hearts an' very little vice in 'em.



"THEY EXCHANGE IDEAS"

Now this is a room where chaps can keep their goods an' chattels in them lockers if they like to pay. Each has his own key to his own locker, and—" here the Deputy lowered his voice, "I've got a master key to all. You see we don't want any of your Anarchists or such-like gentry leaving their little bombs an' bottles in a respectable community like this."

I ventured to ask what was the usual employment of those gathered together in this apartment.

"They're working men," was the

with stuffed mattresses, pillows, blankets, sheets and coverlets. The Deputy sat down on one of them for a little rest; but he continued to supply information without ceasing.

"It's funny to hear the blokes of a mornin' 'fore light, when the Nightman goes round in his carpet slippers to wake them as wants to be waked. 'What's the time, mate?' they says; 'Fourpence!' he says. Then they know who 'tis. Now look at this here linen. Clean enough for a duke, eh? Yes, we've got to put that writing on 'em, because we can't be



"HIS SUNDAY SHIRT"

answer. "Some works by night, some by day. As to night trades—why, there's many you might call honest enough. Some of the chaps leave their beds at four in the morning, and a Nightman calls them. For that he gets a penny a call or fourpence a week. Now, if you've got that room photographed proper, we'll go and look at the sleeping-places. There's a good few turned in by now, but that don't signify."

The room like those below was spotlessly clean, with white-washed walls and boarded floor and ceiling. The windows were wide open, the beds were rather short, but looked comfortable enough,

quite sure of our company, you see, and nothing would be easier than to take the sheets if it was good enough; but with that on them, of course it isn't."

The Deputy referred to the words *Stolen from*—, which were marked in big black letters on every piece of linen, and rendered it valueless to any wayfarer dishonestly inclined.

"Not but what they do steal 'em and many other things too, you must know. There are certain times in the year, or rather one partickler time, when they'll put claws on every mortal thing, an' a Deputy's got to be eyes behind an' afore an' all round. That's just before the

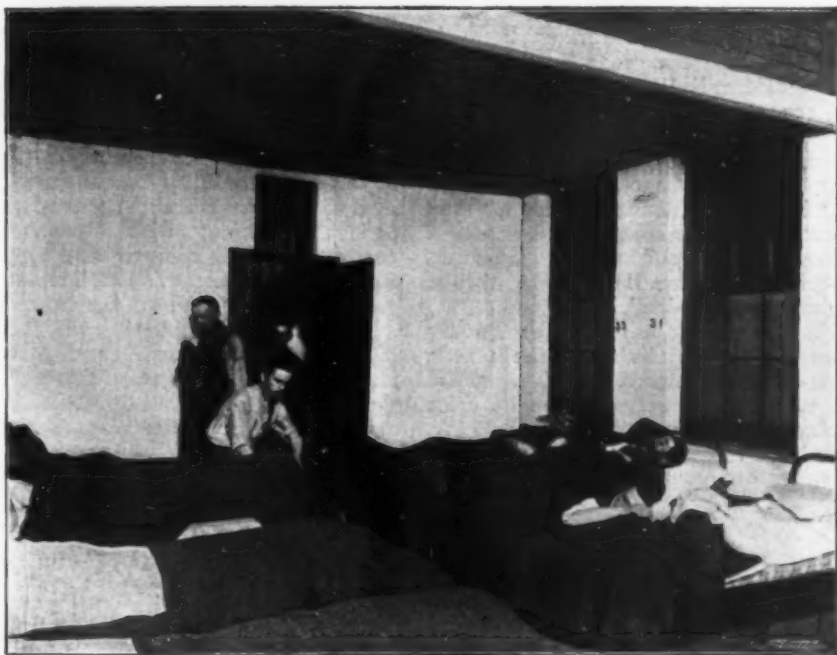
hopping season comes. Then the most of 'em begins to want their summer holi; days, an' as it's camping-out under tents most times, they likes what they can get in the way of blankets, sheets, knives, an' cetera. It don't much matter in a hop-field whether a blanket's sneaked or not so's you've got it; an' nobody's going to say nothing any way."

At a single institution of the sort I am describing, you shall generally find about two hundred beds. The dormitories are periodically visited by the police and reported on; and each upon

man, taking it all round, makes his two quid a week sometimes."

"Who own the houses?"

"Millionaires I should think. Any way the profit to the owners is something tremenjous. Thousands they make in a year. You see it's all business an' there's no slack time. Sometimes more an' sometimes less, but no slack time winter or summer. The owners does well. I reckon a two-fronted pub's a fool to these places. You see there's no expenses here. Soap an' water an' whitewash runs the show."



"SLEEP AFTER TOYLE"

its whitewashed walls has a solitary adornment in shape of a card setting forth the number of sleepers to be legally accommodated.

"Your Night Watchman must be a busy party," I said. "But no doubt he makes a bit one way and another."

"You bet he does! The Nightman's good for ten shillings a week to begin with. Then there's the call money and the tea for the early risers. He's a regular gentleman's gentleman he is. The tea—at least it's called tea—he sells for a penny a pint. What he pays for it I shouldn't like to say. It's warming if it ain't nothing else. Yes, that Night-

"Do you accommodate women here too?" was my next question.

"No, not here," answered the Deputy. "We only do singles. Of course a good many places does doubles, but we don't. We don't want 'em neither. They're as much trouble again as men."

A moment later he added another remark on another subject.

"There's one thing I'd say if I may make so bold. Don't you be writing anywhere that they's nothin' but misery 'mongst them as comes here. There's enough, I know—enough and to spare, but many's contented, an' I wouldn't say some ain't happy in their own way of

lookin' at it. Hear 'em laugh sometimes when their tails is up and they've had a bit o' luck! Many thousands is born to it, you see, an' they ain't known nothing different since they've been kicked out of their father's homes as young youths to shift for theirselves. 'Tis the 'come downs' that feel it hurt 'em to be here. Old an' young, strong an' weak—all drift this way one time an' another; an' I judge there's some wouldn't change—no not if you was to offer them tidy work to-morrow."

"No doubt you're right. Your experience must be very wide. Is there anything more to show me?"

"Well, I don't know as there is unless"—here the great Deputy broke off and laughed—"unless you'd like to see some others as I takes care of on my own account—just for a change."

"You look after some yourself?"

"I do. Not humans, but better than some humans as I fancies often enough. They're on the roof in cages. This way—mind your head! Maybe they're asleep, but I'll poke 'em up."

We reached the roof; the Deputy struck a light and showed me a little row of rabbit-hutches. From a judicial severity his face softened and his voice softened. The rabbits were his only joy. He loved them and called them by their

names. Here he escaped from the sad and dreary duties of his life; here he became a boy again. His eyes gleamed in the candle light as he stroked a big rabbit; he was, in fact, transformed.

"Rum pets for a growed man, eh? But you don't know—you couldn't guess no more than I could explain 'bout these rabbits."

"It's a thing that won't go into words," I said.

"'Sactly so! It won't, and there's an end of it."

So I took my leave, speculating in the old conventional way on what I had seen, longing in the old conventional way for the appearance of the saviour, the strong man equal to cleansing our civilisation and restoring the balance. Words and photographs are alike vain things when faced with terrific human problems; but they serve their purpose here—they attract attention, they arouse thoughts. And from thoughts we may trust that actions will spring, with attempts renewed and again renewed in the great fields of philanthropy. Let knowledge grow; that may well be the prayer of the wise, for with knowledge will surely come a new order and a new race. Amelioration is the motto of this generation in its attitude to Lowest London; alteration will be the watchword of the next.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

THE HEIR OF LONGLANDS.

AS I was sauntering along one evening with Smurthwaite to the club, a young man approached us, who, with a smile and a hearty handshake, greeted my friend, and, after arranging to call next day, left us.

"You would hardly think, Dawson," said Mr. Smurthwaite, "that that youth was once one of the leading *dramatis personæ* in a romance of a somewhat peculiar kind."

"No," I answered, "he looks a very ordinary, healthy youth, such as I should imagine had passed through the usual phases of life common to his rank: public school, university—probably no degree—and a life about town on a modest competence."

"That is always so," said he. "People love to think that the heroes of romance in real life must be such as they are drawn in dramas and novels. The most romantic story I ever heard had for its hero a hunchback who was stone deaf. I must tell you about him some day."

"But what about this young fellow?"

"I must protest," he said, "against your way of keeping me to the point. You forget that an old man is fond of drifting from one reminiscence to another. Wait till we are in my chambers to-night, and I will tell you the story."

Later that evening, when we were comfortably seated at his fire, Smurthwaite said: "That lad's father and I first foregathered in the North of England, when I was an articled clerk. A curious man—dead now—good-looking, but heavy and slow. We struck up an acquaintanceship which ripened into a life-long friendship, as far as he was concerned. An orphan, he came into a very nice property close to Brompton, in Cumberland, on the death of a distant relative. So far as I know, he had very few other relatives; the nearest was a cousin—first or second, I cannot remember which—a rather pretty girl, slight, with fair hair, very wavy, and a good complexion. The one fault of her face was that her eyes were too close together.

"Well, I left, as you know, and came up to London, and for three or four years I only saw Foster at rare intervals when he came to town. One day he rushed into my office and insisted on taking me out to lunch, and I could see, by the sparkle in his eyes and his radiant smile, so entirely at variance with his usual solemn manner, that he had some news—good news—to impart.

"Do you know," he said, 'I am in love with the most beautiful woman on earth?'

"'Indeed,' said I. 'I always thought you would remain a bachelor. It is not, I am sure, for want of chances that you haven't fallen in love before.'

"The whole of lunch was occupied, as far as I was concerned, with listening to his enraptured comments upon the young lady whose fascinations had overcome him. He insisted upon my going with him to call upon her mother, and this I did.

"I must confess I was rather dis-

hearts, but one day I got a telegram from Foster announcing the birth of a son and heir. What an amount of affection was lavished on that child by both parents, to be sure! No prince could have been better cared for. A sturdy little chap, too; he didn't seem to get spoilt, as so many children do, with all the attention paid to him.

"I was sitting in my office one afternoon some four years later, when Foster was announced. He came in with a pale



"FOR SOME MOMENTS HE WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK"

appointed, though I took care not to let Foster see it. She was a delicate, fragile girl, with a *spirituelle* face, and looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away.

"To cut a long story short, they were married, and once or twice I went to visit them in their Cumberland home. The place never suited Mrs. Foster, who was always more or less an invalid there. Indeed, half the year was spent by the couple at Torquay, or some of the southern watering-places. For some years no child came to gladden their

and haggard face, and seemed to have grown twenty years older since I had seen him, only a few months before. Tottering to a seat, he threw himself into it with a gesture of despair. For some moments he was unable to speak, and then told me in frenzied accents that little Max had been stolen. He begged me there and then to leave the office, pack, and start with him for Cumberland that night, promising to tell me all the details on the journey.

"It appeared that the boy's nurse, who had been with him since his birth,

and was very devoted to him, had taken him for a walk the day before into Brampton, and while making some purchases in a draper's shop had learnt that a friend of hers, who had been her fellow-servant in some previous employment, was engaged there. Leaving the child in the shop, seated on a high stool, with strict injunctions not to move, she had gone down stairs to have a chat with her friend. The boy, unperceived, had slipped off the stool and run into the street. In about ten minutes the nurse came up from the kitchen and found the boy gone. She immediately ran into the street and went from one end to the other and down a'l the side streets, looking for him, but in vain, wasting nearly two hours in this way. She had then, distracted with grief, made the best of her way home to Longland's, her master's place, and told her story.

"I need not say how frantic both parents were. A trap was soon at the door, Foster galloped into Brampton, and the matter was placed in the hands of the police. That night Foster caught the train and came to see me.

"Arrived in Brampton, I first went to the police station, and learnt that no tidings of the child had come to hand. The porters and the ticket clerks at the station had been closely questioned, but none had any knowledge of the child having been taken by train. The timetable showed that a train had left for Carlisle twenty minutes after the child had been missed, but neither the guard nor any of the officials had seen little Max Foster. With a mass of fair ringlets, which his parents had not been able to persuade themselves to cut off, and dressed in a tiny sailor suit, the boy presented a somewhat striking appearance, and one that would not be easily forgotten. Besides, he was known to most of the officials at the station.

"I stayed at Longlands three days, while every idea I could conceive of to trace the boy was put into execution, but without avail. On my return to town, I sought the services of a then famous private detective, a peculiar man, whose principal characteristic was that he never allowed anyone to work with him or for him. He did all his work himself, unlike the wretched agencies that now exist, which are in many cases little better than swindling concerns. I need hardly say that, quite apart from

his ordinary charges, he was promised a very handsome reward, and, with the energy peculiar to his nature, he was on the track before a day was gone.

"He never told me what his movements were, but now and then used to ask me for money, which I, relying upon his integrity, had no hesitation in giving him. No success, however, attended his efforts. Nevertheless he did not give up hope, and at intervals came to report what he called 'progress,' but what, I cynically reminded him, looked like failure.

"Meantime, the despair of the parents waxed deeper and deeper, and poor Mrs. Foster became seriously ill. Twelve months went by, and one day I heard of her death. Grief, acting upon a delicate constitution always prone to consumption, had brought about this result. I attended the funeral, and was positively shocked to see the terrible change which had come over poor Foster himself. He seemed a broken man, and it was with the greatest possible difficulty that I persuaded him to leave England and go abroad for a time. I found an active and lively young doctor to act as medical companion, and the pair started for a long voyage round the world. Foster's parting injunction to me was to spare neither expense nor energy in pursuing my search for little Max.

"I confess that although I promised—and even, in an excessive desire to instil hope into the poor fellow's mind, spoke with a cheerful certainty—that before his return the boy would be found, in my inmost heart I felt that the chances were a million to one.

"Some six weeks after Foster's departure, the detective, Walters, told me that he had exhausted all possible clues and avenues of information, and that he did not think it fair to continue the search until something definite had occurred to start him on a new track.

"You remember I told you once that coincidences, though they read so strangely in novels, are much more common in real life than the majority of people believe. I went out to dine one night in Kensington, and there I was introduced to a Miss Foster. The moment after the introduction I remembered her as the cousin I have mentioned already, whom I had met more than once in Cumberland. She was some distance from me on the other side of



"DEPLORING THE KIDNAPPING OF LITTLE MAX"

the table during dinner, and I caught her on several occasions casting furtive glances under her eyelashes at me. After dinner I seized an opportunity of conversing with her, and led the conversation by natural steps to poor Foster. On this she brightened up somewhat, and asked me several questions about him and his state of health, and whether I knew his present address.

"I looked at her very closely, and observed that she had aged considerably in the few years that had elapsed since I had met her; there were lines round her mouth which I had never noticed before. When her face was in repose it struck me that I had seldom seen such a hard, disappointed-looking face in my life. She had lost a good deal of her roundness, and her eyes were restless and had an unsatisfied, hungry look in them. I spoke to her later, and took the opportunity of deploring the kidnapping of little Max, and while doing so I watched her keenly, though seeming not to do so. She affected complete ignorance of the fact that the boy had dis-

appeared, and plied me with questions as to the circumstances. However, I gave her little satisfaction, and shortly afterwards I left.

"This interview had given me food for a great deal of thought, and I sent for Walters early next morning and had a long talk with him. The result of this was that a few days later I learnt that Miss Foster was living in a very comfortable flat in the West End; that she was apparently in receipt of a good income, and moved in very good society.

"A fortnight later Walters told me that, so far as he was able to gather, there was nothing in the clue I had given him; but somehow I had an intuitive feeling that in this direction, and in this direction alone, would the disappearance of little Max be accounted for. I had practically nothing to go upon except the shifty eyes and restless looks of Isabel Foster, and strange to say the *denouement* came from that quarter, though by no means in the way I had anticipated.

"Greatly against his wish, I told

Walters he must keep observation on Miss Foster. It was the same report week after week—morning shopping; lunch either with friends or at home; afternoon calls and drives; dinners, theatres, parties, and so forth. One day, however, Walters came in and said: 'I have an idea that there is some connection between Miss Foster and a certain Captain Crowther.'

"'Why,' said I.

"'Twice in this week Captain Crowther has called at her flat to take her to the theatre, and last Sunday he took her to church.'

"Crowther was then shadowed, with the result that he was found to be a rather impecunious retired captain, living in a side street off Piccadilly, but belonging to a fashionable club. This seemed to offer a new prospect.

"Curiously enough, I happened one day, when walking down Dover Street, Piccadilly, to see in front of me Miss Foster walking with a man, whom from Walters' description I judged to be Captain Crowther. They were walking very slowly, and in earnest conversation. Arrived at the corner of the street, I saw Miss Foster, who had her purse in her hand, open it, take out something, and hand it to Captain Crowther, who thereupon hailed a hansom, while Miss Foster turned into Piccadilly.

"What led me to do it I cannot now understand, but I called another hansom and told the driver to follow Crowther's. I thought the journey would never end, and it was not until we reached Chiswick that Crowther's cab turned down a side street and stopped opposite No. 18. I immediately told my man to drive past. I saw Crowther run up the steps and ring. Making a note of the address, I

told the cabman to take me back to town.

"Next morning Walters was with me; we had a hurried interview, and two hours later I had the gratifying news that little Max had been found. You may be certain I was not long in getting down to 18, Todmorden Street, Chiswick. The door was opened by a respectable widow, who told me that she let lodgings; that some eighteen months before a Captain Crompton had arranged with



"I SAW MISS FOSTER TAKE OUT SOMETHING"

her to take charge of a little boy, who, he said, was his nephew. She had been only too glad to take the lad.

"'He has been a real comfort to me,' she said. 'I lost my only child about his age, and I think little Max has taken my poor boy's place in my heart, though to be sure Captain Crompton doesn't pay me very regularly.'

"I explained to the astonished woman the circumstances, and took the boy away with me. That day I spent nearly twenty pounds in cablegrams to every

address that Foster had given me, giving him the welcome news.

"But one thing remained to be done. Accompanied by Walters, I called on Miss Foster. I need not detail the scene. I charged her point-blank with having abducted the boy. She was wildly indignant. Her eyes blazed with fury, and for some minutes she vented on my devoted head such a torrent of abusive eloquence as I have seldom listened to. I was beginning to be non-plussed, when Walters came to my aid.

"But we all know about it, ma'am, and where Captain Crowther put him."

"In a twinkling I noticed a peculiar movement in the woman's chin, which extended to her lips, and with a nervous sob she sank with her head hidden in her arms on the table.

"After all I was wrong. She did know, it is true, about the child being stolen, but nothing more for certain. Three years before, she had become acquainted with Captain Crowther, and had engaged herself to him, but, as her income would cease on marriage, and he was unable to marry on his means, they had arranged to wait until the death of a relative of his, when he said he would be a rich man. Meanwhile, he had inquired as to her prospects and learned that, in the event of Reginald Foster dying childless, she would become the owner of the Longlands estate. Crowther was constantly borrowing money from Miss Foster; and, indeed, latterly she had almost shared her income with him, and had begun to weary of his perpetual demands, and though she had some suspicions as to the disappearance of young Max Foster she had no certain knowledge. All this she explained in broken accents to us, and added, 'I assure you, Mr. Smurthwaite, that for the past year I have not only lost all affection for Captain Crowther, but have positively hated and feared him, but O! I couldn't break it off—I can't tell you why.'

"Soothing the poor woman as best we could, we left her and made our way to Crowther's club, where we found him. Informing him that his presence was urgently required at my office (he did not know me) we were soon in a four-wheeler driving there. Not a word was said till we were safely in my room. The villain blustered, threatened, and fumed, but on my telling him that the child was in my possession his face turned ghastly

pale; perspiration broke out on his forehead and even dropped from the points of his lanky hair. Here is his confession." And, going to a drawer in his bookcase, Mr. Smurthwaite produced a faded document on foolscap. It read thus:—

"I, James Arthur Crowther, of the ——— Club, Piccadilly, do hereby declare that on the seventeenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and—, I was in Brompton with the object and intention of kidnapping Maximilian Foster, son of Reginald Foster, of Longlands. I had been there very nearly a week, and had seen the child on several occasions with his nurse, but had had no opportunity of taking him unobserved. On the seventeenth of May I was in the street and saw the child come out of Huddart's shop alone. I called to him, and presently we were in the stable yard where I had my horse and trap and man. The man was in my employ, but I have since sent him abroad. As soon as the horse was harnessed, I handed my man the child, and told him to drive as hard as he could to Carlisle, while I took the train.

"I arrived in Carlisle in time to walk out some two miles on the Brompton Road, where I got into the trap, and with a pair of scissors cut the child's hair short. I gave up the horse and trap and took the train with him to Newcastle. There we remained for two days, while I destroyed all the clothes the child was wearing, and dressed him in a completely different manner. I next took the train to Willesden, changed there, and got the District train, which took us to Gunnersbury, and thence I cabbed it to Mrs. Cameron's, with whom I had made arrangements previously in the name of Crompton.

"(Signed)

"CHARLES A. CROWTHER.

"Witnesses:

"J. G. SMURTHWAITE.

"A. S. WALTERS."

"Although I knew I was doing wrong in not handing the villain over to



"TELLING HIM THAT THE CHILD WAS IN MY POSSESSION"

justice, I felt that the disclosure of the story would be a terrible matter for poor Foster, so, with a warning to the wretched adventurer that unless he immediately left the country I should hand him over to justice, I dismissed him.

"His scheme had nearly succeeded.

Poor Foster arrived in England some two months later from Yokohama, but within three months had joined his poor wife. Little Max has had a long minority under my guardianship, and I only hope he will make a good use of his property. Miss Foster is Miss Foster still but lives abroad."



MR. FRANKLIN M'LEAY AS NERO IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES OF BEDFORD.



FIRST EARL



SECOND EARL



FOURTH EARL



THIRD EARL



SECOND DUKE



FIFTH EARL AND FIRST DUKE



FOURTH DUKE



THIRD DUKE



SIXTH DUKE



FIFTH DUKE



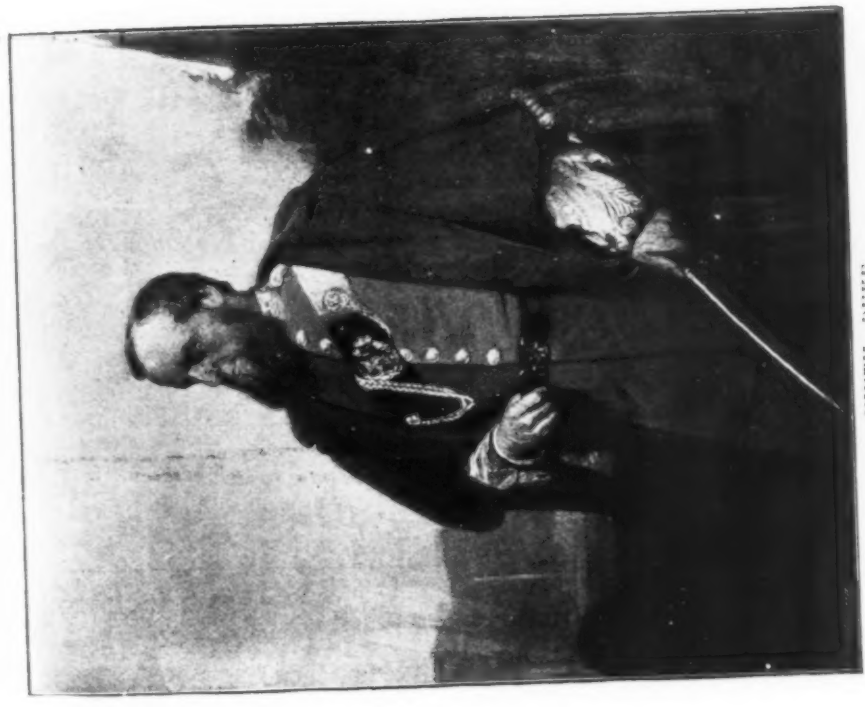
EIGHTH DUKE



SEVENTH DUKE



TENTH DUKE



NINTH DUKE



THE PRESENT DUKE

The Songs of the People.

THE distinguished personage—a Scotsman, of course—who remarked that he would forego all other forms of influence upon a people for that of making their songs,



MR. E. V. PAGE
From a photograph by W. Wright

would add the epithet "music-hall" if he were alive to-day; for the vogue of a drawing-room ballad is at the best the merest shadow of that enjoyed by the songs you hear in the variety theatres. Yet the writers of these songs—some of whom have had success after success, all known to everybody—are for the most part not even names to the vast majority of the public. Here are some names, and faces with them.

Mr. E. V. Page is not by any means an old man, but in this particular line of art he is entitled to be called a veteran. At one time there was hardly a vocalist upon the stage who was not singing one or more of his songs. It was he who wrote "One more glass before we part"—once beloved of the frequenters of Evans's supper-rooms; and "La-di-dah" was another of his songs. For three consecutive years he contributed lyrics to the book of the Drury Lane panto-

mime, and the grand total of his works is no less than a thousand. In many cases he wrote both words and music; but since '85 he has diverted his energies into other channels, finding that to own and manage the Cambridge Theatre of Varieties, down Shoreditch way, is to have little time left for writing songs.

Mr. Richard Morton is probably better known by name than any of his confrères, for it was he who wrote "Ta-ra-ra!" Since then he has had a whole host of successes: "The Dandy Coloured Coon," "Susie Tusie," "Twiggy-vous?" and "What do I care?" He has also compiled a volume of the tales of Mr. R. G. Knowles, and collaborated with Mr. Arthur Roberts in "The Adventures of Arthur Roberts by Road, Rail, and



MR. RICHARD MORTON

River." Other books are concerned with the sayings of Mr. G. W. Hunter and Mr. Eugene Stratton.



MR. JOHN P. HARRINGTON
From a photograph by Ward

Mr. J. P. Harrington is the author of "Tricky, Tricky Trilby" now—or until lately—sung by Miss Marie Lloyd. For the same lady he did a bicycle song,



MR. FELIX MCGLENNON
From a photograph by Barrett, Manchester

and another, "The Naughty Continong." He has also written dramatic sketches for the halls.

Mr. Felix McGlennnon is as well-known

on the other side of the Atlantic as here, and is said to be one of the few workers in any form of literary work whose income from American royalties is worth considering. He is not limited to any one form of ballad, for he wrote "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," on the one hand, and, on the other, such songs as "The Ship I Love," and "Comrades."

Mr. H. A. Duffy drifted from journalism to play-writing and so to the production of songs. His first success in this line was entitled "The Shamrock's Appeal to the Rose," and embodied a healthy feeling of patriotism. Since then he has done a vast number of



MR. H. A. DUFFY
From a photograph by Brooks

sketches, and many songs, including "The Man that came over from Ireland."

Mr. Norton Akins is one of the youngest of writers of music-hall songs, but has had numerous successes already. Perhaps the best of his achievements so far was "Night and Morning," which was written for Miss Fanny Leslie.

Mr. Herbert Cole is acting manager of old Sadler's Wells Theatre, out of which Mr. George Belmont has made a prosperous little music-hall. Perhaps the best of his songs, so far, was "I was in it," written for Mr. Harry Randall. He has also done some dramatic writing.

Mr. Joseph Tabrar is said to be the

only writer of these songs who does both words and music and orchestrates his own work. The earliest success

his "Dear kind Doctor." It is said of him that he can, if needs be, turn you off a dozen songs at a single sitting.



MR. NORTON AKINS
From a photograph by Brooks

recorded to his credit was "Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes," and a list of the others would fill many a page of *The Ludgate*. He wrote "Daddy



MR. JOSEPH TABRAR
From a photograph by Henry T. Reed

Finally, Mr. E. Bateman is a young writer who had the luck to make a big hit early in his career. He is the author of "If it wasn't for the 'ouses in be-



MR. HERBERT COLE
From a photograph by John Hart

wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," and at the present moment Mr. Harry Randall is singing his "For the sake of the little ones at home," and Mr. George Robey



MR. EDGAR BATEMAN
From a photograph by J. H. Lees

tween." Another great success of his is "It's a great big shame," sung by Mr. Gus Elen; and he has written several songs for Mr. Harry Randall.

The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



"LOST THE 'OLE CABOODLE"

So thur was I, dressed up to the nines—hin the lift—hon the steer-kise—hup an' darn ev'ry bloomin' depawtmunt in them bloomin' Stores. I pinched three purses, runnin' ter sixteen-parnd-ten, and then, thinks I, "Bill, you've earned yer tea." And art I goes.

And when I come to pye fur my three o' Scotch and no water, blow me if I 'adn't 'ad my pocket picked and lost the 'ole caboodle!

Well, what I says is, wheer's yer openin' fur hindustry nar-a-dyes?

Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

II.—IN A TERRIBLE GRIP.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



HAD taken a house at Dover. I detest publicity, and a case I had been dipping into threatened to come to trial, in which event I should inevitably find my name figuring in the papers. Therefore I conveyed myself and my effects to the coast, and had my yacht in readiness so that a wire from my lawyer should give me some sea-miles start of the person charged with the serving of my subpoena. I slept at Dover, going down most days by the five o'clock express. About half-an-hour out from town I observed a strange old tumble-down house standing a little distance from the railway, a house noticeable for being a curious graft of villa upon farm-house. This house had impressed itself on the outer tablets of my consciousness for some days, perhaps, before it struck deep enough to focuss my attention. I know this by the circumstance that one day it remained in my memory with the clear and sharp intensity of something I had been acquainted with for years. I even found that my outer consciousness had arrived at the conclusion that the house belonged to an artist. There was a long low room built out from it, a room with complicated blinds and a large top-light—a studio to all appearance. Then I asked myself why had the house impressed me and what was my impression? As I have said, I have an instinct for a house with a history; but, unfortunately, imagination and this instinct occasionally become confused. This was a house calculated by its quaint construction to

excite the fancy. Fancy alone might be at work.

As I neared it next morning I examined it attentively. Certainly it was a charming old house, and the garden a tangle of perfume and colour. A hurried glance as we rushed past showed me the interior of the studio. There were no pictures nor sign of artistic properties. Not even an easel. Indeed, the only thing in the room was an immense chair, a chair that caught and held my attention. It stood on a platform raised from the ground. It was fitted with levers and flanges and screws of every conceivable form and shape. I put my head out of window, staring back at it. It looked like some horrible instrument of mediæval torture. Before it had passed from view I burst out laughing. Truly, my imagination was at ferment. The chair was an instrument of torture without question, but a modern one. It was a dentist's chair! Not such a dentist's chair as I had ever seen, but manifestly a dentist's chair. The annex was, then, no artist's studio, but a dentist's surgery. I decided in the evening that the dentist had retired, and had preserved this relic of his stock-in-trade possibly from some sentiment of professional pride, for the house stood a mile at least from any other houses, and these were a mere score of squalid cottages. Assuredly there was no scope for professional practice.

A man stood out on the lawn as we passed. If he were the dentist he was young to retire—young, and yet old. His hair was grey: he was thin to emaciation. He stood scanning the train with a wild gaze. He looked like a man who had sustained some mental shock. This impression was increased by the fact that a sudden shriek from the engine at the moment of passing set

his face contorting. Then he clapped his hands spasmodically over his ears, and turning, shot into the house, his coat-tails flying.

"My good sir," I reflected, "before you chose a dwelling within sixty yards of a railway you should have discovered that your nerves were not equal to the shriek of a locomotive."

A day later I was interested to see



"GOING DOWN BY THE EXPRESS"

that the dentist had a patient. The torture-chair was occupied. I could not make out much of the occupant, and strangely enough the dentist was not visible. Neither were there to be seen the table set with picks and files, nor the drill nor any of those other contrivances for anticipating the tortures of the lost, wherein the dental mind is so prolific. As we glided opposite I got a better view. The man lay back in the chair motionless and gagged, with such a look of horror in his starting eyes as was absolutely appalling. His face was livid, his hands purple and patched with white about the knuckles, as though he were straining every effort for composure.

It was evident he was undergoing mental torture of the extremest kind. Yet he lay back motionless—the convulsions of his features being the only evidence of muscular activity about him. I wondered, rather contemptuously—for after all the tortures of dentistry are not more than a man may bear—I wondered, if he felt so mortally bad about it, why he did not get up and beat a retreat. We

passed so close that I learned his reason. A curious writhe and shiver of his limbs made it plain that to retreat was not in his power. He was locked in. The levers and flanges and screws had him immovable in their grip. Heavens! an ordinary dental chair were bad enough, but this one—this that locked the limbs and gagged the mouth, and held a man as in a vice—was altogether too fiendish. Again I was struck by the fact that the man was alone and that none of the paraphernalia of dentistry were about. The dentist was a cool hand indeed to leave his patient thus to his imagination.

"I say! man in a fit," my opposite fellow-passenger broke in. He leaned out of window. "Poor wretch! and nobody with him!"

He resumed his seat. "I don't think it was a fit after all," he said, thoughtfully, "his eyes were conscious."

The same man travelled with me in the evening. As we neared the house we instinctively strained our necks in its

direction. Every blind was drawn. It was like a house that had dropped its lids on a secret. My companion made a gesture towards it.

"Dead, I suppose," he said, with a little shudder. "Poor beggar! I hope they found him while he was alive."

I had it on my tongue to tell him my view, but I refrained. After all, he might be right. For surely no man ever looked like that over a tooth.

Next day the blinds were up. The chair was empty. The dentist sat in the garden. I had searched the papers vainly for a case of sudden or mysterious death. Two evenings later the chair was

again occupied. Again a man alone, convulsed and livid, lay with his gagged face turned to the window, his eyeballs starting. I could make out but little of his face for the screw and flange of the gag. But I noticed he had the wild grey hair of the man I had seen in the garden—the man I had taken for the dentist. I reconstructed my views. It was no case of dentistry. The room, after all, was a studio, the man an artist's model. The torture on his face was simulated—excellently well simulated. He was posing for some impressionist picture. Where then was the artist? And where the picture? There was neither easel, nor palette, nor even a mahl-stick. I could see every corner of the room. There was nothing in it but the chair—nobody in it but the man. I had come to the end of my imaginative patience. I would guess no longer.

The next morning I got out at the nearest station. Inquiring my way to the house, I was aware of being an object of interest, if not of suspicion. I congratulated myself. There was something to sift after all.

"You mean Massey's house," a woman answered to my queries. "Ah! poor gentleman! Up the lane and past the Spotted Corcodill, and round by Meakin's forge, and it'll be the first house you come to."

"Why do you say 'poor gentleman'?"

She shut her lips and shook her head. She tapped her forehead. Then she reeled off a string of mild invective, and darting across the road, whipped a small son of hers out of the gutter, and applied a palm in forcible and rapid iteration to the side of his face. I am sensitive to discordant sound. I hastened on, pondering how it came about that a woman could have in the same moment sympathy and to spare over a strange "poor gentleman," and not a grain of commiseration for a lonesome little chap of her own with a taste for mud-pies. I gained the Spotted Crocodile and passed Meakin's forge, where a man, who might have been Meakin, was shoeing a horse, and so to the house. Its front was pretentious but commonplace. One would not have looked twice at it. The rambling farm-house forming the back was faced by the most ordinary of villas, a villa of a conventionality of aspect which to me is always nauseating. Every blind was drawn to an equal

depth down every window. Such windows as were open were lifted to an equal height. The muslin curtains were immaculate and stretched on burnished rods. The steps and flags before the door were chalked as though they had something to conceal. The knocker was polished till its lustre stabbed the eyes. Altogether I was unfavourably impressed. The house was like a man whose teeth are too white. I mentally rubbed my hands. I love a house with so smiling a front. It rarely fails me. The door was opened by a sly-looking dapper housemaid. I had an impression of her levelling those blinds and polishing that knocker the while she laughed in her sleeve.

"Mr. Massey in?" I inquired.

"No sir, he's just gone out," she answered glibly; "if you was to walk up the road and turn to the right you'd be sure and catch him up," she added pointing her hand.

I know a lie when it is told me. I knew it then. I stepped over the spotless threshold into the immaculate hall.

"I will wait," I said.

Had I been less quick she would have shut the door on me. She stood watching me with eyes like knitting-needles.

"Master's not very well, and doesn't see anybody," she said, a little abashed.

"He will see me," I said confidently.

There is no situation in the world which cannot be carried by confidence. After a moment's hesitation she crossed the hall and flung a door open. I entered an old-fashioned parlour. I gave her my card. She seemed impressed.

"I will tell Mr. Smithson, my lord," she said, civilly.

"Now who the dickens is Smithson?" I wondered.

He was by my elbow while I did so. I had not heard him come, but there he was, a smooth-faced restless-eyed fellow with a chronic smile, and a superfluity of teeth phenomenally white.

"Mr. Massey is not well this morning, my lord," he said, obsequiously. "Can I take any message from your lordship?"

"He is not out then?"

Smithson shrugged his shoulders and displayed his teeth as if to acquit himself of all responsibility in that particular lie.

"He will be sorry to miss you," he said.

"I will call again."

He made another deprecating gesture as if to imply that should I do so my trouble would possibly be unrewarded.

"Your master is a dentist?" I remarked, in the hall.

"Pardon me, my lord, I am not at liberty to talk of my master's affairs," he said, suavely.

Just then a voice shouted hoarsely:

"Smithson, for God's sake let me out. I can't stand it any longer, I shall go mad."

The cry was repeated with groans and panting breath. Smithson's eyes met mine.

"My master requires me," he said, obviously speeding my departure.

"He seems in pain or some extremity. Go to him: I will open the door myself."

But he would not leave me.

"Oh! I am suffocating—suffocating!" the strangled voice expostulated.

Then the door was shut and locked. I caught the next train back to town. I had walked rapidly to the station. Not more than half-an-hour elapsed between my leaving the house by the front door and passing its rear in the train. I looked into the large room. The dentist's chair was occupied, and by the same grey-haired young man. His face was contorted, his eyeballs strained, his hands clutched the chair-arms with the same lividity of spasm.

The solution of the problem suggested itself. Massey was a lunatic, Smithson his keeper. The chair was a contrivance for restraining him in violent moods. The cries I had heard were thus explicable enough. My interest was now engaged. I set inquiries afoot but could learn little of him. Only people shook ominous heads at the mention of Smithson. I sent him a line. I should be in the neighbourhood shortly, and hoped for the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He replied that he would be delighted to see me.

Smithson eyed me with no favour.

"Are your master's violent fits liable to come on at any moment?" I inquired, as he preceded me across the hall. He turned and stared.

"I think it must be some mistake," he answered, "my master is not a lunatic." He still stared at me.

"He said he had not your lordship's acquaintance. You must be mistaking him for somebody else."

"That I will settle with himself," I

said. He still hesitated as if doubtful about admitting me. I pushed on.

"Lord Syfret," he announced to the old-fashioned parlour. The grey-haired young man came forward, stretching out both hands.

"You do me an honour," he said, nervously. Smithson left us. We plunged into conversation. He was a friendly fellow, and seemed flattered by my visit. I apologised for the intrusion. I was a person burdened with leisure and a bit of a busybody. I had remarked his house from the railway. It's quaint appearance had interested me. Had it any story? Might I go into the garden? Might I see his studio?

"My studio?" he questioned, fixing his prominent roving eyes on mine.

"I take the large room with the top-light to be a studio?" He seemed sobered.

"I do not paint," he said. He was a stockbroker, and had spent the greater part of his life in America. He had no friends in England.

"You shall see the room if you wish it," he said, a shade reluctant.

I wished it. As I had gathered from passing glimpses, it was a great bare room with nothing in it but the chair. I observed it surreptitiously. I would not hurt his feelings by being seen to remark it.

It was the most complicated piece of mechanism I had ever chanced upon. It bristled with clamps and devices.

We stood staring about the room. Somehow our eyes turned always on the chair. I could scarcely keep it off my lips.

"You have a pretty view," I said, still staring at it.

At length he broke out, nervously:

"You are looking at the chair?"

I scanned him closely. The mention of it was calculated to excite him. But he was quiet enough. Only his expression sobered, his lips twitched.

"It looks like a dentist's chair," I said, tritely.

"It is a dentist's chair." He added under his breath: "Don't ask me about it."

"Certainly not, if you do not wish it. Let us go into the garden." But he still stood there.

"You never before saw a chair like it," he asserted, jealously.

A new idea struck me.



"BEHIND ME ALL WAS SILENCE"

"It is an invention of your own?"

He turned on me peevishly. "You said you would not ask!"

"Pardon; let us go into the garden."

But he did not move. Suddenly he broke out. "I invent it! No, thank Heaven, it wasn't so bad as that."

He was growing agitated.

"Let us go into the garden," I said a third time.

He stood irresolute. He passed a thin hand over his brow.

"No, it was bad enough," he muttered. "Heaven knows it was bad enough, but it wasn't as bad as that." He looked furtively about the room. "I have never told anybody," he began.

I waited.

After a pause. "That chair nearly cost me my life." From under his faded hair a sweat-drop rolled and, gathering moisture as it travelled, trickled down over his forehead and fell on his hand. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "It cost me my health and peace of mind," he muttered.

Suddenly he looked me in the face with a wild appeal.

"Do you think a man might go mad brooding over things?"

"I should think a man who recognised the possibility would not be such a fool as to brood over things," I said firmly.

"O, it's so easy to talk," he muttered, staring at the chair. He took a key from his pocket and slipping it into a triangular opening, turned it.

With a whirring click a lever slid down slowly from its place, the seat tilted, the flanges revolved. Then the chair flung wide its arms with the suggestion of a steel embrace. I thought of a certain metal "maiden" of Inquisition fame. He motioned me toward it.

"Will you try it?"

I declined with thanks—to his surprise. He stepped on to the platform with alacrity and seated himself.

"Lock it," he said, handing me the key.

I slipped it into the aperture and turned it.

Immediately the former process was reversed. The seat levelled, a series of plates jointed like armour closed down over his extended arms, a collar of iron gripped his throat, a steel thorax shut its two halves across his chest. He smiled me a pale smile from out of a vizor of iron.

"Isn't it marvellous?" he questioned.

"Devilish," I replied.

"I cannot move hand nor foot. You might cut my throat and I couldn't lift a finger."

Suddenly his expression changed. His eyeballs started. His skin took on a greenish pallor. Though he could not stir, his hands purpled under the tension of his muscles. He was the man I had seen from the train.

"For Heaven's sake let me out!" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake!"

I turned the lock. The chair flung wide its iron chest and arms. With a bound he leapt out vaulting to the other end of the room. If ever joy painted itself on a poor wretch's face, it painted itself on his. He shook me by the hand.

"Thank God!" he gasped, "It took me too soon. I must be losing my nerve."

"To tell the truth," I said bluntly, "you are a fool to play with your nerve in such a fashion."

In the garden he explained.

"The chair belonged to a friend of mine. Indeed, it was his invention. He spent years perfecting it. He was an American dentist, not very well off—an ingenious chap. He invented it so that he should not need an assistant in operating. The patient was absolutely controlled, and the operator unhindered. It was in America it all happened. He found it a great assistance to him, and was doing well. Indeed, he was doing too well. He was doing the work of three men.

Having been awake all night with toothache I took my way to him one morning.

"He had just moved into a new house. He was on the point of marrying a girl he had been fond of for years and was looking forward to happiness.

"As I went up the steps that morning I was surprised to meet him coming down. He had a travelling-bag in his hand.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" I answered.

"I'm just off to Newport for a week. The heat has been so terrific I'm dead beat. Doctor says another few days without a rest might do for me."

"A man with a toothache is no Christian. 'For goodness sake,' I begged him, 'turn back and relieve me of this aching fiend.'

"He was a good-hearted chap. 'Why,

certainly,' he agreed, 'I can do it and yet catch my train. I'm well on time.'

"He unlocked the door, and we went in.

"It's homicidal weather,' he said, 'and as I was going, I've given the servants a week off. There's not a soul in the place.'

"Chair answering?' I asked, as I took my seat in it.

"He flushed proudly. 'I've taken out a patent. I showed it at the Dental Society's meeting last night. Congratulate me on a fortune.'

"He turned the key. For the first time I was locked in. It isn't altogether a pleasant sensation." "What do you want, Smithson? No, I did not call, but you can bring some wine."

He waited for the wine with curious, absent eyes. Then he went on with his story.

"Well, I was locked in. I lay back as if I had been in a vice, my mouth was gagged open. I could not move a muscle. Would you not like to test it?"

I shook my head.

"You will never altogether realise what I felt.

"I heard him cross the room behind me. I heard him coming back. You know the sensation? I was aware he was trying to hide a demon of a forceps in the palm of his hand. I braced myself for the wrench. I wondered vindictively why teeth had not been otherwise planned.

"Just as I thought he was on me I heard a stumble, a thud, a groan. I thought he had tripped.

"Hurt yourself, old boy?' I asked.

"There was no answer. Only a deep, catchy breathing. 'He must have hurt himself a good deal,' I thought.

"The breathing grew quieter. I repeated the question. Instinctively I tried to turn—an impossibility, of course.

"I hope you are not badly hurt,' I said, 'I can't go to you.'

"Still there was no answer. He must have seriously hurt himself. I mentally confounded the chair which held my head immovable. Then I spoke to him again. With no result. There was nothing to believe but that he had fainted. The breathing was now so quiet as to be almost inaudible. The necessity of freeing myself, so that I might go to his assistance, wrestled so

urgently with my inability to do so that I was on the verge of strangulation. With an effort I controlled myself. There was nothing to be done. Of the two, though he were insensible, I was by far the more powerless, for I was dependent on his aid before I could lift a finger. There was nothing for me to do but to wait. I waited. With how little patience you may guess. A clock in the room struck ten. It had 'tinged' the half hour after nine as I entered. I fairly groaned with vexation. Poor Newby would lose his train. Why the deuce had I not let him take himself off? My tooth could have waited, or have found another extractor. Into what a business my impatience had plunged us! I grew serious as to how far he might have injured himself. Possibly even when he should recover consciousness he might not be in a condition to release me. He might in falling have broken, or at least have dislocated, a bone. A hundred harassing probabilities occurred to me. I fumed and fretted, straining my eyeballs vainly to this and that side trying to catch a glimpse of him. I could still hear him faintly breathing. The stretched muscles of my gagged jaws began to throb and ache. I tried to call, but the throat has little power when the mouth is stretched, and the gag choked my voice. Moreover, I remembered that the house was empty. He had sent his servants away for a week. There was nothing for it but to wait. I waited. The clock on the table struck eleven. Half-a-dozen clocks outside reiterated the fact. It was eleven o'clock—eleven o'clock on a summer's morning. The world on the other side of the window was astir and busy. I could hear men's steps beat the pavement. They seemed to be leaving us behind. The rattle of cabs and clack of horse's hoofs mocked the dull stillness of the room. I stretched my ears for sounds of my poor friend's returning consciousness. I even dreaded that return lest it should prove him incapacitated. In that case what in the wide world were we to do? I put the thought away. Heaven knew I needed my wits to keep me from bruising myself against my iron bonds. I found myself cursing the evil genius of Newby's ingenuity with more intensity than reason. The clocks struck twelve. By this time the breath-sounds were

scarcely perceptible. Heavens! Was he dying? Was he dying for the need of help? Dying with a strong, whole man, and that man his good friend, within a yard of him? For a whole half-hour I shouted at the top of my voice; shouted, indeed, till my voice was a mere rough thread in my rasped throat. The sounds of life outside went on with a brisk indifference that seemed brutality. Was there no power, no telepathy of human sympathy, that should communicate to some of those outside that within the room whose window stared at them, a man lay, it might be dying, while another, gagged and bound, strove with unspeakable torment to go to his aid. The hours wore on. The horrible dread of listening for them, and learning from their iron tongue that another sixty minutes had closed down like an inexorable door between the man I had been in the morning—the free man, with no worse trouble than an aching tooth—and the bound, helpless wretch I then was, became intolerable. Sound, thought, feeling, merged in confusion. My brain throbbed in my ears, my blood beat in my veins; I could hear it like waves on shingle. Out of the confusion I distinguished nothing. The steps outside, the faint breathing, the striking clocks—all were lost in a curious hustling dread. I must have fainted. I awoke to a sense of surprise. But the torture of my constrained position left me but shortly in doubt. My lips and cheeks seemed cracking under the stretch of the gag. Like some swollen horror my dry tongue filled my mouth. Behind me all was—silence."

He stopped and looked me wildly in the face.

"Do you think I shall forget it if I live to be eighty?—the horror of that moment when I listened for his breathing, for his movement, and heard—nothing!"

He sat panting like one spent with running. I poured out and passed him a glass of wine.

"The sun was levelling. It shot in presently beneath the blind and stabbed my starting eyes. Its hot glare turned me sick. It seemed to be searching the room with a lurid inquisitiveness. Presently I thought it halted, resting stationary, with a dull astonishment, on something I could not see, something

behind me that I could not see, but felt with a horrible intensity. Again I shouted as well as my stiff jaws and swollen tongue would let me. I sent cry after cry into space. My voice was strange and hoarse. It put me in a panic to hear another man's voice shouting out of my throat. But nobody heard. There was nobody to hear. Each man tramped over the pavement, bent on his own pursuits. Just while the sun illumined us, had anybody turned his head, he might have seen me through the wire blind—a man in torture.

"But nobody turned his head. Night came, and with it a measure of coolness. The dusk was grateful to my nerves and eyes; and I had a hope that when the passers-by had taken their clattering footsteps home, I might, by Heaven's kindness, make myself heard. But by the time the silence came I had no voice to be heard. It was as much as I could do to draw my breath between my swollen lips. The night silence brought out that other silence into which I listened for his breathing. If I could only have caught a glimpse of him! If I could only have seen the reality rather than the horrible phantasies my mind began to conjure! I pictured him bruised and contorted, I pictured him weltering in blood; I pictured him lying, kneeling, sitting. I pictured him conscious and cunning, standing above me with a whetted knife. It came to me that he was not really dead, but had gone suddenly mad. I could feel him crouching close behind me waiting for the moment. I could hear him steal about the room. I strained my eyes to see his head come suddenly over my shoulder, his eyes glare into mine. I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. It was a trap. It was the devilry of one with homicidal mania. This was the motive of his horrible chair. This was the object of his years of planning. How many men before me had been his victims? The room seemed peopled with them.

They stared from every corner. They laughed with ghastly laughter at another dupe. I wondered if he would kill me outright, or leave me to die in the chair. I called to him to cut my throat and end it. I thought he chuckled. Again I was sure he was dead. And I was afraid of him—afraid of the grisly thing that lay so still behind me. I had rather



"ARE YOU GOING TO SIGN, YOU FOOL?"

he lived and stood by me with whetted knife. He was more fearsome dead and girt with the horrors of violent death than he was fearsome as an assassin, breathing, intelligible, and murderous.

"He seemed to me to lie there lifting his clammy hands with the continuous impotent movement of corpse hands stirred by a tide. I could hear them beat the carpet, rising and falling with rhythmic thud. Then I went back to the beginning. He was not dead, but something had fallen on his face—something that his faintness prevented him from removing, yet left him conscious enough to know that he was suffocating. I pictured the long, full breath he would draw if I but turned and freed him. I drew that breath for him, instinctively. I suffocated. I struggled in my bonds to turn and free him. I rasped my wrists and limbs till they were raw, trying to turn and free him. Then it was nose-bleeding—he had suffered sometimes from nose-bleeding. He was dying of that, dying for need of the simplest aid. The room swam red. It streamed before me in crimson jets. Could any man's body hold so much blood? It rose and rose and lapped my face. Again I heard him lift his body dully in the dark. He came dragging himself round to look me in the face. His chill hands swept my forehead, importuning me. My hair lifted on my scalp. Why had I come between him and life? Why had I robbed him of happiness? His spirit moaned about the room. I prayed for his knife at my throat. Only let it end; let it end. A thousand times he crossed the room as I had heard him cross it, to return with feet that at first were light, then dragged, then halted and passed into that sickening thud. He seemed to try so hard to reach me, returning again and again and starting afresh for my chair. A thousand times I held my breath, hoping he had reached me, when he tripped and fell—fell with that sickening thud.

"His children came, the children that might have been his, and looked at me with phantom eyes. I could not turn my face from them. Anything that liked to come might come and stare at me; I could not turn my face."

I interrupted him. The man was possessed. The veil between him and madness was stretched to cracking point.

"How did it end?" I asked.

He started and stared.

"How did it end?" I insisted.

"Let me tell it," he said peevishly. After some moments of childish petulance during which he weakly whimpered. "It went on three whole days and nights," he said, moistening his lips. "In lucid moments I knew he was dead. The odour of death and dissolution in that hot terrible room became intolerable. I was without food or drink. I could not sleep. I could not call. I could only think and feel—such thoughts, such feelings! I only knew of that which lay and decomposed behind my chair. I am only thirty. But do you wonder my hair is grey? I had intervals of unconsciousness thank Heaven, prostration and delirium. Hunger and faintness do that for a man.

"In the small hours of the fourth morning, while it was still dark, a noise at the window aroused me. I wonder I was still alive; but men take a good deal of killing. At first I thought it fancy. I had had so many fancies. But I heard a sound as of bitten glass, then the hasp of the window flew back, the sash was raised. Between my swollen lids there came a glare of light. Black things flitted on the ceiling. I heard whispering. I thought they had come to kill me. The scalding water of my tears ran down my face as I thanked God they had come to kill me. It seemed hours they were stealing about the room, with hoarse whispers. I could only see their shadows on the ceiling. How many there were I could not say, but a hundred heads at least passed blackly over the ceiling.

"Then my tears ran cold. They were only shadows. It was only another phantasy. My imagination was at play again. I hurled wild imprecations at the shadow heads. 'You are not, you are not!' I cried to them out of my voiceless throat. 'You do not deceive me, I know you are not.' Then a horrible face—a face half black, half white, leaned over me. A hoarse cry broke in my ears. Soon two horrible piebald faces leaned over me. A second cry came, a third, and they stood panting there. One touched the thing beside me with his foot.

"'Both dead,' he muttered, as one baulked of prey. I mustered all my strength and moaned. They made for

the door. My despair and desolation nerved me.

"For God's sake, cut my throat!" I groaned. I heard them turn back. Then I knew nothing more till I found myself in hospital. I had been rescued by burglars, and three weeks mad.

"When I was well I knew the truth. Newby had died that morning of an apoplectic seizure. Nothing could have saved him, the doctors said."

"Why did you not have the chair destroyed?"

He turned on me angrily.

"It is my only comfort. I recompense myself for past misery by multiplying the joys of release. I have a man, a faithful fellow — the only other person besides yourself who knows my story. I get him to lock me in, leave me, and then, when I have worked myself to the limits of terror, believing myself deserted, he lets me out. The joy of release is the only joy left to me. I need and allow myself no other indulgence."

I had been making up my mind.

"Are you a good sailor?"

He was. By superhuman eloquence I persuaded him to consent to a voyage in my yacht. I was starting next morning. I am no philanthropist, but a man's sanity is worth saving. An hour after I had left the house I went back to it. There was a look on Smithson's face when told to pack that had remained with me. I went by the side-door round into the garden. As the annex came into view Smithson appeared at the window. He was smiling unpleasantly. The room was lighted. Massey was in the chair. (Was the fool worth saving?) Smithson turned presently into the room. I made my way to the window, and stood in the shade of a shrub.

"I'll have the gag," I heard my king of idiots say. "I want to get up a real good sensation. It's the last I'll have for a time."

I heard the click of metal.

"Now go," Massey mumbled, "and keep me a long time to-night."

But Smithson went not. On the

contrary, he turned and flicked his victim in the face.

"Not before we've arranged a bit of business," he said, jauntily. "Now then, young man I've put up with you a good many months, and you're a-going to send me adrift are you?"

Inarticulate dissent from Massey.

"O! yes you are. Syfret's got hold of you. You've passed out of my hands. There'll be no more chair and



"FALLING FOUL OF THE CHAIR"

gags for you I can see plainly. But I am going to be paid for all my trouble. Fifty pound a year hasn't paid me, I can tell you. I shall loose your right hand for you to sign this. If you don't — well, you've been locked in here before, and you know how you like it. There'll be no one in the house. Bess and me was married this morning, and we're off to America by the night boat. If you was to refuse to sign, I should lock all the doors and windows and put

up the shutters. I've told everybodyt we're all going a voyage. And you need not look for burglars this time. There's nothing in the house to take, Bess and me has seen to that. Now then, are you going to sign, you fool?"

Massey managed to query through the gag; "How much?"

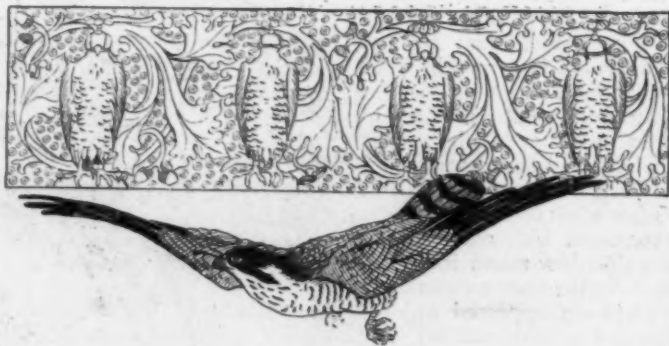
"Only five thou'. You could spare ten easy. But I'll do with five."

Massey groaned. But, of course, he relented. What else could he have done?

I went in behind Smithson while he was busy with the lock. I set my knee against his back and threw him. He fell heavily, striking his head. He was safe for some minutes. In those minutes I released Massey. Together we lifted the rascal into the chair and turned the key. It was a capital contrivance for extracting truth. We discovered the whereabouts of the plate and other

hings Mr. and Mrs. Smithson had appropriated. With some of them she was waiting in the kitchen. Then I let him out and bundled him into the road. When I went back, I discovered Massey with a pitchfork falling manfully foul of the chair. He raised his weapon high. He brought it down with violent invective. He banged and battered till the clamps and flanges were a homogeneous mass; he ripped its velvet cushionings, and broke its arms and legs. With a fell and final swoop he hurled himself upon it and smote the gag with such a blow that it bounded across the room, and breaking a pane of glass, whirled into the garden.

Anybody seeing him would have taken him for nothing less than a homicidal maniac. Yet this murderous attack of his was about the first symptom of sanity I had remarked in him.



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

MR. H. F. RICKETTS, Santa Fé, Argentina, receives the photographic medal for a picture with a history which he tells as follows: "I am afraid the photograph. I send you will be too late for the competition, but it will cost me a forty mile gallop to catch the mail to-morrow, and 'taking one consideration with another' it would be kind of you to give me a few days' grace. The picture represents a near squeak—a friend and I had of getting—let us say—singed. I had taken my hand-camera tied to my saddle for the purpose of obtaining a snapshot of a fire on the prairie within a mile of my ranch, and my friend had accompanied me. We were riding on one side of the fire admiring the spectacle at a respectable distance, when, without warning, the wind which had been driving hard from the north, went round to the south, and blew a regular 'Pampero,' and dashed the flames towards us. Never had I imagined that fire could travel at such a speed: it simply flew over the ground.

The roar of the water exploding in the rushes was terrific. Of course we galloped for our lives—and such galloping! On an ordinary occasion a trot would be too fast for the prairie, where the vegetation rose above our horses' heads. A fall would have meant—well, that we would have come in a bad second; but neither horse stumbled even. Luckily there was no smoke, or hardly any, but there was a great wall of flame and the heat became well-nigh unbearable. For an hour we rode like mad, and the grass began to get shorter, till we emerged at last into what might almost be called an open camp. Then I thought of a photograph; and, loosening my reins, I was ahead of my chum in a second. Taking my camera from its case, I 'snapped'—and the result is what you see. It conveys little idea of the reality, but to me it brings back vividly one of the warmest gallops I have ever experienced." The Editor of the *Ludgate* is certain none will grudge his or her fellow-reader, Mr. Ricketts, the medal forwarded to him.



FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE: MEDAL

By H. F. RICKETTS, Santa Fé, Argentina



"THAT'S YOU": COMMENDED
By J. PULLAN, *Oundle*



HARVESTING ON THE BRAES OF CARSE, PERTHSHIRE: COMMENDED
By WILLIAM BERTIE, *Dundee*



A MILL IN THE MIDLANDS: COMMENDED
By J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*



SEASIDE PLAYMATES: COMMENDED
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Sefton Park, Liverpool*



THE BEST SHORT STORY

OF the stories sent in, the only one which had the requisite literary merit was unsuited in subject.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES

MOON MAGIC.

By ADA SMITH, *Reichsstrasse, E., III., Dresden, Germany*

OUTSIDE the quiet landscape lies
 A temple underneath the moon;
 Mystic with light the woodlands rise,
 The small brook whispers out its tune
 Unto the daisies' white shut eyes.

Magic and mystery are shed
 Upon the hills and dreaming sheep;
 Earth, kneeling with bent moonlit head,
 While all her careless children sleep
 With sacramental dew is fed.

Deep peace of adoration fills
 The valley, consecrating it,
 And with a throb of singing rills
 Hidden within their bosom, sit
 The old sweet reverential hills.

God walks His temple glades to-night,
 And all the dropped flower-faces shine,
 In forest glooms the ways are bright,
 The silence is a voice divine,
 Earth lies at worship in His sight.





BY FRANCIS WATT.

I PROPOSE to examine the witchcraft cases in the huge collection of State Trials in Howell's twenty-one bulky volumes. The general subject, even in England, is too vast for detailed treatment here: also it is choked with all manner of absurdities. In a trial some of these are pared away: you know what the people saw, or believed they saw, and you have the declarations of the witches themselves. Only five cases, all between 1616 (13 Jac. I.) and 1702 (1 Ann.) are reported. The selection is capricious, for some famous prosecutions, as that of the Lancashire witches, are omitted; but it is fairly representative.

In the early times witchcraft and sorcery were left to the Church. In 1541, 33 Hen. VIII., C 8, made both felony without "benefit of clergy"; and by the 1 Jac. I., C 12, all persons invoking any evil spirit, or taking up dead bodies from their graves to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment, or killing or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without "benefit of clergy," and suffer death. King James's views on witchcraft and his skill (whereon he greatly plumed himself) as a witchfinder are famed. Royal influence went hand-in-hand with vulgar superstition. In less than a century and a-half, legal if not popular ideas were altered, and in 1736, by the 9 Geo. II., C 5, the laws against witchcraft were swept away, though charlatans professing the occult sciences were still punished as cheats.

I pass as of little interest the first case in Howell, that of Mary Smith, in 1616. More worthy of note are the proceedings against the Essex witches, some twenty in number, condemned at the Chelmsford Sessions on the 29th of July, 1645,

before the Earl of Warwick and other Justices. One noted witch was Elizabeth Clarke, to whom the devil had appeared "in the shape of a proper gentleman with a laced band, having the whole proportion of a man." She had certain imps whom she called Jarmara ("a white dogge with red spots"), Vinegar Tom, Hoult, and Sack and Sugar. So far the information of Matthew Hopkins of Manningtree, gent., who further said that the same evening whereon the accused confessed these marvels to him, "he espied a white thing about the bignesse of a kitlyn," which bit a piece out of his greyhound, and in his own yard that very night "he espied a black thing proportioned like a cat, only it was thrice as big, sitting on a strawberry bed, and fixing the eyes on this informant."

John Sterne, gent., had equal wonders of imps the size of small dogs, and how Sack and Sugar were like to do him hurt. 'Twere well, said the malevolent Elizabeth, "that this informant were so quick, otherwise the said impe had soone skipped upon his face, and perchance had got into his throate, and then there would have been a feast of toades in this informant's belly." The witch, Clarke, ascribed her undoing to Anne Weste, widow, here usually called Old Beldam Weste, who, coming upon her as she was picking up a few sticks, and seeming to pity her for "her lameness (having but one leg) and her poverty," promised to send her a little kitten to help her. Sure enough, a few nights after two imps appeared, who promised to "help her to an husband who should maintain her ever after." A country justice's notions of evidence are not even to-day supposed to be exact; what they were then, let the information of Robert Tayler, also of Manningtree, show. It seems Clarke

had accused one, Elizabeth Gooding, as a confederate. Gooding was refused credit at Tayler's for half-a-pound of cheese, whereupon "she went away muttering and mumbling to herself, and within a few hours came again with money and bought a pound of cheese of this informant." That very night Tayler's horse fell grievously ill and four farriers were gruelled to tell what ailed it, but this portentous fact was noted: "the belly of the said horse would rumble and make a noyse as a foule chimney set on fire." In four days it was dead. Tayler had also heard that certain confessed witches had "impeached the said Elizabeth Gooding for killing of this said horse," moreover Elizabeth kept company with notorious witches—after all which, scepticism was scarce permissible. Rebecca Weste, being a prisoner awaiting trial in the castle at Colchester, confessed how at a witches' meeting the devil appeared to her in the shape of a dog and kissed her. In less than six months he came again and promised to marry her. "Shee said he kissed her, but was as cold as clay, and married her that night in this manner: he tooke her by the hand and led her about the chamber and promised to be a loving husband to death and to avenge her of her enemies."

One Rawbood, had taken a house over the head of Margaret Moon, another of the accused, with highly unpleasant consequences. For instance, Mrs. Rawbood, though a "very tydy and cleanly woman, sitting upon a block after dinner with another neighbour, a little before it was time to go to church upon an Easter Day, the said Rawbood's wife was on a sudden so filled with lice that they might have been swept off her clothes with a stick; and this informant saith he did see them, and that they were long and lean, and not like other lice." More awe-inspiring were the confessions of Rebecca Jones, of Osyth. Some twenty-five years ago she, being in service at Much-Clacton, was summoned one day by a knock at the door, where she saw "a very handsome young man, as shee then thought, but now shee thinks it was the devil." Politely enquiring how she did, he desired to see her left wrist, which, being shown him, he pulled out a pin "from this examinant's owne sleeve, and pricked her wrist twice, and there came out a drop of blood, which he took off

with the top of his finger, and so departed," leaving poor Rebecca's heart all in a flutter. Some four months afterwards, as she was going to market to sell butter, "a man met with her, being in a ragged sute, and having such great eyes that this examinant was very much afraid of him." He presented her with three things like to "moules," which she afterwards used to destroy her neighbours' cattle and occasionally her neighbours themselves.

In the evidence against other witches there was mention of a familiar called Elimanzer, who was fed with milk pottage, and of imps called Wynowe, Jeso, Panu, with many other remarkable particulars impossible to mention. Now all this evidence was collected before the actual trial in the form of informations upon oath, but the testimony of Sir Thomas Bowes, knight, was given from the Bench during the trial of Anne Weste whom it concerned. He reported that a very honest man of Manningtree passing Anne Weste's door very late in bright moonlight saw four things like black rabbits emerge. He caught one of them, and beat the head of it against his stick, "intending to beat out the braines of it," but without effect; and then he tried to tear off its head, "and as he wrung and stretched the neck of it, it came out between his hands like a lock of wool"; then he went to a spring to drown it, but at every step he fell down, yet he managed to creep to the water, under which he held the thing "a good space." Thinking it was drowned he let go, whereupon "it sprung out of the water into the aire, and so vanished away." There was but one end possible for people who froze the rustic soul with such pranks. Each and all were soon dangling from the gallows.

The case of the Devon witches tried at Exeter in August, 1682, is much like the Essex business. The informations are stuffed with grotesque horrors, yet it is hard to believe that the accused—three poor women from Bideford, two of them widows—would have been convicted, were it not for their own confessions, which are full of copious and minute details of their dealings with Satan. When brought out to die they were questioned at length by Mr. H—, a nonconformist preacher whose zeal was certainly not according to knowledge. "Did you pass through the key-

hole of the door, or was the door open?" was one query. The witch asserted that like other people she entered by the door though "the devil did lead me upstairs." Mr. H—— went on "How do you know it was the devil?" "I knew it by his eyes," she returned. Again, "Did you never ride over an arm of the sea on a cow?"—an exploit which the poor woman refused to claim. Mr. H——, a little dissatisfied, one fancies, began some devotional exercises, after which two of the women mounted the ladder and were turned off. Mr. Sheriff tried his hand at the one that remained: he was curious as to the shape or colour of the devil, and was answered that he appeared "in black like a bullock." He again pressed her as to whether she went in "through the keyhole or the door, but she alleged the (for a witch) unorthodox and commonplace mode of entry" and so was executed.

Between these two cases one occurred wherein the best legal intellect of the day was applied to the subject, and the final result was the same. In March, 1665, Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, widows, were indicted at the Assizes at Bury St. Edmunds for bewitching certain people. Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, presided. "Still his name is of account." To an earlier time he seemed a judge "whom for his integrity, learning and law, hardly any age either before or since could parallel." William Durant, an infant, was one of the bewitched; his mother had promised Amy Duny a penny to watch him, but she was strictly charged not to give him suck. To what end? queried the court, reflecting on Amy's age. The mother replied: firstly, Amy had the reputation of a witch, and secondly, it was a custom of old women thus to please the child, "and it did please the child, but it sucked nothing but wind, which did the child hurt." The two women had a quarrel on the subject; Amy was enraged, and departed after some dark sayings, and the boy forthwith fell into "strange fits of swooning." Dr. Jacob, of Yarmouth, an eminent witch-doctor, advised "to hang up the child's blanket in the chimney-corner all day, and at night when she put the child to bed to put it into the said blanket, and if she found anything in it she should not be afraid, but throw it into the fire." The blanket was duly

hung up, and taken down, when a great toad fell out, which, being thrown into the fire, made (not unnaturally) "a great and horrible noise." Then there was a crack and a flash, and—exit the toad! The court with solemn foolishness inquired if the substance of the toad was not seen to consume? and was stoutly answered "No." Next day Amy was discovered sitting alone in her house in her smock without any fire. She was in "a most lamentable condition," having her face all scorched with fire. This deponent had no doubt as to the witch's guilt, "for that the said Amy hath been long reputed to be a witch and a person of very evil behaviour, whose kindred and relations have been many of them accused for witchcraft and some of them have been condemned."

Elizabeth Pacy was another bewitched child. By the express direction of the judge, Amy Duny was made to touch her, whereupon the child scratched the Old Beldam's face till the blood came—a portentous fact, for everybody knew that a bewitched person would naturally scratch the tormentor's face and thus obtain relief. The father of the child, Samuel Pacy (whose soberness and moderation are specially commended by the reporter), then told how Amy Duny thrice came to buy herrings, and, being as often refused, "went away grumbling, but what she said was not perfectly understood." Immediately his child Deborah fell sick, whereupon Amy was set in the stocks. Here she confessed that, when any of her offspring were so afflicted, "she had been fain to open her child's mouth with a tap to give it vitals," which simple device the sapient Pacy practised upon his brats with some effect, but still continuing ill they vomited "crooked pins and one time a twopenny nail with a very broad head, which pins, amounting to forty or more, together with the twopenny nail, were produced in court," so what room was there for doubt?

The children, continually accusing Amy Duny and Rose Cullender as cause of their illness, were packed off by their distracted father to his sister at Yarmouth, whose evidence was now heard. She narrated how when the younger child was taking the air out of doors, "presently a little thing like a bee flew upon her face, and would have gone into her

mouth." She rushed indoors and incontinently vomited up a twopenny nail with a broad head, whose presence she accounted for thus: "the bee brought this nail and forced it into her mouth"; from all which the guilt of the witches was ever more evident.

Even that age had its sceptics: some people in court, chief among them Mr. Serjeant Keeling, whose position and learning made it impossible to disregard their opinion, "seemed much unsatisfied." The learned Serjeant pointed out that even if the children were bewitched, there was no real evidence to connect the prisoners with the fact. Then Dr. Brown, of Norwich, "a person of great knowledge" (no other, alas! than the Sir Thomas Brown of the *Religio Medici*) made a very learned if confusing dissertation on witchcraft in general, with some curious details as to a late "great discovery of witches" in Denmark. He concluded that the persons were bewitched, but after all this ingenious action did not advance the matter one whit. At last an experiment was made. Amy Duny was brought to one of the children whose eyes were blinded. The child was presently touched by another person, "which produced the same effect as the touch of the witch did in the court." The sceptical Keeling and his set now roundly declared the whole business a sham, which "put the court and all persons into a stand. But at length Mr. Pacy did declare that possibly the maid might be deceived by a suspicion that the witch touched her when she did not." This was the very point the sceptics were making, and was anything but an argument in reply, though it seems to have been accepted as such. And how to suppose, it was urged, that innocent children would tell such terrible lies? It was the golden age of the rod; never was there a fitter occasion for its use. One fancies a few strokes had produced remarkable confessions from the innocents! However, the court went on hearing evidence. The judge summed up with much seeming impartiality, much wooden wisdom, and the usual judicial platitudes, all which after more than two centuries you read with considerable irritation. The jury upon half-an-hour's deliberation returned a verdict of guilty. Next morning the children were brought to the judge, "and Mr. Pacy did affirm that within less than half-an-hour after the

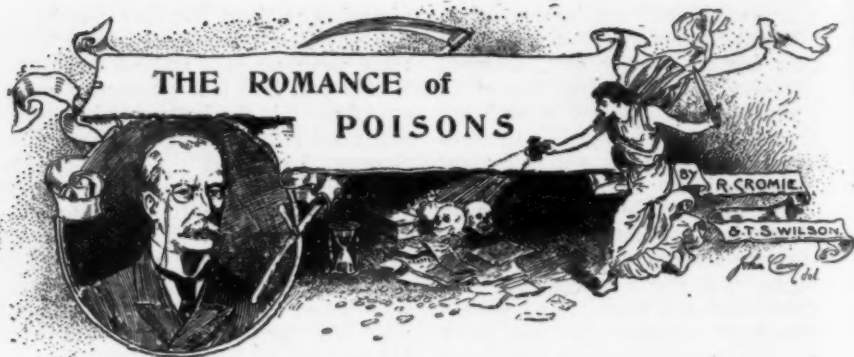
witches were convicted they were all of them restored." After this, what place was left for doubt? "In conclusion the judge and all the court were fully satisfied with the verdict, and thereupon gave judgment against the witches that they should be hanged." Three days afterwards the poor unfortunates went to their death. "They were much urged to confess, but would not."

Finally, you have this much less tragic business. In the first year of Queen Anne's reign (1702), Richard Hathaway was tried at the Surrey Assizes before Lord Chief Justice Holt for falsely accusing Sarah Morduck of bewitching him. The offence being a misdemeanour, the prisoner had counsel, an advantage not at that time fully given to those charged with felony. The trial reads quite like one in our own day. The case for the Crown had been carefully put together. Possibly the authorities were striking at accusations of and prosecutions for witchcraft. Sarah Morduck had been tried and acquitted at Guildford Assizes for bewitching Hathaway, whereupon this prosecution had been ordered. Dr. Martin, parish minister in Southwark, evidently a divine, able and enlightened, had once saved Sarah from the mob, and so was led on to probe the matter. He found Hathaway apparently blind and dumb, but giving his assent by a sign to the suggestion that he should scratch Morduck, and so (according to the superstition already noted) obtain relief. Dr. Martin brought Sarah and a woman of the same height called Johnson to the room where the impostor lay, seemingly at death's door. Morduck announced her willingness to be scratched, and then the hand of Johnson was put into his. Hathaway was suspicious, and felt the arm very carefully, whereat the parson "spoke to him somewhat eagerly: If you will not scratch I will begone," whereat he clawed so lustily that Johnson near fainted! She was forthwith hustled out of the room, and Morduck pushed forward; but the rogue, fearing a trap, lay still till Dr. Martin encouraged him by his pretended admiration. Then he opened wide his eyes, "caught hold of the apron of Sarah Morduck, and looked her in the face," thus implying that his supposed scratching of her had restored his eyesight. Being informed of his blunder he "seemed much cast down," but his native impudence soon asserting

itself, he gave himself out for worse than ever, whilst Sarah Morduck, anxious to clear herself at any cost, declared that not she, but Johnson, was the witch. The popular voice roundly abused Dr. Martin as a stubborn sceptic. Charges of bribery against him, as well as against the judge and jury who had acquitted Morduck, were freely bandied about. Dr. Martin had got Bateman, a friend of his, to see Hathaway, one of whose symptoms was the vomiting of pins. He was called as a witness, and proved that the rogue scattered the pins about the room by sleight of hand; Bateman had taken several parcels of them, almost by force, out of his pocket. Kensy, a surgeon, further told how Hathaway, being committed to his care, at first would neither eat nor drink; Kensy being afraid that he would starve himself to death sooner than have his cheat discovered, arranged a pretended quarrel with his maid Baker, and she supplied the patient with food as if against her master's orders. Indeed, she plied him so well with meat and drink that, so she told the court, "he was very merry and danced about, and took the tongs and

played upon them, but after that he was mightily sick and vomited sadly"—but there were no pins and needles! She further told how four gentlemen, privily stored away in the buttery and coal-hole, witnessed Hathaway's gastronomic feats. Serjeant Jenner, for the defence, called several witnesses who testified to the prisoner's abstinence from food for quite miraculous periods. The force of this evidence was much shaken by the pertinent cross-examination of the judge, who asked the jury in his summing up, "Whether you have any evidence to induce you to believe it to be in the power of all the witches in the world, or all the Devils in Hell, to fast beyond the usual time that nature will allow; they cannot invert the order of nature." The jury, "without going from the bar, brought him in guilty." He was sentenced to a fine, a sound flogging, the pillory and imprisonment with hard labour. The last conviction for witchcraft in England was that of Jane Wenham, at Hertford, in 1712. She was respited by the judge and afterwards pardoned. The case is not here reported.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

DR. MOWBRAY'S PATIENT.

SURGEON - COLONEL HEDFORD'S Indian servant, Chundra Dass, looked at his master's breakfast table one morning when he came to clear away and began to make remarks in Hindustani, which he always spoke when strongly moved. The Colonel's meal had been a light one, as all his meals had been for some time. Plain living and high thinking is admirable, but if carried too far one begins to think stupidly, and soon one ceases to live. Hence the remarks of Chundra Dass. Translated freely they would read as follows:

"If the Colonel-Sahib will permit the liberty I would say he works too much and eats too little. He must eat more and think less. Then he will be strong, and the heart of Chundra Dass will rejoice exceedingly," and so on.

"He's not far wrong," Hedford said to himself as he pushed back his chair and looked at the untouched dishes on the table, "I have been working too hard and I am really feeling seedy." To Chundra Dass:

"Get my things packed early tomorrow. I shall run down to Merton-on-Sea for a week."

Chundra Dass salaamed, and left the room. The truth was, Hedford had been working night and day trying to discover the bacillus which Viancani, the Hermit of Letterfrack, had used in conjunction with the virus of hydrophobia, and at last he had succeeded. Twice he had been interrupted in his pursuit of the unknown bacillus by pro-

fessional duties, but since his last case he had devoted himself unremittingly to the work. Curiously enough, his researches brought him over much of the ground traversed by the German Koch; and on this plane he thought he had made a great discovery; but he determined to keep it to himself until he was quite sure whether it was a great discovery or a gigantic mistake.

The specialist's naturally spare frame was now thinner than ever. His face was grey and old. The spirit had outrun the flesh; so the flesh should have a chance to catch up. He would take a well-earned rest. His dinner was a failure hardly less pronounced than his breakfast, though Chundra Dass had provided many of those burning delicacies indigenous to India's coral strands. An extra glass of wine had little beneficial effect. After dinner Hedford went to his study, and seating himself in his favourite arm-chair lit a cigar. He looked regretfully round the comfortable room; at his favourite books, his delightful experiments lying half-finished everywhere. All this must be exchanged for the discomfort of a third-rate seaside hotel. The man was depressed and tired out. Presently he fell asleep, and awoke in a couple of hours vastly refreshed. Looking at his watch he saw that it was nearly midnight. His brain was now in a strangely exalted condition. His perceptive faculties were abnormally keen. He reviewed mentally his recent labours, and wondered how he had taken so long to arrive at results



"THE TRICK HIS FANCY HAD PLAYED HIM"

which now seemed so clear. A steamer chair was opposite to him. He had brought it home on his last voyage. This last voyage, in turn, suggested his last visit to India, his *Studies in Indian Toxicology*, and the old native officer, Rissaldu Ali Khan, from whom he had received many a hint.

"I can almost fancy I see his face there upon that chair," Hedford said aloud. And then a strange thing happened. Ali Khan's rather pleasant-looking dark face, which the Colonel had conjured up in imagination, took palpable form; it became gradually paler and less pleasant-looking. The nose grew larger; the eyes changed colour, from dark brown to greenish-grey. The turban disappeared. Rusty

iron-grey hair and square-cut whiskers appeared. Thin, bloodless lips—the transformation was complete. Colonel Hedford lit a fresh cigar and smoked it with deliberation, lazily watching the head, and smiling at the trick his fancy had played him. But a weird sensation began to oppress him—he felt that there was really some personality other than his own in the room. The head was now very clearly defined. Moreover, the eyes in it were watching Hedford carefully. He put out his right hand and lifted a book: the eyes followed the motion. He extended his left hand, and picked up a match-box: the eyes followed his left hand. Their expression betrayed great fear.

"This comes of overwork," Hedford

muttered, feeling his own pulse. It was nearly normal, only a trifle fast. "Bromide of soda is perhaps the best thing in my state. I shall take twenty grains." He measured the dose carefully, and drank off the medicine. Then he rang for Chundra Dass.

Chundra Dass answered the bell at once. He had been alarmed by his master's appearance, and was waiting up.

"I shall now try an experiment," Hedford said, coolly. "Bromide of soda *versus* ghost. I back the bromide." To Chundra Dass he said shortly, "Sit down there, in that chair."

Chundra Dass hesitated. To sit down in the presence of the Colonel Sahib, and in his own special room! But the order had been given, so it must be obeyed. When the Hindoo sat down the head moved up and now appeared to rest on the back of the chair. It remained there for a short time and then faded slowly away.

"The bromide wins—ghost nowhere," Hedford said, gaily dismissing Chundra Dass. The ghost was laid: but what of sleep? Well, the resources of civilisation were not yet exhausted. Thirty grains of sulphonal solved that difficulty. But before he dropped off, Hedford re-confirmed his resolution that for a time at least he would cease from troubling the bacilli, and that so far as he was concerned the weariest microbe should have rest.

A few days at Merton-on-Sea worked wonders with Colonel Hedford. He was much better. The old healthy tan was coming back to his cheek; his nervous prostration had disappeared. He was a new man, or his old self. One bright morning he noticed an unusual number of visitors dotted over the strip of firm yellow sand he had already found, from experience and the local guide-book, to be one of the principal attractions of the place. Merton-on-Sea had not yet evolved into the piano-organ and nigger minstrel stage, but it was within measurable distance of it. To avoid the crowd Surgeon-Colonel Hedford strolled to the headland which juts out into the German Ocean and shelters the place from the north winds. He found a comfortable seat on the path half-way up the cliff, and sat down well pleased with himself and humanity—so long as humanity kept to the sand and left him the cliff.

Overhead, the blue sky was white-flecked, with hurrying clouds. Beneath, the great ocean was muttering in its drowsy heave. Two fishing boats, their heads laid well to windward of the foreland, were evidently trying to weather the point. The sunlight falling on their dingy sails turned them into a creamy white. Seagulls floated by on poised pinions.

Hedford's day dream was interrupted by the sound of voices on the cliff above him. A lad and a lass came down the steep path. The girl was extremely handsome. She could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, and from the joyous but at the same time intellectual expression of her face she was in the pink of physical and mental health. Her companion, a sun-browned lad some few years older in appearance, had "gentleman"—in its true rather than its conventional sense—in every line of his face. They seemed well satisfied with each other.

"Dear, dear, these seaside places: nothing but love-making; makes a man of my time of life feel quite an old fogey. I wish these young people would keep their surplus happiness more to themselves. Bah!"

But, notwithstanding this misanthropical reflection, Hedford could not help watching amongst the sand hills below for a glimpse of the scarlet Tam-o'-Shanter, and he began to think—but it matters not what he thought just then, for immediately he thought of something altogether different. The same odd sensation he had felt for the first time in his life ten days ago in his study in Salchester—that of some person or personality near him for whom or which he could not account rationally—oppressed him.

"This will not do," he said, sharply. "I shall have the manless head here—a change at all events from the headless man of our childish memories." The prophecy was soon fulfilled.

Here was the head, but not manless! It had a body attached to it, and the man was walking towards him. The head had the same iron-grey hair, the white square-cut whiskers and the large nose, also the same bloodless lips and the same eyes. The expression of the eyes, however, was different from the eyes in the "dream" head. They were grave and thoughtful. Their expression sug-

gested introspection, not watchfulness nor cunning. The man did not see Hedford until he was close to him. Then he came to a full stop and dropped his walking-stick in sheer amazement.

"I trust, sir, you are not ill," Hedford said, anxiously, for the man's embarrassment was greater than could be accounted for by a chance meeting with a supposed acquaintance.

"Thank you, no sir, nothing but, a passing spasm from which I suffer. Heart you know. I take you for a medical man. Think we've met before. Seem to know your face."

"I seem to know your head," Colonel Hedford assented.

The passing spasm must have returned suddenly, for the stranger nearly fell off his feet and was obliged to accept Colonel Hedford's assistance to the seat. Little conversation passed, and in a few minutes the man arose, professed himself restored, and took his leave with courteous gratitude. When he was gone Hedford said to himself:

"This is really very odd. My nerves must be gone to the deuce. That was certainly the head I saw. If I had not taken the precaution to bring Chundra Dass into the room I should certainly think I had only been dreaming. Looks as if I would end a theosophist.

Ozone and exercise, however, will soon pull me together."

A few days afterwards the specialist was again on the seat on the cliff. The scene was changed since his last visit. All the vivid colouring was gone; the crested waves, the snowy surf, the brilliant sunshine. The sky was a dull grey and the sea like lead. No well-dressed promenaders appeared on the sands. A chill damp wind blew inwards from the sea. Hedford did not mind it, for he was well wrapped up. But the dreary prospect could not be ignored. It depressed him greatly. One item in his catalogue of mental discomforts remained. It was supplied by the young couple whom he had seen and admired on his first visit to the cliff.

It was the same couple who came along—the same but with a difference.

For just as all the warmth and colour had passed out of the prospect, so had the life and the laughter passed from the young faces. As they passed by, the girl coughed, a dry, hacking cough.

"That means consumption," Hedford reflected. "But let me see: this is only Saturday. On Monday last she appeared in perfect health, and now—it seems impossible. Still, I know the first stage of a churchyard cough when I hear it. Hallo! Here's the head!"



"DROPPED HIS WALKING-STICK IN SHEER AMAZEMENT"

"Good day, sir! An unpleasant change in the weather since we last met here."

"Good-day!" the man answered, rather absently. He was watching the young couple. The lad was taking off his Inverness to wrap the lass against the chill breeze. She protested, apparently, but he would not be denied. It was a very simple thing to do, but there was a solicitude, and even tenderness, in his action which could be discerned at a distance. The cloak was much too long for the girl. She tried to laugh at her appearance in it, the laugh ended in the dry cough.

"Handsome pair!" Hedford remarked, to open the conversation. "Pity of them!"

"Pity of them? Don't see it," the stranger replied, in a somewhat surly voice.

"It is surely a pity of the girl. Quite well on Monday; consumptive cough on Saturday. It is an extraordinary case. What's more, it is not in the *Pharmacopœia*, so to speak."

"Then it should interest you, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford. You ought to put it there."

"You know my name?"

"I have read it in the papers."

"And you think I ought to take up this case, that there is a case to take up."

"You could not do better than make a case of it." This was said with a sneer that nettled Hedford. He said quietly, but emphatically, as though replying to a challenge:

"Then I will make a case of it, and do it as well as I can, Mr. —"

"Dr. Mowbray."

"Thanks; I did not know your name, though your face is familiar to me."

"This is the second time you have made that statement. Where have you seen my face?"

"In my study; pannelled room; black oak; brass clock and ornaments on mantel-piece; buffalo head between windows. I see you recognise the room."

Dr. Mowbray got up from the seat and said coldly:

"The description of your study is interesting, but I remember an appointment."

"And you remember my study, however you came to see it," Colonel Hedford added mentally.

"Miss Evans, sir, is on a visit to her rich aunt, Mrs. Musgrave, who lives on the esplanade. The gentleman is the old lady's son. He used to come here pretty often to play billiards, but we haven't seen much of him since the young lady came. Thank you sir, much obliged."

Ten minutes after the hall porter of the Pavilion Hotel had given Colonel Hedford this information, Jack Musgrave walked into the billiard-room. Hedford, who had seen him enter the hotel, followed him into the comfortable room. Owing to the rawness of the day, outdoor occupations were at a discount and the tables were all occupied.

"Not much chance of getting a game for some time," Hedford remarked to Musgrave by way of introduction.

"No! Miserable day; every one inside. Do you play?"

"Only a little. Did you walk far round the cliffs this morning. I saw you pass."

Jack Musgrave looked up in surprise. It was rather soon to have his movements discussed by a chance acquaintance. But the Colonel put his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and said, with real kindness in his voice:

"Don't be offended. Perhaps I have an object in my question—a friendly object."

Musgrave's trusting nature was easily captured by so experienced a student of human nature. In a few moments he was pouring all his woes into the ear of this sympathetic stranger, and when he had finished Hedford said directly:

"Will you introduce me to your cousin? I am interested in her case. I am a medical man. This is my card."

"Colonel Hedford, the famous—?"

"Notorious, would be a better word," Hedford put in, smiling. "Now you will understand that I am not actuated by idle curiosity, if I ask you a few questions about your cousin. In the first place, how long has she been ill?"

"About twelve months."

"Permanently ill, or in an intermittent way as at present?"

"Intermittent; one week well the next ill. Now, on last Monday, she——"

"Looked in splendid health. I saw you."

"Well the next day she was wretched, and has been so ever since."

"Your medical adviser is?"

"Dr. Mowbray."

"Who!" Hedford could not restrain the exclamation. But he instantly recovered, and went on as calmly as if he had expected the name.

"Does Dr. Mowbray practice here?"

"O, no. He is from London. He only runs down here to see his patient."

"Often?"

"Too often for my wishes. Though I can't deny that he has acted well, considering everything."

"Considering what?"

"Well, our engagement, for one thing. You must know that Dr. Mowbray proposed to Miss Evans half-a-dozen times, but she never could bear him. Then, when we were engaged, he behaved really handsomely. Withdrew all opposition—he has got some hold over my mother which I never could discover—and wrote such a decent letter; wishing

every happiness and so on. Besides, when Nell took ill and all the doctors in London, or a good many of them, from Sir Joshua Wren down, gave her up, Mowbray pulled her through. All the same she can't endure the sight of him."

"When did she first take ill?"

"Shortly after we were engaged."

"I presume that is all you can tell me?"

"There is only one thing more," Musgrave said, looking very miserable.

"Mowbray says that he can no longer spare the time to look after Nell, and proposes that for her sake I should now give her up to him. Ah! Colonel Hedford," the boy broke out impetuously; "you are absorbed in your profession, and your studies, and your hobbies. You do not know what it is to suffer as I do. You do not know what human misery is."

"Pardon me my young friend. I am, roughly speaking, about twice your age. Therefore I know at least twice as much about it as you do."

"I don't know what to do," Musgrave said more quietly; it seems a sort of wilful murder on my part if I refuse to give her up."

"Nothing of the sort," Hedford said decisively. "Refuse at once and stand by your refusal. And I shall stand by you."

When Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was introduced to Miss Evans he found her very ill, indeed. Her lassitude was so prostrating that she was hardly able to shake it off even momentarily to speak civilly to the distinguished stranger who had called for the express purpose of being of service to her. But then so many distinguished persons had visited her with the same benevolent intention and had gone away without any good

result—save to themselves in the form of a handsome fee—that she was growing sceptical. Still there was something about this specialist which differentiated him from the others. For one thing he wanted no fee. For another he had what the Irish call "a way with him" that sooner or later won over the most obstinate patient. In a little time he had won over Miss Evans and received her fullest confidence. Amongst a good deal of immaterial and slightly irrele-



"HE HAD WON OVER MISS EVANS."

vant matter which she brought under his notice, one fact impressed him strongly. She was afraid of Dr. Mowbray.

"You seem to be—as it were—rather afraid of your doctor," Hedford said guardedly. The girl started, stammered and stopped blankly. Then she said slowly, as if analysing her own inmost feelings while she spoke:

"Yes, I think I am, as you say, afraid of Dr. Mowbray."

"You can give no reason for this strange emotion?"

"No, none whatever. He has been most kind, but still I am afraid of him. I can't help it. I can't explain it. You will think me mad—"

"Not at all; never mind what I think. I never think until I have diagnosed.

And let me tell you, my dear young lady, I have diagnosed more intricate diseases than pneumonia—or even phthisis.

"What have I got?" There was a hysterical entreaty in the question which could not be mistaken. The girl was in great fear.

"That is just what I do not know. But (hastily, for with a despairing gesture she had turned away) I mean to find out."

Hedford secured the last half-finished bottle of medicine which Dr. Mowbray had made up for Miss Evans, and was about to wish the girl good-night in order to hurry to his hotel for the purpose of a hasty and, under the cir-

"My poor child," Hedford said, soothingly, "You must not agitate yourself in this way. Trust me to do my best. I cannot promise anything now, but you will trust me to try?"

"Yes, I will trust you. Only do not be long or you will be too late."

"I think I shall be in time. I have a theory, and my theories have a convenient knack of developing into facts. Good-night! Keep up your heart."

Nell slept well that night. The specialist's cheery words were better for her than Dr. Mowbray's tonic. In the morning she was noticeably better. She could not help humming little snatches of song as she dressed. Surgeon-Colonel

Hedford would have had a warm welcome that morning if he had called at the house on the esplanade. But he was then on his way to London. Dr. Mowbray was in the same train. They travelled in different carriages. But each knew that the other was a fellow-passenger. Hedford knew also that their errands to town were identical, owing to the heavy hand where-with Dr. Mowbray wrote out his telegram. The tracing was distinctly legible on the next



"SHE SANK BACK ON THE COUCH OVERCOME"

cumstances, perfunctory analysis. He was already intensely interested in his case. Habit is a hard master.

Miss Evans rose as quickly as her strength permitted from the couch on which she was lying, and stood up with a scarlet blotch on either cheek. Seizing Hedford's hands she cried hysterically:

"You will save me, I cannot bear to die and leave them—leave Jack. You will not tell them I said this. I have hidden what I feel from them lest it might add to their pain. Ah! I who could never bear to be alone in the dark—to be alone in the grave! It is too terrible. I am afraid to die!"

She sank back on the couch overcome.

form, which happened to be used by the toxicologist. The latter reached their common destination first. It cost him a couple of guineas in addition to a preposterous price for a broken-kneed cab horse which contrived, with his driver's assistance, to fall at a slippery crossing. It was the fortune of war—which is directed mainly by the freest purse.

When Hedford's interview with the great London brain specialist—on whom he had called prior to Dr. Mowbray—was in progress, he interrupted more urgent business by asking abruptly:

"How do you account for that vision of mine? It must have some scientific or psychological explanation, and I con-

less it beats me. You must remember I recognised the man, and he recognised me the moment we met."

"The explanation is surely very simple," the specialist answered.

"I'm glad you think so," Hedford put in.

"Nothing simpler. You were both pursuing the same line of investigation. He naturally heard of you, saw your photograph reproduced in the papers. You must have seen his and have forgotten that you had. Look at this." It was a cabinet photograph of Dr. Mowbray, and Hedford remembered at once the occasion when he had seen it.

"Yes, I now remember when and where I saw that. If we could only prove that Mowbray dreamed his head was in my study at the time I fancied I saw it there, it would be an excellent case for the Psychical Research Society. He certainly looked amazed when I emphasised the fact that I knew his head. But what are we to do about this girl? In order to compel her to marry him, I believe he is killing her by inches, and he may succeed outright before I am ready with proofs—if I can ever get absolute proofs—on which to found a charge against him."

"That will not be necessary."

"I am glad you think so."

"O, I know it."

"Perhaps you would relieve me by telling me how you know it."

"I shall. Did it not strike you as odd that Mowbray should pointedly challenge you, of all men, to take up this case. You told me he did so in effect."

"Yes, I admit that."

"Well, suppose I tell you that he confided to me—telling the story, of course, as though it applied to a patient of his own—the whole details about this girl and his own treatment of her. And that he asked my advice as how to treat his hypothetical patient—to wit, himself—who was then past, he said, rational action. And——"

"Go on!"

"And that I recommended him to

place the case in your hands in the hope, as I put it, of frightening his mad friend out of his evil practice, which, of course, he declined to do."

"But which he practically did."

"Ah! that was the uncontrollable impulse of the moment—the tendency to do the worst thing possible, which is not unusual in his present cerebral condition. Now you tell me he knew you were coming to me——"

"I took good care he should know it the moment I found that he himself was coming here."

"And your diagnosis bears out what I say, that his hypothetical friend was in reality himself?"

"I can't quite call my surmise a diagnosis. But from the whole circumstances of the case, the medicine and the respirator which the girl gave me, smelling as it does of a mild antiseptic which would be innocuous to the almost impalpable tubercle bacillus, all lead me to the conclusion that he was working something on Koch's method. Of course, there is the important difference that Mowbray knowingly administered as a toxin what Koch erroneously used as an anti-toxin. He infected the girl from time to time with a modified form of consumption, and cured her, or rather allowed Nature to counteract him, as suited his purpose. That is my surmise."

"I quite agree with your surmise as you prefer to call it; and now that Mowbray knows you are on his track, and have come to consult me I should not be surprised at anything he may do."

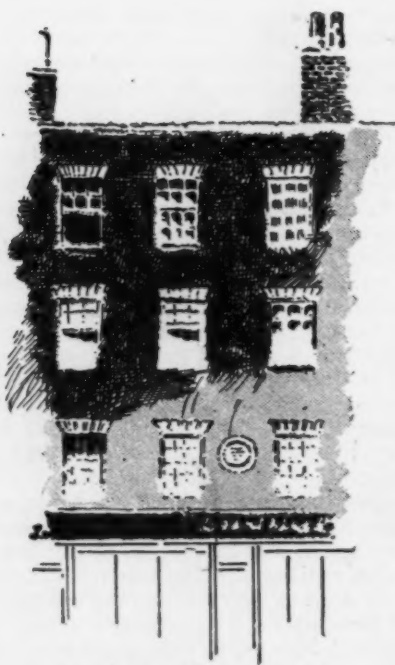
"Telegram, sir," a man-servant said, entering the consulting room after knocking. It was from the house physician of a famous hospital:

"*Dr. Mowbray just expired. Picrotoxine.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave possess a large and handsomely-framed portrait of Surgeon-Colonel Hedford. It occupies a place of honour in their reception-room, and the attention of the most casual visitor is drawn to it.

Tableted Houses.

WRITTEN BY MARY HOWARTH. ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.



WHERE FARADAY WAS APPRENTICED

IT was in the year 1864 that a letter published in the Journal of the Society of Arts suggested that a prize or prizes should be offered by the Society for a design of memorial tablets to be affixed to the homes of celebrated people, as an outward and visible sign of the talent that once they had harboured. The name of this wise person rests unknown, but the hint led to the practice from that date pursued by the Society, of marking with a round tablet, suitably inscribed, the homes of the dead celebrities in London. These tablets we all know. They are restrained in design, as such memorials should be, perfectly legible, even from a distance, and are dotted about here and there in lane, highway, and open street, upon houses of very varying types. Let us borrow the seven-leagued boots of the giant and in a few moments make a survey of these tableted houses.

The very first to be decorated was the house in Holles Street, Cavendish Square,

in which Lord Byron was born. Byron lived at one time in Bennett Street, St. James's, where he wrote the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*; also at 139, Piccadilly, the fine house overlooking the Green Park which has been the home of Lord Glenesk for so many years, and which was recently newly fronted. But very properly it is his place of birth that is decorated with the distinguishing mark. While we are in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square we will visit other houses of note. At 2,

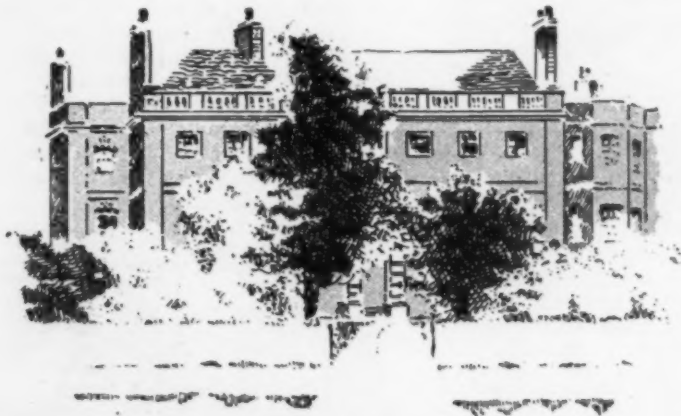


RESIDENCE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

Blandford Street, Portman Square, was apprenticed to a bookseller Michael Faraday, who while binding an Encyclopædia became so absorbed in the reading of an article on Electricity that he determined to pursue science as his future vocation. Bold effort brought him under the notice of Sir Humphry Davy, and led to the distinguished career he afterwards so notably adorned. Faraday lived for the most part at the Royal Institution until he retired to Hampton Court. He died in 1867. In No. 36, Castle Street, East, Oxford Street, we do not see now, as it was in his time, the poor home of the artist, James Barry, because since Barry lived there the house has been much altered. Barry occupied the upper floors of this place through the six

children of the neighbourhood, among whom he went habitually, armed with a sketch-book, to note down their actions and groupings, and a pocketful of coppers to relieve their distress."

Instead of crossing Oxford Street, we will take a flying leap to certain outlying districts honoured as the abodes of celebrities. Up in Hampstead, upon what was known as Bertram House, now the locale of the North-Western Hospital, is a tablet recording the fact that Sir Rowland Hill, the founder of the Penny Post, lived there. The tablet to his memory was unveiled in June, '93. It is therefore one of the latest, if not the last, erected by the Society of Arts. From Hampstead we go to Hampstead Road, when, at 263, we find a tablet to



WHERE THACKERAY DIED

years of his employment over the decoration of the Society of Arts, setting out at five in the morning and returning at six at night. "His violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity," says one who was brought into contact with him. She little knew, perhaps, the high pressure at which the poor little, "shabby, pock-marked man" worked, nor his unremitting struggles on a diet of bread and apples to keep the wolf from his miserable door. It is pleasant to speed from this abode of poverty to the prosperous home of John Flaxman, 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, where the eminent sculptor lived in the heyday of his popularity, passing his time in a state described as of "great contentment," keeping up an "unpretending hospitality," "beloved alike by pupils, servants, models, and the poor folk and

the memory of George Cruikshank, whose death in 1878 is fresh in the memory of many of us. Cruikshank, whom Thackeray called "a fine rough diamond," was a rigid teetotaller, but, says one of his chroniclers, an essentially "jolly old gentleman"; one who was centred in the literary and artistic life of his times—the friend and illustrator of Charles Dickens. It is a far journey to the tableted homes of the two great novelists of that day, Thackeray and Dickens, but this is an appropriate moment at which to make it. To Kensington, then, we will first of all go, and, leaving the busy High Street at Palace Gardens, enter that secluded region of fine houses, to find in 2, Palace Green, the house in which the great author of *Vanity Fair* breathed his last, at the age of fifty-two, standing, as is surmised, beside his bed—

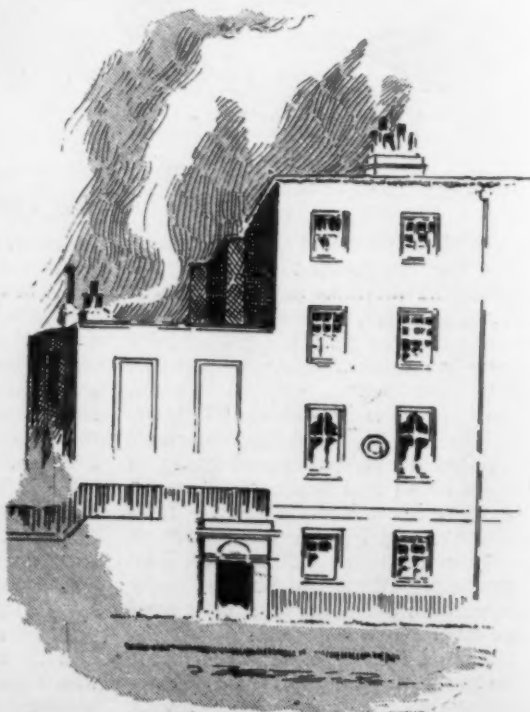


CHARLES DICKENS' CHAMBERS

at any rate, very suddenly, and alone. "So young a man," wrote Dickens in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep kissed him in his last." It is told of Thackeray that when his fine new home was ready for his occupation, but unfurnished, he gave a big house-warming in it, at which a play was acted "for one night only." This Thackeray had himself written, but he called it on the bill the work of "W. Empty House." Mr. Herman Merivale, who told the story in *Temple Bar*, says: "Humbly I tried to persuade the great man that the joke was unworthy of him; but he insisted that it was wittier than anything in the play, and he would have it. W. M. T. were his initials—that is all. Dear old kindly child." Most of us would be sorry if he had not been allowed to make his foolish, sweet little joke. It brings us into communion with the dear old kindly child as only such little whimsicalities can. When this comely house in its own grounds has been admired, the lover of this great man should cross

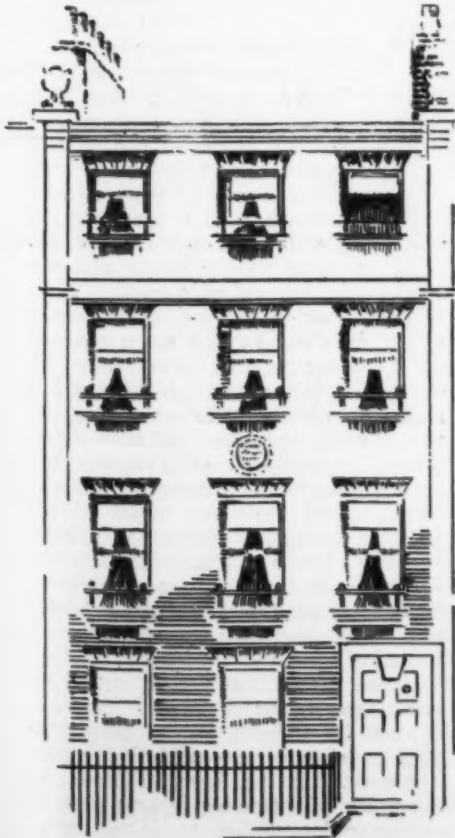
the High Street once more, and, passing down Young Street, pause before the bulging windows of the old-fashioned house on the right-hand side, next door to some modern mansions, and almost opposite the Post-office. This house is not tableted, but it is more full of bitter-sweet memories of Thackeray than the one that is. Here he wrote *Vanity Fair*. The words are scrawled in the stucco beneath one of the windows at the back of the house.

Drearily, sombrely gaunt, the old house in Furnival's Inn tableted to the memory of Charles Dickens is quite unlike one's ideas of the author. But here he wrote the *Sketches by Boz* and the greater part of the *Pickwick Papers*; and here, too, made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who was at that time in doubt as to whether he should turn his talents to drawing or writing, and called upon the author of the *Pickwick Papers* to offer himself as its illustrator. Dickens married Miss Hogarth while he lived in these chambers, but left the Inn two months after the birth of his first son for 48, Doughty Street, a more commodious dwelling.



MRS. SIDDONS' HOUSE

To return to our outlying districts, we find on 27, Upper Baker Street, a tablet recording that this house was once the dwelling of the renowned Sarah Siddons, who lived there after her retirement from the stage, in the enjoyment of an uninterrupted view of Regent's Park, secured to the lady when the park was being laid out through the instrumentality of the Prince Regent. Mrs. Siddons used to occupy much of her time here modelling ("puddling," she called it) in clay. Miss Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay) whose house, 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, is one that bears a tablet, described the great tragedienne as "in face and person truly noble and commanding, in manner quiet and stiff, in voice deep and dragging, in conversation formal, sententious, calm and dry." "She was a grand artist," states another chronicler, "but a very disagreeable woman." It may be observed here respecting Madame



HANDEL'S HOUSE



SHERIDAN'S HOUSE

d'Arblay's residence that this was not the house in which her earliest effort, the *History of Caroline Evelyn*, was thrown into the fire by her incensed stepmother, but the home of part of her married life.

In 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, we discover the dwelling of Robert Browning. Here the poet settled upon his return to England from Italy after his wife's death, and lived for over twenty years, removing only three years before he died to 29, De Vere Gardens, Kensington.

We will now move eastwards again, and first of all make ourselves acquainted with Handel's dwelling place, No. 25, Brook Street, where for over thirty years the great composer dwelt. After his death his valet rented the house, letting apartments to foreign visitors and making much of the tenancy of his late illustrious master. Thence let us step into New Bond Street, and take particular notice of 147, where Lord Nelson

lived and suffered for three months from the effects of the loss of his arm, constantly in pain and devotedly nursed by his wife; and then betake ourselves to



WHERE PETER THE GREAT LIVED

Conduit Street, where we shall see a tablet on No. 37, announcing that the famous statesman Canning inhabited the house. Owing to the fact that this part of Conduit Street has been tremendously altered since Canning's day, there remain very few points of likeness between the abode as it was then and as it is now. Before leaving this neighbourhood for Arlington Street we should slip into Savile Row, hard by, where the great Richard Brinsley Sheridan lived and died, so frightfully in debt that but for the remonstrances of his physician, the officers of the law would have carried him off in his blankets to the sponging house, a quickly expiring bankrupt.

In Arlington Street we shall discover No. 5 to be tableted. It was for many years the residence of Sir Robert Walpole, and the place of his death, and in succession to him for over thirty years the home of his son Horace. Arlington Street, short as it is, is crowded with reminiscences of the celebrated dead and also with interests that circle

about the illustrious living. In No. 17 lived John Lothrop Motley, the famous author of *The Dutch Republic*, during the short time of his office as United States Minister, and in No. 9, for a brief period, Fox the politician. The Marquis of Salisbury, as, of course, everyone knows, has his town house in this street. If we pursue our way across St. James's Street we shall perceive upon a house in King Street a tablet chronicling the residence therein of Napoleon III., who occupied this dwelling-place for three years, when, as Prince Louis Napoleon, he was expelled from Switzerland at the demand of the French Government. He and the Russian monarch Peter the Great are the only foreign potentates whose residences have been adorned by medallions. That of Peter the Great is now numbered and named 15, Buckingham Street, Strand. It was in 1697, when occupied by the shipbuilder monarch, known as York House.

Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, now part of the War Office, bears a memorial tablet, because it was for ten years—from 1778 to his death, in 1788—the abode of Thomas Gainsborough. The famous artist was well placed here, on account of his near proximity to the Court and the fashionable houses of the day. His friend, the illustrious Sir Joshua Reynolds, lived at the same time at 47, Leicester Square, which house he owned. A tablet recalls this fact to the passer-by, while, on the opposite side of the Square, upon No. 30, now Archbishop Tenison's Schools, another has been put up to the memory of William Hogarth, who was no friend of Sir Joshua's, though his opposite neighbour. Hogarth's house afterwards became the residence of two foreign celebrities: Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, and later of the Countess Guiccioli, the romantic Italian of Lord Byron's career.

Round about the Strand crowd so many associations of famous men that it must be difficult to the Society of Arts to abstain from tableting houses wholesale. In St. Martin's Street, to the south of Leicester Square, there is a memorial over No. 35, in honour of Sir Isaac Newton, who lived there from

1720 to 1725, and used to say he never spent happier years than those in the observatory he erected for himself on the roof. Strangely enough, it was in this house that Fanny Burney (to whom I have already alluded) wrote her famous novel, *Evelina*, an outcome of the first one that was burned, a book that won for her the friendship and admiration of Dr. Johnson, and a reputation in the world of literature that is bright to this day. Out of the sixteen houses occupied by Dr. Johnson, it may here be remarked, the one chosen for a memorial tablet is 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street, for the very good reason that the others have all either disappeared or cannot be identified. It is appropriate, too, that Gough Square should be immortalised, for here the greater part of the famous Dictionary was compiled, six amanuenses writing at it under the Doctor's guidance in the garret underneath the sloping roof.

The centre house of Adelphi Terrace, Strand, No. 5, is made memorable by its having been the home of David Garrick, the great actor. Here he died, "in the first floor back," from which he was borne to his grave in Westminster Abbey with the utmost magnificence. His widow occupied the same place for the forty-three remaining years of her life, dying one night when fully dressed and ready to go to Drury Lane Theatre. In Craven Street, at No. 7, boarded Benjamin Franklin, where he had his own servant and a negro attendant for his son, both brought from America.

With the addition of three more names I believe my list will be complete—at any rate so far as the Society of Arts acknowledgments of the habitats of famous persons are concerned. Two of these are to be found in Gerrard Street, Soho, and decorate Nos. 37 and 43—the first the residence

of Edmund Burke, the second that of John Dryden, who (with his wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard) lived here from 1686, and here died. The third is to be seen in Chancery Lane. It is a tablet which indicates the residence (No. 24, Old Square) of John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Oliver Cromwell and author of State papers found in a false ceiling of the house, and published in 1742.

It is unfair to close a paper on the homes of the illustrious dead without referring to the facts that in Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, is inserted a memorial of the famous Alumni of Westminster School, put up by the School authorities, and that, upon the last dwelling-place of Thomas Carlyle,



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE

in Cheyne Row, Chelsea—now the Carlyle Museum—the Carlyle Society erected a suitable inscription after the objections of the landlord had been removed. The Sage of Chelsea lived and laboured here for nearly half-a-century.



TOILERS BY THE THAMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RAJNEY.

THE MINSTREL.

AT last, after protracted inquiry of abstracted porters, we assured ourselves that it was the right train, and settled down to our morning newspapers. But the common uncertainty as to the future movements of our train had broken down to some extent that attitude of suspicion which the Englishman customarily maintains with regard to his fellow-passengers; and several of us looked up from our papers when the man nearest the platform window said that it was a fine day for 'Enley—he corrected himself—for Henley.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, rather weather-beaten, but well-shaven and very neat. He wore a long drab Newmarket, under which he carried a green baize bag. Several passengers agreed with him about the weather.

"Yes," he continued, as if opening up an entirely new field for discussion; "and what I always say is this—you want a fine day for Henley, or else you're nowhere, so to speak."

"Yes, you're right there," agreed a man in a billycock; "a wet Henley is, as you might say, a gloom over the festivities. It was"—with a sense of triumph at this feat of memory—"wet last year."

This topic was a fruitful one, and several of us joined in it with the utmost animation. The Newmarket Overcoat listened patiently for a few moments, and then put us right as to the weather at Henley last year and the year before that, throwing in one or two recollections of other years when it had rained

all three days, together with personal reminiscences of those which had been remarkable for drought.

"And I ought to know," he added, "seeing that I have visited 'Enley—I should say, Henley—for six-and-twenty years in my capacity as a public man."

We wondered vaguely in what capacity he might be a public man. We were presently enlightened. We had passed Westbourne Park and were going express through Ealing, when he took the green baize bag from under his coat and, unbuttoning it, produced a mandoline.

"And now," he said, "seeing that we have a long journey before us, I shall, try, with your kind permission, gentlemen, to afford you a little amusement by a selection of songs accompanied on the mandoline. We'll first have one of the good old sort."

One or two of his fellow-passengers resumed their newspapers with an expression of being exceedingly sorry that they had so far forgotten themselves as to have been drawn into conversation with a stranger; others listened with feelings of apparent resignation or indignation at this betrayal of their confidence. He sang one or two songs, with a raucous intonation quite different from his rather careful manner of speaking, and then took up a collection. This proceeding put him outside the sympathies of all his fellow-passengers finally, and he seemed in danger of being left to finish the journey companionless, despite the full carriage. But the evident annoyance of some of his fellow-pas-

sengers had a rather humorous aspect, and as he seemed the kind of man with plenty to say, I ventured to offer him an inferior cigar. He was disproportionately grateful, and so glad of an opportunity for conversation that he wasted half a box of matches in re-lighting the cigar. I am not prepared to say that the quality of the tobacco was not in some way responsible for the last-named phenomenon.

"Six-and-twenty years I've been to Henley," he said, "and six-and-twenty years to nearly every regatta on the river—not to mention Ascot and Newmarket, and every big race-meeting in the kingdom."

He was speaking the truth, I am sure; and nearly every well-known name in society was known to him, and one or two rather odd circumstances connected with them. You could not mention a name connected with sport or pastime but he had some odd circumstance linked with it to relate. That famous oarsman he had last played to at a supper given in Audley Street by Captain Blank, who went out to Africa because he couldn't get on with his wife; and that well-known racing lady had given him half-a-sovereign at Goodwood, when, according to the evidence subsequently adduced at the Law Courts, she was staying at her sister's house in town. It was highly interesting. Finally I asked him a question or two about profits of his profession on the river.

"Things are not," he told me, "what once they were. The game used to be to go in a party of three, which I did myself for years—mandoline, harp, and violin. I play the harp myself. But that's all done with now."

"Why?"

"Well," he said, "there are so many of us about. Young fellows have come into the business—young fellows as ignorant as a duck—but they can just knock out a tune or two on a banjo and, of course, they can get on quite as well as us who have spent a lifetime in it. Though I've no cause to complain, for everybody knows me, and, although I say it, is pretty glad to see your humble servant. I have made as much as five pounds in a day, and more than that with a band of three as I have described; but nowadays I sometimes have as much as I want to do to pay my railway fares—which come up to thirty shillings and two pounds a week—some weeks."

He added that he supplemented his income at Henley and Marlow by appearing as an advertisement for somebody's soap.

THE SEASON WAITER.

His unwonted assiduity in wiping the crumbs from the shiny cloth-covered table first invited my attention. I caught a gleam of recognition in his eye, and suddenly knew him for the only English waiter at the restaurant where sometimes I got my dinner in town.

"It's beautiful down here in the country, sir," he observed, "How is it in London, if I might ask, sir?"

"Well it's rather dusty, Henry," I replied. "Have you left the Cheshire Cat for good?" There was something rather crumply about his dress-shirt front and something slightly *degagé* about his dusty white tie, which suggested the suspicion that Henry had come down in the world. His dress clothes, too, in the clear open-air daylight looked very shiny. But his answer re-assured me.

"Oh no, sir," said he, "I 'ope to have the honour of waiting on you in the autumn months again: but I frequent come down into the country for the season, being, as you might say, un-'ampered by any family ties, sir."

"Rather a pleasant change."

"Well," he replied, "it is, sir, and it is not, sir, if you understand me, sir. The class of people that you git at some of these riverside resorts is not altogether what you're accustomed to."

"Mixed, Henry?"

"You've 'it it sir, exactly." He seemed exceedingly glad to find some one of his own standing to converse with. "Mixed is the word. You'll 'ardly believe me, sir, but I've took an order here for three 'ot waters and two watercresses from a party as occupied eleven chairs. Not but what I am bound to say that it occurred on Bank 'Oliday: and, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, the company is most respectable. Most."

"You must see a great deal of life, Henry?"

"Yes, sir, you're right there," agreed Henry. "More especial because I go about a good deal in the summer months. It is some years since I have come up the river for the season. As a usual thing I prefer a seaside resort: and, after all, there is no place like Brighton. Upon me word, on the whole, as I might say,



"HENRY"

I'd sooner be a Sunday-off waiter at Brighton than up the river for the season."

"A Sunday-off——?"

"Yessir. I've done that a good deal. It's when you're employed at a restaurant which doesn't open on Sundays in London. And then you take the Sunday off at the seaside or wherenot. Brighton was the place I used always to select. It seems only the other day that I was waitin' at Brighton on

Colonel North. A free-'anded gentleman he was too, and very good to the pore so I have heard. Ah well! we're here to-day and to-morrow we're snuffed!"

"That seems a rather profitable occupation, Henry?"

"Not so very," responded Henry, "unless, as sometimes will 'appen, the hotel pays your fare down; for otherwise the fare makes a big hole in seven-and-six and your meals, which is the customary remuneration."

I believe that if I had asked he would have been glad to tell me what his wage was as a season waiter: but this he did not have the opportunity to do. However, I believe that it is usually about twenty shillings a week with tips, which are, as you might say, mixed.

THE MAN WITH THE PUNTS.

Parker is the man who looks after my punt, and Parker is in such a state of chronic uncertainty about everything that it never has occurred to me that his information about anything was of real value. However, he can punt beautifully, and in the days when my own exploits with the punt were of a character more eventful than satisfactory, his hints used to be of a great deal of assistance to me. Parker goes up to London once a year, on the annual beanfeast which Mr. Matt Stretcher (the boat-builder) gives his employes; and he assures me that he always catches cold. London is so full of draughts, he says; the river is the only healthy place. London people he thinks very little of, especially the cheap tripper: and he told me of a neat little device contrived for the undoing of the Bank holiday-maker.

"When they come to hire a boat on Bank holiday," he observed, "we always point the nose of the boat down stream, and tell 'em that's the best way to go, because the scenery's prettier. So being fresh, off they starts in fine style, layin' themselves down to it, and quite pleased to see how they can make the boat go. And when they've bin going about a hour out of their two, they begin to think that it's about time to turn back. And then, lo and behold! they begin to find that it's hard work; and so what with getting

into difficulties rowing against stream! and one thing and another, they're lucky if they get back inside of the fourth hour instead of two."

The other things upon which Parker's advice is occasionally useful, if one did not suspect its disinterestedness, is upon buying a punt.

"You don't want to buy a punt at the beginning of the season," he told me, "what you want to do is to get one at the end: and then, partly because people 'ave 'ad enough of the river, and partly because they're not quite sure if they'll want the punt next year, and partly because they don't want to pay housing it during the winter. You can get as good a punt as ever you want for about £7 to £11. Whereas if you buy one or order one in May you'll pay as much as £16 to £20. If you 'ave everything complete it'll run up to £30."

I suggested that what with the charges for poles 15s., back boards 12s., a paddle 10s., varnishing each year 30s., housing in winter £1 1s., keeping in summer £2 2s., monogram painting afresh 2s. 6d., tips to Parker (which I didn't like to mention), that the boat-building trade made a good thing out of punts, and that about the best thing the economical man could do was to hire a punt. But upon this point Parker was loyally reticent: and it is only in an unguarded moment that I expect ever to get him to admit that the punter on the Thames, as upon the turf, is the pigeon to be plucked. But once Parker did admit that punts "was, on the whole, very dear"; and incidentally he remarked that punting developed only the muscles of the fore-arm—at the expense of the others.



Spain's Premier Matadors.

WRITTEN BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

SOME few years back the matador was at once the most popular and the most despised of Spaniards.

When he gaily led his cuadrilla into the arena the huge assemblage would shout to the echo, and when he escaped the bull's horns as by a miracle the applause would be renewed, while after a clever kill presents of all sorts would be literally showered upon him. But if caught by the bull he would be taken out to die like a dog; the Church would not attend him, and the fight would be postponed merely until another man could take his place. To-day there is an improvement in his condition. The large arena has always a little room

the fight he usually pays a brief visit to this apartment to invoke heavenly protection. Then he goes forth—to kill or to be killed.



LUIS MAZZANTINI

somewhere at the back, with a figure of the Virgin in a niche and ambulance appliances, where the wounded man has the services of doctor and priest. Before



RAFAEL GUERRA ("GUERRITA")

The life of the matador is strange as exciting. Often he begins his career in the *matadero*, as the slaughterhouse is called, and sometimes he is trained in the Bull-fighting School of Seville, where, if I mistake not, the veteran Gordito still trains the Andalusian youth. When the enthusiast is ready to try his luck he goes to some matador who cannot afford to support a regular cuadrilla and offers his services. For a few shillings he attends the arena in the humble capacity of capador or cloak thrower. He learns to temper courage with prudence, to master certain quick movements that baffle the bull, and to take hard knocks and occasional wounds with smiling face. Should he evince

special smartness, promotion to the ranks of the bandarilleros will follow, he will learn to put in the short sharp spears and to gauge the exact angle whereat to meet the beast and yet avoid his charge. After this he will one day seek an engagement as matador in some second-rate ring and will kill the young bulls. Long practice alone will teach him to become an expert in the use of the muleta and to reach the vital spot behind the bull's left horn with his long keen sword. If he be really expert, his work may attract the attention of one of the great critics of tauromachy, like Don Sanchez de Neira, and then the larger rings will give him engagements and he will be able to establish his own cuadrilla or company of fighters, including capadors, picadors, and bandarilleros. Finally, after long years of work and danger, will come the glorious day when he will be admitted to kill bulls in first-class arenas



ANTONIO REVERTE

like those of Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. The ceremony is called the *alternativa*. One of the leading matadors allows the aspirant to fight in his

cuadrilla as bandarillero. When he has drawn the bull the veteran hands his sword to the youth who kills the animal and is ever after a first-class fighter. His purse swells—his head follows suit.



EMILIO TORRES ("BOMBITA")

Don Luis Mazzantini and Rafael Guerra, who is known to the public as "Guerrita," are the premier matadors of Spain. Don Luis is a gentleman, a Doctor of Laws, and one of the most expert killers in his country. Moreover, he is a humane man; he delights not in the torture of horses, and the puntillero is ordered to kill all wounded animals. Other diestros permit the picadors to use an injured horse for two or three fights till the wretched beast gets the coup de grace from the bull's horns. Mazzantini, who appears mostly at Madrid, is wealthy, but he is not in such favour with the masses as he would be if he allowed more familiarities. Rafael Guerra is without doubt the most popular man in the country. Born in Cordova, where some say his father was master or manager of the cattle market, he rose quickly to eminence by his extraordinary feats as bandarillero. He has

a keen eye and an iron nerve; face to face with him the fiercest bull in Spain has no chance. Divining as though by instinct every impending movement of his opponent, "Guerrita" seems to play with his victim, and is rarely compelled to strike twice. His energy is extraordinary. I have known him to take part in three fights in a single day, and to kill three bulls at each encounter. The

he was an occasional visitor to the arenas at Nîmes, Dax and Arles before the French Government prohibited bull-fighting. Emilio Torres, "Bombita," is a handsome fellow, skilful and daring; but I shall not be surprised to hear of his death, for at times he is exceeding rash. So is little Vargas, "Minuto," who makes up in valour what he lacks in inches, and often seems unable to reach



ENRIQUE VARGAS ("MINUTO")



ANTONIO FUENTES

season in Spain does not last more than six months, and during that time "Guerrita's" earnings cannot fall far short of a hundred thousand pounds. He is a disagreeable man to meet, for he has more money than modesty; but in the ring he is supreme. Reverte is a fine fighter, who, when I last saw him, was lame through an accident in the arena. His fame has extended to Portugal, where the aficionados welcome him, and

his bull. He cannot be much more than five feet high. Fuentes is a pleasant fellow to look at when he is not trying to kill. I have seen him fight with "Guerrita" in Seville, but I cannot deem him a first-class man. Of the habits of the matador, of his elaborate costume, of his success in love as in war, of the caf  s he frequents, and of the company he keeps, I have the will but not the space to write.

The Woman that Waited.

BY BARRY PAIN.

DIALECTS ARE CHEAP TO-DAY.

IN one of those grass-grown American islands off the coast of Scotland, where the Irish breezes blow, and the native Somersetshire cider moistens the throat of the aboriginal Cockney—in one, but not more, of those islands sat an old woman. She sat on the grass; there was nothing else to sit on.

She was waiting for her son to come back. That was all.

A great lithe girl came spanking along through the grass towards her. The girl had been busy picking morning glories and shamrocks in the kail-yard. It was hard and trying work—a man's work really. It was also a man's kail-yard, but the man was away at the time, and she was one of those great brown creatures that take things. She stood looking at the woman in her little old patient brown dress. The girl's glorious semi-circular smile lit up the landscape.

"Blimey, auld mither," she observed, "but this be vine doin's, zims me, settin' an' settin' hall the bloomin' dye. Will ye no be takin' of a bite o' shamrock an' a drink o' the butter-milk the mornin'?"

"Nary shamrock," said the old woman, shaking her head, "nor almond-rock, nor hany hother sorter rock. Gin ye speir, I beant. I'se gwine ter set." She paused, and then with that almost cosmopolitan impartiality so common in these simple folks, she added, "Begorra!"

Not one word had she said of that son for whose return she was waiting. She would not seem to be blaming him, nor let others blame him. One finds this stern reticence in aged peasants. They break their hearts, and say nothing. At any rate, they wrap their remarks in the decent obscurity of a dialect.

The girl was a little surprised. "Wal, I shud smile!" she exclaimed.

"O, but yer shouldn't!" replied the old woman. "With a mouth like thet smilin' is horf, mavourneen."

Perhaps the same thought had occurred to the girl. She let the smile fall

to the ground with a heavy thud. Then she leaped over a bonnie brier-bush and went away. She had nowhere else to go.

Once more the old woman was alone. Before her, the great lazy sea stretched and yawned. Nature is curiously rude. Where was her son? Why did he not come back? It was cruel. But she still waited.

An old man, bent and wrinkled, came up to her and observed, "Aroon, aroon!"

"Quite so," she replied, patiently.

"They'll be houldin' of the fair up beyont," he said. "Vine junketin's, an' don't yer forget it. Thur's swings an' gingerbread and arl the luckshries."

"Hoots, mon!" she replied.

"But if not," he suggested.

"Aiblins, I'm not fer tikin' any."

The old man shook his head. Then in a fit of irritation he shook her head as well. It may have been that he did not understand the word aiblins. But she persisted.

"I wunna. Nay, mon, but shure and it's myself that cunna gang wi' ye the morn. I calkerlate I've gort an' appointment 'ere, and cawn't quit it."

"My gentle doo!" exclaimed the old man.

But invective would not move her. "Lemme be," she said.

He lem'd her be, and wandered off to his pleasure-making. Nothing could tempt her away. It seems a little thing to make a story of the love and patience of a poor old woman. Those who prefer excitement and adventure may think it wanting in incident. It is; but it is singularly rich in dialect.

Evening drew on. The sky was glorious with local colour, as though dead novelists had spilled their notebooks over the western clouds. One of the old woman's large, useful feet had pins-and-needles in it. She raised it and beat it regularly against an adjoining rock. It did not stop the tingling sensation, but it did break the rock.

She still sat there. Why did he not

come? Two paroquets and a hen-plover flapped lazily past on their homeward way. The milkmaid drove a herd of Irish bulls along the dusty road to the comfortable pig-styes where they would nest by night. The great lithe girl was asleep, and the old man was drunk, but the little old woman still waited—waited for her son.

And she had no one left whom to let off her rich excessive dialect. Sooner than waste it, she soliloquized:

"Och, the spalpeen! Fwhat's the matther wid 'im? Is ut alone that he'd be lavin' of me. Zims like, it du. I'll pye 'im fur this, I sergaisuate."

Why did he not come back? Had he lost the return-half of his ticket? No. Were a few harsh words, spoken after all half in jest, to part mother and son for

ever? Probably not. Her son did not return, because she had not, and never had had a son. I feel almost as if I ought to have mentioned this before. However, I make no secret of it now. She had no son, but she had thirteen daughters. In this, perhaps, she was right. Daughters cost less and look nicer.

It may be urged that it was wrong, however, for her to wait for her son's return, when she had not any son. Well, she was only a poor, simple peasant woman, and her mind had gone. I own it would have been fairer to have said at the start that her mind had gone. However, I make no further mystery about it. And, if you ask me why her mind had gone, I remind you that she had thirteen daughters.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Drawn by R. Boese



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

"My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

II.—MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

"IF only mamma wouldn't go to rehearsal so often, but would stay and play in the square with me!" said Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's little daughter Viola, wistfully. Such sayings must remind Mrs. Tree of the days when she did not dream that she would ever live to be described as the first English actress—of the days when her time was certainly not severely taxed by the cares of rehearsal. For more

than one eminent and erudite critic does now signalise Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree's gifted wife as the foremost amongst living English actresses—not excepting Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Marion Terry, or Miss Winifred Emery.

It is a fact of very great interest, in the light of after-happenings, that the character which Mrs. Tree first essayed "on any stage"—Ophelia—remains her

favourite assumption. Miss Maud Holt, as she then was, first appeared in amateur theatricals, and amateur theatricals were the means of bringing her and Mr. Tree together. These performances took place at the London house of Lady Freake—Cromwell House—during Miss Maud Holt's academic career at the Queen's College in Harley Street. Her amateur "hit" was made, as I say, in *Hamlet*; but the Greek plays in which Lady Freake was so strongly interested likewise gave her a fine opportunity. Another successful assumption of hers at Lady Freake's house was Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Her first professional appearance was in *The Millionaire* at the Court Theatre. This took place under the late John Clayton's management—that inimitable Clayton of whom so many delightful stories are told, none more delightful than the one which concludes "I have read your play. . . . O, my dear sir!" Mrs. Tree luckily does not know what "stage-fright" is.

I remember asking her if she could recall any anecdotes connected with the acting of this first and favourite part of hers—Ophelia.

"That depends upon what you call a story," replied Mrs. Tree, laughingly. "During the run of *Hamlet* at the Haymarket no fewer than three serious fires took place on one and the same night!"

"Three fires!" I said, wonderingly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain yourself, Mrs. Tree?"

"Certainly. It is a great secret"—this with a smiling glance at her husband, who happened to be present—"but first of all Ophelia's hair caught fire, then Polonius's beard followed suit, and finally the Angelic Choir took fire!"

"The what took fire?"

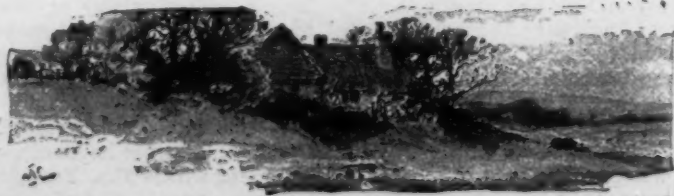
"The Angelic Choir, in *Hamlet*. O, I'm not going to let you into the secrets of stage management; but it is a fact,

nevertheless, and it might have been attended by serious consequences."

I must confess that I have not yet quite fathomed Mrs. Tree's meaning; but she doubtless alluded to the "Angelic Choir" who sing the dead Ophelia into what Ibsen calls "bright dreams." Mention of "choirs," whether angelic or otherwise, reminds me that Mrs. Tree has to sing in the character of Ophelia. She did this first of all at Lady Freake's house, and probably no Ophelia has scored such a vocal success.

To return to the subject of fires, a very disastrous "conflagration" occurred during the Haymarket Company's visit to the United States last year, when all the ladies' dresses were burnt up. Of course, Mrs. Tree generously came to the assistance of her colleagues, and helped them out with her own dresses. It was bitterly cold at the time—the Hudson River was grinding blocks of ice—and not long afterwards their train was snowed up for seven hours, causing the company to miss that night's performance at Washington.

As artistes, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are singularly alike in temperament. Both began as amateurs, and neither is ashamed to confess the fact. She bows with enthusiasm to his dictum that "art is the same in all ages, and Truth is its touchstone. It owes its birth to no canons; on the contrary, these are only discovered at its autopsy. The Venus of Milo, which is ever new, was evolved from no canons—it dictated them." Still more warmly does she agree with him that "it is the function of art to give light rather than darkness. Its teaching should not be to prove to us that we are descended from monkeys, but rather to remind us of our affinity with the angels. Its mission is not to lead us through the fogs of doubt into the bogs of despair, but rather to point, even in the twilight of a waning century, to the greater Light beyond."



The Spawn OF FORTUNE.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.



"I DON'T know much about firearms, so I would like you to pick me out what you consider a good weapon."

The salesman ran his eye along the rows of revolvers.

"This one I can recommend," he said. Its barrel glinted blue, its stock was pricked out in nickel, and its hammer filled a glittering cylinder like the nose of a ferret in a rat-hole.

"Ah, yes, that looks all right. Is it loaded? No. Kindly explain to me how the trick is done."

After he had seen the cartridges shoved into the chambers and had paid the price, Arther Brackenbridge slipped the weapon into his breast pocket, made his way along the Strand, and, turning sharply down Villiers Street, entered the underground station.

"Earl's Court, first return," he said at the pigeon-hole, but he hastily corrected himself. "No, not return, single I mean. Earl's Court, first single."

He pocketed the ticket, grinning ruefully as he said to himself, "The return will be a free journey this time, I imagine." Half-way down the dirty stairs that lead to the platform he suddenly paused.

"What in the world possessed me to take a first? Third would have done me quite as well. What an ass I am to-day. Ah,

well, I have lived in this world first-class, and may as well go out of it first-class."

A few waiting passengers sauntered up and down the platform. Smoke hung in fantastic blue whiffs, writhing and twisting and swirling lazily towards the roof, and the gas burned yellow in the great glass globes that hung above

the footway. The ticket inspector at the foot of the stairs, his punch dangling to his fingers, carried on a flirtation with a buxom wench of serving-maid class.

"Besides, it will look better on the evening paper bill. 'Suicide in a Third-class Underground' seems cheap. Few persons of class enter the underground, and none travels third. Substitute 'first' for 'third,' and, well—it should make a rather taking bill, you know."

At this point in his soliloquy Arthur Brackenbridge became aware of a curious growling rumble that rapidly grew into a roar, and as if in fear of this ominous sound the black tunnel began to vomit smoke that gushed out in a dense cloud-bank. At last two yellow eyes trembled and blinked in the darkness, and the next instant a Richmond train came wheezing, rocking, screeching, and grinding out of the blackness, and stopped with a jerk at the platform. Brackenbridge ran nimbly along the carriages and jumped into the first empty compartment. Placing his hat in the rack, he let down the window and stuck his head far out, as though looking for a friend—a trick much resorted to by lovers and school-boys, who wish a compartment to themselves. On this occasion, however, the stratagem was unavailing. At the moment the train was about to move on a brawny man rushed past the ticket inspector, and, grasping the handle of the door, gave it such a lightning-like twist and pull that had Brackenbridge not drawn in his head with rapidity he must have found himself at full length on the platform. Without one word of apology the stranger shut the door with a bang, and flung himself into a corner, never once glancing at the young man, who stood in the middle of the compartment looking the anger he felt. To Arthur Brackenbridge's way of thinking, the entrance of this stranger was abrupt to an uncalled-for degree, and the thought of how narrowly he had escaped being flung out of the carriage determined him to remonstrate. So he opened by saying in his decided manner, emphasised by the anger that was in him:

"My seat, sir."

The stranger glanced up; his eyes were bloodshot, and his features set and hard. He said nothing, however, and sat tight.

"My seat, sir."

This time the stranger did not even condescend so much as a glance.

"For the third time, I tell you that you are in my seat. If you doubt me, my hat on the rack above will prove what I say."

Without a word the fellow flung himself into the opposite corner.

"Gad, he's a cool customer," Arthur muttered as he took the seat vacated by the stranger.

The man sat, or rather lay along the cushion, his two hands deep into his trousers' pockets and his eyes fixed on his foot as it rose and fell to the rocking of the carriage. He was a man passed middle life, fairly well dressed, and sturdily built.

"I'll startle this cold-blooded fellow before I'm through with him," Arthur Brackenbridge thought. Leaning forward he addressed the sullen man:

"I would like you to change compartments at the next station."

The man stared angrily at the speaker.

"And I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied decisively.

"I advise you, sir, for your own comfort, to change."

"I look after my comfort without assistance from others. I shall not change."

"As you please," Brackenbridge replied in a careless tone.

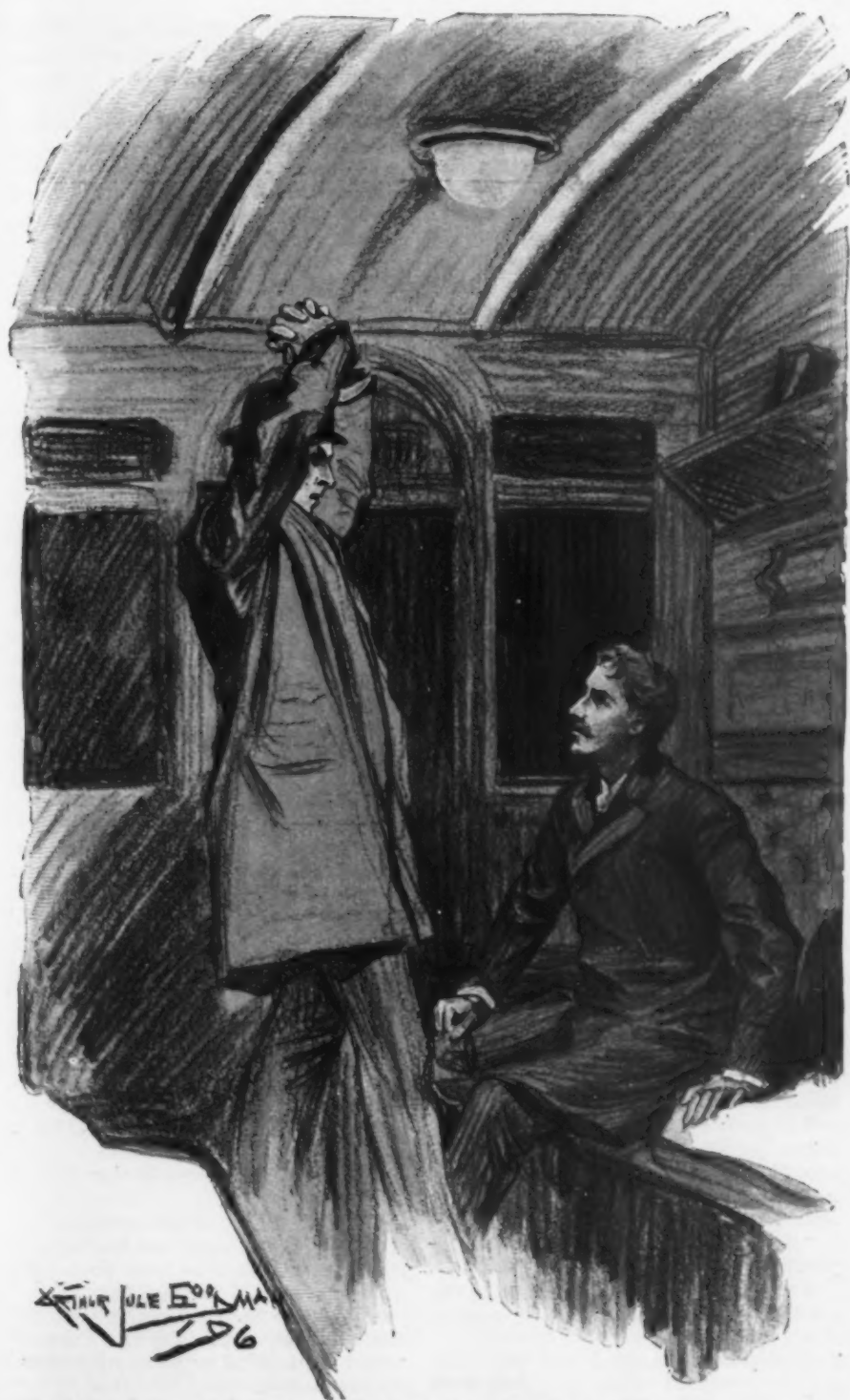
The train crunched, and ground, and shuddered and came to a standstill at Westminster Bridge. Arthur Brackenbridge spoke:

"Allow me, sir, to advise you again to change carriages. It will not put you to much trouble and may save you a lot. I speak in all good faith."

The heavy man ran his eye over the other, and there was unspeakable scorn in the glance. Then he again turned his attention to the dancing boot. When the train disappeared into the tunnel Arthur Brackenbridge sat up.

"As you have seen fit to disregard my advice, given, as I before said, in all good faith, I can only hope, sir, that you do not object to me committing suicide. I intend to blow my brains out before we reach St. James's Park Station."

The surly man leapt wildly to his feet. He threw open the carriage door and the roar of the tunnel drowned Brackenbridge's cry to "stay." Steam and smoke in a purple cloud, and sulphur smells belched in and filled the compartment. The younger man had grasped hold of the other's arm. At last the door was



"THE MAN LEAPT WILDLY TO HIS FEET"

shut and the two stood facing each other. Brackenbridge grinned.

"I gave you fair warning. It crossed my mind that you might prefer to be elsewhere——"

"What do you mean? You are not going to kill yourself?"

"Ah, but I am."

"Good Heavens, man, you're crazy!"

"You speak like a coroner's jury, sir. As a matter of truth and of fact I am not crazy, but I'm terribly sane, which, as far as I can make out, amounts to pretty much the same thing in this world. It is only the insane that would try to live after the events of this awful day. I'm too sane to attempt to do so."

The elder glowered into the eyes of the younger. He was much the taller of the two and had to stoop low.

"Whom have you done for?" he asked abruptly.

"What do you mean?" The young man felt a trifle uneasy under the other's bloodshot eyes.

"Whom have you made away with? What did he do to you to make you do the deed?"

The fellow stepped hurriedly back into the corner and looked about him as though he feared he had been overheard. Arthur Brackenbridge blurted out:

"What the deuce do you mean, sir. 'Done for?' 'Made away with?' What an idea! You're crazy now, instead of me. It is I have been murdered, foully and brutally murdered. Yes, sir, twice this day. But here we are at St. James's and the little affair not done. I trust to your honour not to say a word to the guard, for as sure as he comes for me I shall fire and in my hurry may make a mess of it, you know. Now, out you get, that's a good fellow, and God bless you, sir. For some reason quite unexplainable I wish to be alone when, when—well, Good-bye."

The surly man stepped out, walked a dozen feet towards the exit, paused for a second or so, and then hurriedly retraced his steps, entered the compartment and shut the door after him.

"No, may I be hanged if I leave you."

Brackenbridge sat wearily back in the cushions. The stranger stood looking down upon him.

"Postpone the deed for just one station more. I want to speak with you. May I?"

Brackenbridge nodded an enforced affirmation, and the heavy man seating himself; a silence followed. At length the stranger said:

"There is but one crime in the long calendar the devil has prepared for us that warrants a man taking his life.

"Yes? What crime is that, may I ask?"

"Murder."

"My dear sir," said Brackenbridge sitting up, and speaking with animation, "My dear sir, a murderer has no need to kill himself."

"You mean Society will do the job for him?"

"Not at all, I mean quite a different thing. A murderer dies the instant his victim dies."

"O! indeed, I did not know that."

"It is so, nevertheless. A murderer may walk about, and be to all outward appearances alive, but, as a matter of fact, he is as dead as Pharaoh. His hold on the world is relaxed. His self-respect is dead, his manliness is dead, his liberty is dead; his ease of mind has been slain by the selfsame blow that slew his victim; everything that constitutes life is slain, and lies dead within him, a rubbish heap with his heart, a core of hateful fire smouldering beneath it all. Breathing, working, walking, talking, seeing—all such things are but the incidents of life. A life of falsehood and subterfuge, of wildly fleeing from a consequence, is death in its most awful form." Brackenbridge spoke rapidly and with bitter vehemence. "I tell you," he continued, "murder changes a man from a living being to a craven coward, a coward who fears to live, and fears to die."

The heavy man sat in silence for some moments.

"It seems to me," he said at length, "that one who contemplates suicide is a still more deplorable creature than a murderer."

"I don't see matters in that light at all."

"Well, I think you will agree that one who has committed murder may, at least, be presumed to have been brave at the moment of the deed."

"I suppose there is something uncanny about taking human life that demands valour of one kind or another," assented Brackenbridge.

"But with suicide it is altogether

different," continued the stranger. "The actuating impulse is cowardice, pure and simple, a weak determination to escape threatened or present pains of body or of mind. But I maintain that to deliberately, with premeditation, slay a fellow-man calls forth one glorious outburst of manhood, one period of physical triumph, of mental exultation, ineffable, supreme; a moment when a man's feet are on the spheres, when his head is ablaze in the sun, his soul is a great licking, rolling crimson flame, and his arms are reached down through endless space to the spinning world, and his fingers creep among the crowd to clutch his shrieking victim, clutch him, and roll him in the palms, crush his bones, squeeze him, crunch him, and roll him again and again, and work him gradually, gloatingly, towards the finger-tips to hurl him, a pulpy mass, into space and everlasting blackness. Ah! I call that a supreme moment, when the crimson flame of soul-fire leaps through the smoke-clouds of a smouldering life to the very sky!"

The stranger had started to his feet, his eyes great and full of fire, his hands clinched above his head. Whirling round and facing Arthur Brackenbridge he demanded:

"Why would you kill yourself?"

"I have lost my fortune, and——"

"What is that? You talk of cowards! I thought you valiant, you thought yourself so! Bah! why waste good powder and ball. You fear to live because, perchance, your circumstances may not be quite so pleasant as formerly. Sordid coward."

"It's not altogether a matter of money," faltered the young man. The stranger kept his eyes fixed upon him. "There's a warrant——"

"Then you are a criminal?"

"No, I am not."

"Why the warrant?"

"My partner has landed us both in fraudulent bankruptcy——"

"Are you innocent?"

"Absolutely."

"And you fear?"

"Well, there is as much shame as fear——"

"You are vain as well as a coward."

"To be the principal in a criminal trial is no pleasant experience; at least, so I gather from the newspapers."

The heavy man sat down again and gazed at Brackenbridge contemptuously.

"Young man, what a craven you would have me believe you. Your cowardice is so great that you are willing to stamp yourself guilty by self-murder rather than face your accusers and confound them. On my soul I am surprised you ventured out alone to kill yourself. I should have thought you would have implored some one to come with you while you took the leap into the dark. Why were you given youth, strength, health, good strong arms and sound heart if they were not intended to overcome obstacles? Think! would it not be greater far to step out before the world and say 'Here am I an honest man: where are my accusers?' rather than to lie on the floor of a railway carriage with a wreath of powder-smoke for a crown?"

"Yes, but you see, my dear sir, to-day there has been a focussing of all that is unfortunate for me. My whole fortune is gone, the fact that it has been lost causes the police to 'want' me, and the fact that the police 'want' me has lost me——well——"

"Out with it! Lost you what?"

Arthur Brackenbridge did not intend to say more, but the stranger's commanding gaze and imperative question left him powerless to resist. At every station he prayed that some one would enter the compartment, but the Underground is a contrary line. No one disturbed them.

"What else have you lost?" demanded the heavy man.

"Well, to 'out with it' as you ask—the girl to whom I am engaged—or was."

The stranger threw back his head and burst into a loud fit of laughter, laughter wherein there was no ghost of a trace of mirth. Brackenbridge felt indignant at the sarcastic levity of his new found combatant, but said nothing.

"Girl," the heavy man shouted. "Fine girl, indeed, that will break her promise because you've lost a pound. She gave you her word and now tells you to your face that she will not keep it."

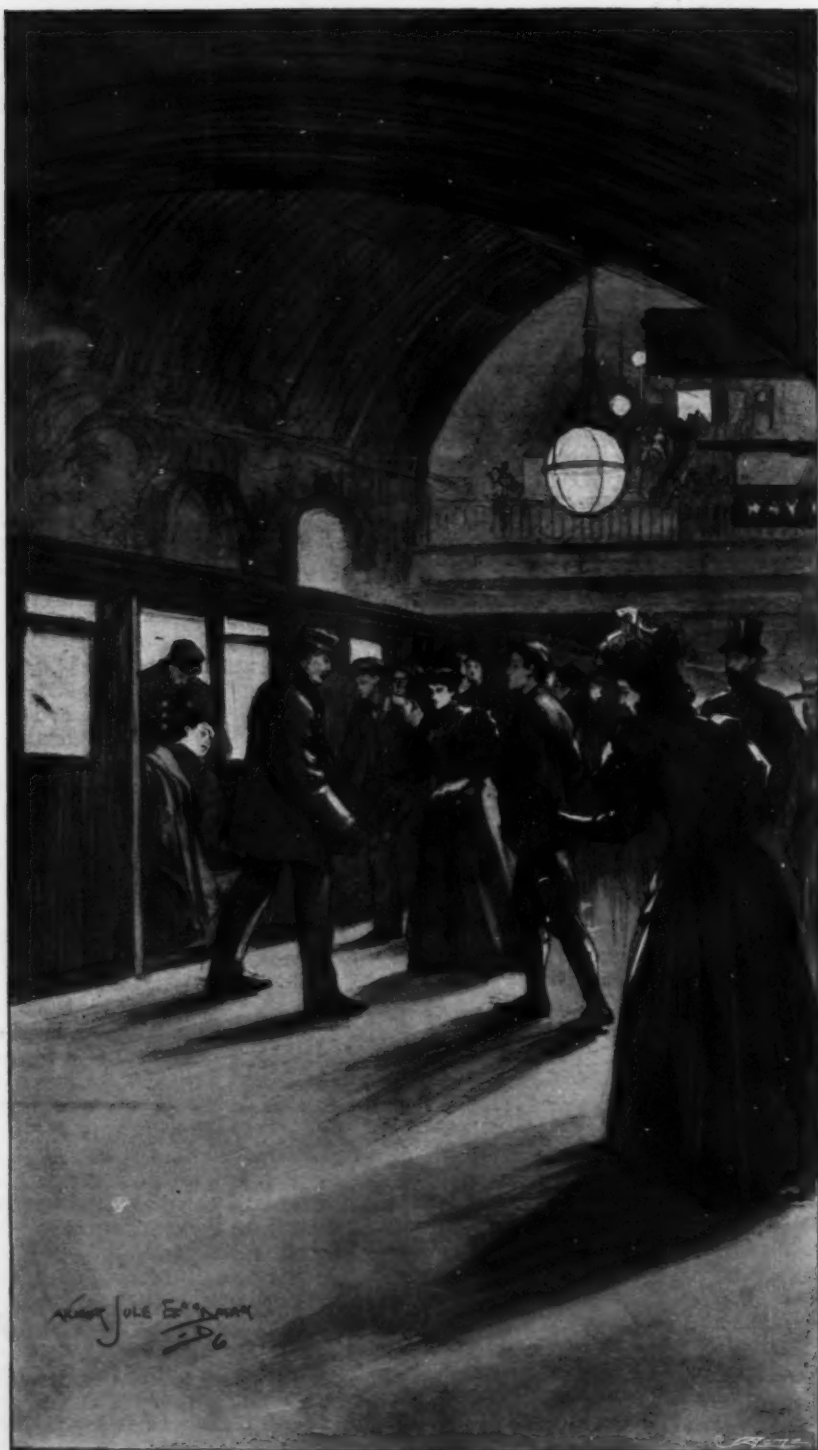
"She has not. I tell you she——she——"

"But you have just this minute said she told you to go about your business——"

"I said nothing of the sort."

"Then how know you that you have lost her?"

Brackenbridge was silent.



"THE GUARDS WERE LIFTING THE CORPSE"

"Let us be honest one to the other. Answer me: How know you?"

"Her guardian, her aunt, told me."

"My young friend, take the advice of one who has seen, experienced, learned. Have no dealings with a woman through a woman—never. Give me that revolver you have in your breast pocket."

The revolver was weakly passed over.

"Now we are coming to Earl's Court Station. Get out; be a man; walk up to the first policeman you meet—or, better still, hail a hansom and tell cabby to drive to the nearest police-station. Say to the Inspector: 'I hear there is a warrant out for me. I have come to give myself up, if you want me.'"

"By George! I don't like to do it, you know, I swear I don't; but I suppose your advice is good. I must say I do not fancy passing through the machinery of justice—the stinking police-cells, the stinking police-court, and maybe the stinking Old Bailey and the stinking Holloway as well. I don't like the idea, I say."

"Nonsense. I have little doubt that you'll find the plank bed in the cells more entertaining at least than the stone slab of the morgue."

"Don't speak of it, sir; not another word. I hadn't thought of that, 'pon my soul I hadn't. You make my flesh creep."

The stranger grinned for the first time. Arthur Brackenbridge reached for his hat and reluctantly left the carriage. He stood for a moment, his back to the compartment and his hand still on the door. Turning, he said:

"Yes, you're right. I'll do it; I'll give myself up and see what becomes of me. My name is Brackenbridge; you will, without a doubt, see it appear often enough in the newspapers during the next month or so. But, whatever becomes of me, you, sir, have saved my life. Whether you have done me a good turn or an evil one has yet to be seen; but to-night at least I am grateful, very

grateful. That slab keeps recurring to my mind, you know, and—well, good-bye, my friend, and God bless you, sir, God bless you!"

The two men clasped hands, gazing into one another's face earnestly and long. The train started with its usual wracking jerk.

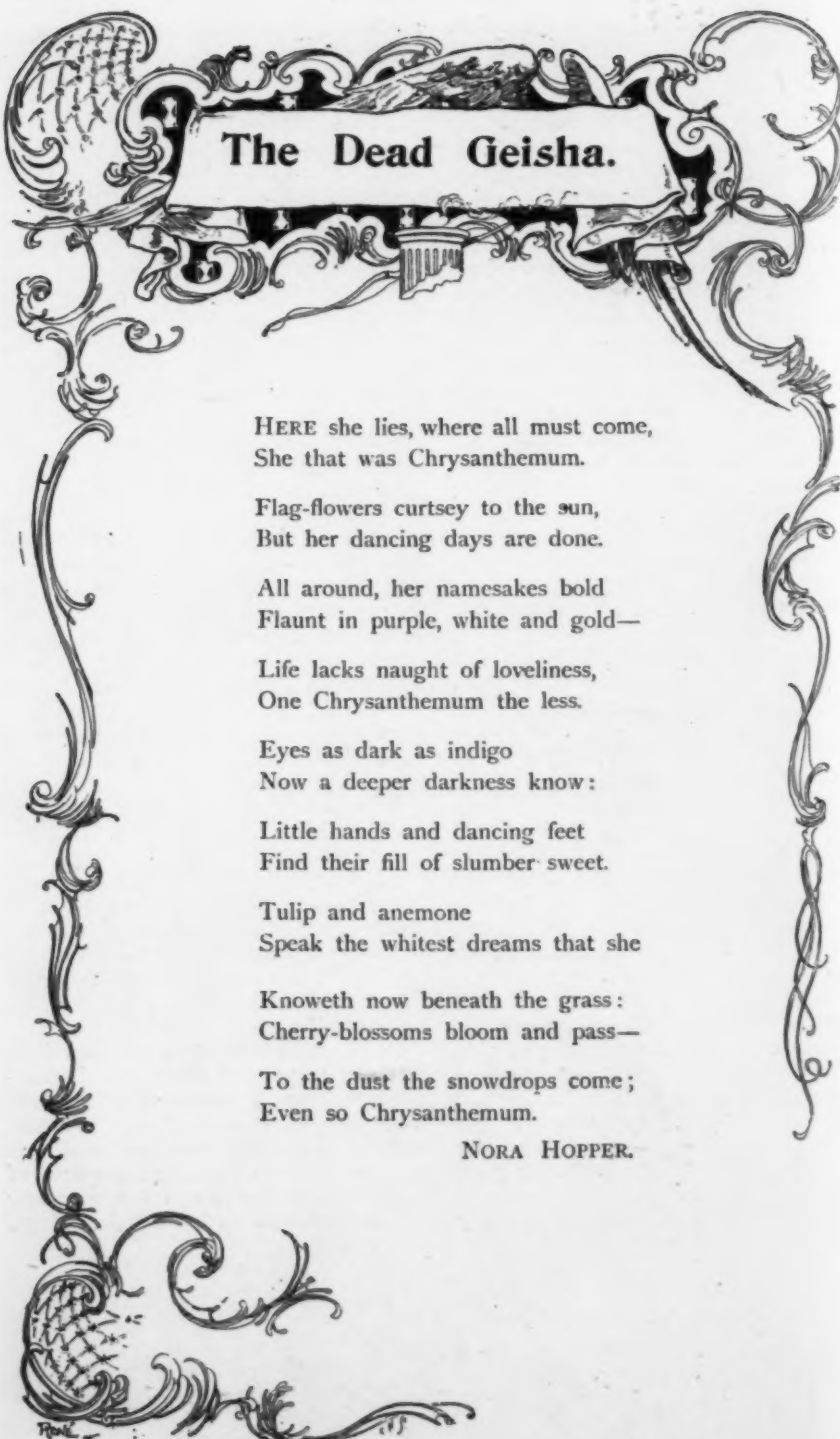
The heavy man sat huddled in the corner, his brows contracted, arms folded, and his eyes fixed on his dancing foot. The train arrived at and departed from West Kensington station. He slipped his hand into his breast pocket, and slowly drew forth the revolver. The muzzle smelt blood; it looked blood. Without one glance at the weapon, but handling it as a usurer handles a gold ornament, he muttered:

"Taken one life, saved one life. Surely the one should balance the other. But he says: 'No; not one life, but two you have taken—two! two! your victim's and your own.' I believe he is as right in my case as I was in his, and the balance is against me, against me—hopelessly against me; against me now and for all eternity. He said to me: 'God bless you, sir!' I think that is of good omen. He is the last I shall meet on this earth, and he said 'God bless you, sir!'"

With his thumb he drew back the hammer of the weapon until it "clicked" twice.

"I may as well end my flight by instantaneously putting myself out of reach of my pursuers; and it is better that I do it with the young man's words ringing in my ears. He was flying to his death; I from mine. He found life; I find——"

At Hammersmith station the travellers by the train gathered round the compartment, to stand tip-toe and peer into it while the guards were lifting the corpse up from its sorrowful collapse; and next morning's papers contained the news of the suicide of the Gray's Inn murderer and the arrest of Arthur Brackenbridge.



The Dead Geisha.

HERE she lies, where all must come,
She that was Chrysanthemum.

Flag-flowers curtsey to the sun,
But her dancing days are done.

All around, her namesakes bold
Flaunt in purple, white and gold—

Life lacks naught of loveliness,
One Chrysanthemum the less.

Eyes as dark as indigo
Now a deeper darkness know:

Little hands and dancing feet
Find their fill of slumber sweet.

Tulip and anemone
Speak the whitest dreams that she

Knoweth now beneath the grass:
Cherry-blossoms bloom and pass—

To the dust the snowdrops come;
Even so Chrysanthemum.

NORA HOPPER.

Paris Statues.



I.—JEANNE D'ARC

THE YOUNG JUGGLER
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. B. STOKES



ONE!



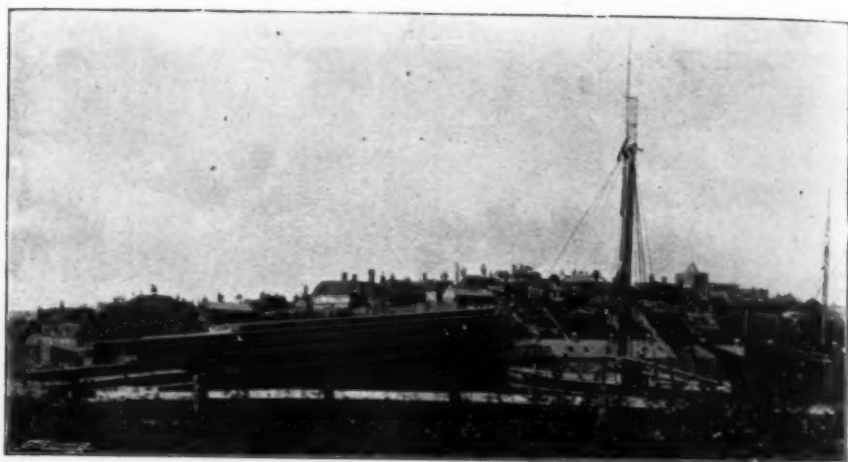
TWO!



FOUR!!



THREE!



RYE FROM THE MILITARY CANAL

Relics of the Past.

BY MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.

IT was a breathlessly hot morning. The breakfast table of the select St. Leonards boarding-house was filled with a conglomerate assemblage: charming individually, I doubt not, but uninteresting in the aggregate. The sun beat fiercely through the windows, ever shut because the Rector's adopted mother feared draughts. The atmosphere was heavy with a co-mingled odour of tea, coffee, bacon, fish and sausages. A stray bee that had been touring distractedly amid artificial bouquets on the board, buzzed angrily against the glass in search of release. On the other side of the table sat the professional joker, and on his right the wife of his bosom complacently posed as sole owner of the funny man.

"Have some tea, do," he said to the pretty girl on his left, whom his facetious remarks had kept a-giggle throughout the meal.

"No, thank you. I've just had coffee."

"Of course, that's the reason why you should have tea now. Awfully nice change. And you came here for change, didn't you?"

Like the bee, I fretted for a purer, freer air, but outside there were merely the crowded esplanade and the noisy beach. The voice of the Man from Luton broke pleasantly on my ear.

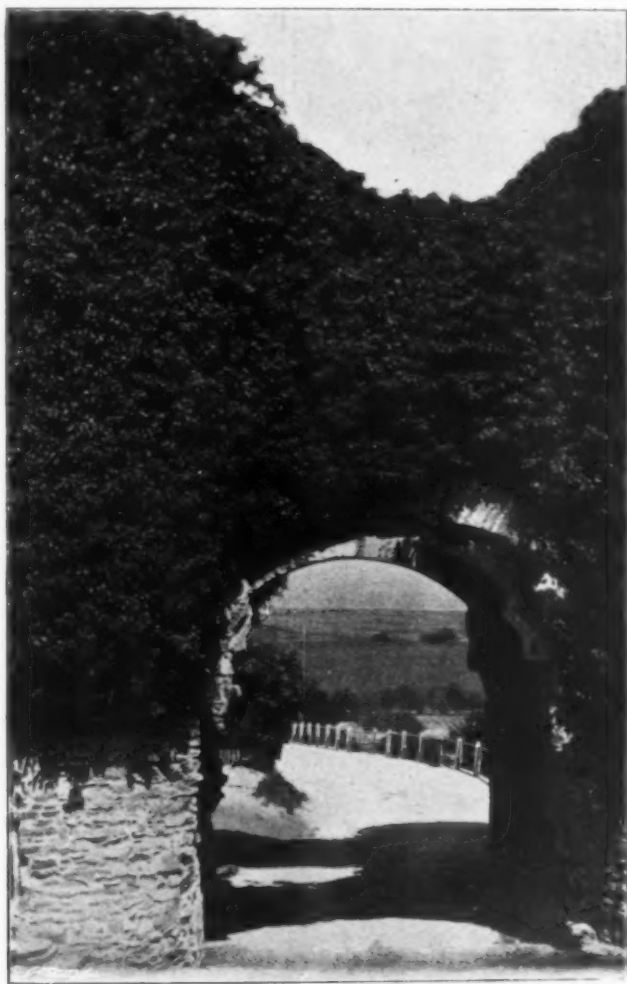
"Winchelsea? O, it's quite a forgotten place. No one ever goes there now."

Here then was the haven I sought. Enquiry elicited the information that Winchelsea was nine miles east of Hastings, and that frequent trains stopped within less than a mile of it. An hour later Babs and I alighted at the quiet wayside station, and following the few travellers, sauntered contentedly towards the old "city set on a hill." The nervous irritation produced by the heat and dust of Hastings vanished in the soothing quietude. The vision of cool, green meadows dotted with placid sheep refreshed our eyes. Our spirits rose as by magic, and our hearts were filled with gladness as our hands with flowers.

Climbing the wooded steep, and passing through the Pipewell Gate, we entered the town of Winchelsea; and we paused to admire the magnificent view over the marshes to red-roofed Rye on her rocky throne. A mile or so to the south glistened the blue of the Channel. Standing with what Wesley viciously styled the "poor skeleton of Ancient Winchelsea" behind us, and looking across marshland that seemed to have existed from the beginning, it was hard to realise the changes wrought by time and tide. The original Winchelsea (thus the harmless, necessary guide-

book), an important maritime town, covered a low flat island three miles E.S.E. of the town's present site. In the Thirteenth Century a storm swept away three hundred houses and several churches. Deeming the position untenable, Edward I. granted a site on the

the crag whereon the town is perched; and on that day the air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, and with the perfume of flowers. The beauty and seclusion of Winchelsea charmed us, as it must ever attract all lovers of nature, and we hastened back to St. Leonards for



OLD ROMAN GATE, WINCHELSEA

summit of a high sandstone cliff. The new city was still a-building, when a second hurricane demolished the last vestige of the old. The sea has retreated far from Winchelsea. Perhaps she retired in dudgeon at the distrust evinced in placing the town above her reach, and you marvel to recall that ships rocked at anchor in the harbour under the Strand Gate. Prolific orchards girdle

our luggage, while next day saw us lunching in a quiet lodging in the ancient town.

Our rooms were hard by the fine old church, that standing in a large square burial place, occupies the centre of the town. The choir and chancel still remain; and their dimensions, together with the size of the portions of the central piers, afford some idea of the vast



WINCHELSEA CHURCH

proportions of the fane. At the time of our visit a godless white owl nested among the ivy mantling the church walls. Our latticed casements overlooked the city of the dead, and, when at even-song the light streamed through the windows, and the soft drone of the organ reverberated through the air, it was

weirdly grotesque to see the bird of night silhouetted against the star-lit sky, hooting as though he were some evil spirit impotently cursing the worshippers within. On the north side of the graveyard flourishes the tree under whose shade Wesley preached his last open-air sermon.



THE WESLEY TREE

The Strand Gate holds the cliff sloping towards the sea, and just above its battlements nestles Miss Ellen Terry's cottage with a quaint conceit in antique wrought iron suspended from its walls. Miss Terry loves Winchelsea, you are told, and Winchelsea reciprocates the affection. It reveals its devotion by referring to her at all times and seasons.

"I'm sorry I can't show you a timetable, ma'am," says the obliging post-mistress, "but Miss Ellen Terry has just got a loan of mine."

"This is Miss Terry's favourite carriage," says the owner of an equipage

fisher families these, London tramps rarely venturing so far as the Sussex coast.

In the gloaming Babs and I were wont to sit on the slope above the hop fields watching the weary pickers climbing slowly homewards. Picturesque figures, laden with many strange bundles—bearing, too, oddly-hued ancestral gamps, whose shade had protected the dozing babies from the heat. Further away the blue smoke told of the campers' preparation for their evening meal. Delightful walks abound near Winchelsea, and we roamed everywhere:



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE

drawn by a pony so mild-mannered that in derision we had christened him "Fiery." "She always hires it when she is here," adding, impressively and conclusively, "she was photographed in this trap, she was!"

Landward of Winchelsea stretch the hop fields, and the drowsy autumn days see the villagers busy among the balmy blossoms. The streets were deserted: old men and women, young folks, children, all spent the sunny hours over the bins, earning a trifle against the coming winter. An adjoining field was dotted with straw beehive-like tents for housing the hoppers from a distance. Sun-tanned

down the winding paths to the beach, by the coastguards' cottages, near the tumbledown martello tower (since blown up), where Babs paddled on a strip of sand and I gathered bunches of the yellow sea poppies. Or across the meadows to the noble ruins of Camber Castle, once an active factor in defending the coast from invasion, now stranded lonely amidst miles of sandy flats. Once we wandered by leafy lanes to the tiny, well-nigh deserted church of Udimore—an excursion memorable to Babs, for did we not lunch off biscuits and lemonade at a wayside inn, where downy chickens

picked the crumbs we dropped on the red brick floor, and, to crown our adventures, did we not ride home in the miller's van?

Our especial treat, however, was a visit to Rye—once the rival in importance to its neighbouring Cinque Port, Winchelsea, and still comparatively large

gathered sloes from the great trees, whose gnarled, mossy branches overhung the side path. On nearing Rye the road bends to the Landgate Tower, the sole remainder of the three notable entrances through the ancient defences. The tower is in excellent preservation, and endows the street with exquisite old



THE LAND GATE AT RYE

and bustling. Rye, beloved of artists, likewise stands also on a height. The road between the two towns runs straight and white across the intervening meadows. As we drove thither we often alighted to pick from the hedgerows long festoons of white convolvulus and deadly-nightshade, with its royal purple flowers and brilliant berries, and "Fiery" contentedly munched the grass while we

world effects. Once Rye was an island, and could only be reached by water; now, though unlike Winchelsea, it retains a harbour. The sea is about two miles from the town. An exquisite view of Rye, and a favourite one with painters, is available from the military canal. Indeed, Rye, despite its high and dry position, still impresses you as being surrounded by water. For do not the

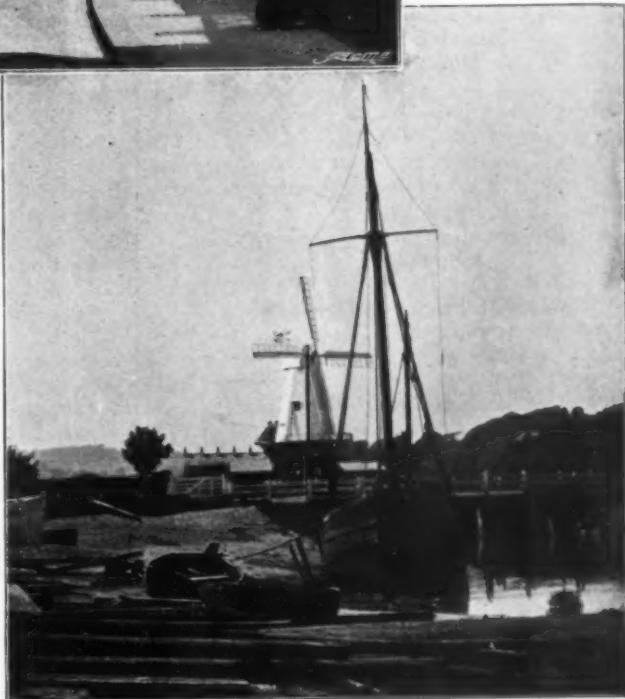


RYE CHURCH TOWER

Tillingham River and the River Rother and sundry canals encompass it? The Church, too, once, according to historians, "of wonderful beauty," is noteworthy, even after sack and siege. Most quaint among its many quaint properties is the pendulum of the antique clock obtruding through an aperture in the floor of the clock-tower, and swaying ceaselessly over the heads of the congregation. We could not help imagining how the

younger members of the flock, hypnotised by its perpetual motion, would sit fascinatingly gazing, forgetful of their responses.

Winchelsea and Rye may be skeletons now, mere ghosts of their former selves; but, search the world over, you will find no better places for a restful holiday. Let us trust that no great influx of sojourners will spoil their special charm. For the admirable photographs illustrating this article I am indebted to the Rev. Edward Husband, incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone.



THE CANAL AT RYE

The Fashions of the Month.

IF the weather has been hotter than usual in England these last few years, it is at least satisfactory that so many charming thin materials have been prepared for wear. Muslins of all kinds are still in favour, but the flowered variety of yester-year are less worn than the plain. Spotted muslins in white and cream and tan are all in use, and a fine plain book muslin is high in favour. Tan muslins mounted on pink silk, with their frillings edged with narrow white valenciennes lace, look well; while white muslins, though often trimmed with butter-coloured lace, look best with white. No more charming costume could be devised than one I saw in the Park the other evening. It was of fine plain white muslin full and soft in the skirt, with a wide soft frill edged with narrow white lace. A frilled muslin fichu, wide transparent bishop's sleeves, a huge white hat with feathers above and below the brim tipped in the true Gainsborough style, completed the costume. The only touch of colour was a sash of pale blue gauze ribbon faintly imprinted with a pattern of rosebuds. Book muslins trimmed with embroidery are also pretty. One with a band of primroses heading the flounce of the skirt, mounted on white silk and with a bodice of primrose silk muslin over white silk, toned down by a zouave of tucked white silk, was deliciously cool looking. A yellow Panama hat trimmed with yellow tulle set in a box-pleat round the crown, and held in place by a band of wheat green velvet, and having a triplet of soft yellow plumes at one side, toned admirably with this gown.

Grass lawns suffer from their own popularity. They are reproduced so cheaply now that only the fine embroidered ones retain distinction. One with a good deal of cut-out work on it and a pattern of small petunias embroidered all over it is good, and mounted on petunia silk with petunia

ribbons at waist and neck, makes a rich and decorous looking costume. Of the cheaper ones it is safer to avoid those striped with colours, as they are so frequently vulgarised. Occasionally, however, you see them successfully treated as in a grass lawn with a dark blue dot on it. This was worn with a bodice, but not sleeves, of cornflower blue silk and a dead white straw hat trimmed with white spotted net and a huge bunch of cornflowers. A zouave of Irish lace over the blue silk bodice helped to bring it into closer harmony with the skirt.

Foulards are still in favour, and the grey and white and black and white ones are cool of aspect. One made for Miss Mary Moore to wear in *The Sultan's Signature*, with a pattern of white lightning on a dove-grey ground, is demurely quakerish. Another produced for Ascot, with a black pattern on a white ground, and made with a bolero of white glacé silk, a big sash of white glacé silk ribbon, and worn with a big black hat trimmed with white plumes and white ribbon, was a very pleasant little study in black and white.

Blouses seem more diverse and wonderful every month. A beautiful one is made of yellow satin with a transparent white silk gauze over it. The gauze is put into a multitude of tiny tucks that form a yoke, and descend also in a box pleat both back and front. Each tiny tuck is edged with fine narrow butter-coloured lace. There are full elbow sleeves set into a plain band about two inches wide, and this band consists of horizontal tucks each edged with lace. The waist-band, on the other hand, consists of a succession of vertical tucks also lace-edged, and at the side there is a big bow and long ends of broad yellow satin ribbon edged on each side with the same narrow yellow lace.

For those that still prefer black gowns canvas and grenadine are always avail-

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyerie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



MUSLIN GOWN AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET

able, but they are usually mounted over a colour. A black checked grenadine mounted on pale green silk, with a pale green silk bodice veiled with white sprigged net, is a happy compromise between dark and light gowns. The sleeves are of grenadine, but over each falls a little round cape of pale green silk covered with white net and edged

with a tiny ruche of net. Another pretty black gown has a pleated bodice of pale pink chiffon with a bolero of Irish lace strewn with iridescent sequins over it. A tiny frill of the chiffon edges the bolero, and the sleeves of black canvas have bell-shaped cuffs slit up each side to reveal an inside ruffling of pink chiffon.



CYCLING DRESS

A vivid shade of rose pink in glacé silk is rather popular, and a pretty evening dress of it has novel double pinked ruche in two shades of pink round the hem. This ruche is set on a hem of black velvet that throws it into pretty relief. Bands of black velvet round the bust and waist accentuate

these, whilst short puff sleeves and a tiny vest of white tulle soften the contrasts of the dress. A lovely theatre cloak of this shade of silk has three tiers of little capelets on the shoulders that overlap each other like the scales of a fir-cone. Each capelet is lined with white satin and edged with narrow



BLUE SERGE GOWN

white lace. The whole cloak is also lined with white satin. Another lovely cape has graduated panels of fawn satin, each panel richly embroidered with a floral design in silks. Innumerable ruffings of black net, prettily-jetted, at once unite and divide the panels, and a

big ruche of black net goes round the hem. This cape is lined with pale pink satin.

Children's dress grows more lovely every year. A charming little damsel driving in the Park wore a white muslin striped with pale blue, and a big broad white hat with many white feathers



SPOTTED MUSLIN GOWN

on it. The soft full sleeves, the soft full bodice, and the exquisite delicacy and silkiness of the muslin—perhaps also the grace of the child-wearer herself—made the pretty dress seem like the downy plumage of a young bird. Another dainty girl-frock is of pale blue alpaca with a full bodice smocked about the neck, a wide sleeve smocked at the

wrist, and a short gored skirt that stands out with a certain modest smartness. For little girls to wear with light dresses nothing is neater than black clocked silk stockings, and neat black shoes with silver buckles and half high heels. White alpaca coats are pretty, and made with wide bishop sleeves set into a black velvet cuff, some black velvet round the



BOATING GOWN

neck, are nice, and, worn with a broad brimmed white chip hat trimmed with white plumes and a black velvet band, have as much distinction as becomes a child. White pique coats also look well, come well out of the laundry, and do not readily look crushed and soiled. Grass-lawn pinafore dresses worn over a yoke and sleeves of silk, are useful for every-

day wear. A grass-lawn striped with white, and worn with scarlet silk sleeves and yoke, is good, and, worn with a broad-brimmed Panama hat trimmed with red silk poppies and a little fawn tulle, makes a really picturesque little costume.

The brighter your parasol the more you will be noticed seems to be the

motto this year. One all red and yellow, like a miniature sunset, flashed along Rotten Row one day ; but in better taste was a sober white silk with a little demure embroidery between each rib. The frilled and fluffy ones are not so much in evidence, probably because they are so unprofitable, and distinction is sought rather in a costly handle than in an elaborate cover.

Hats continue to rest in tulle and

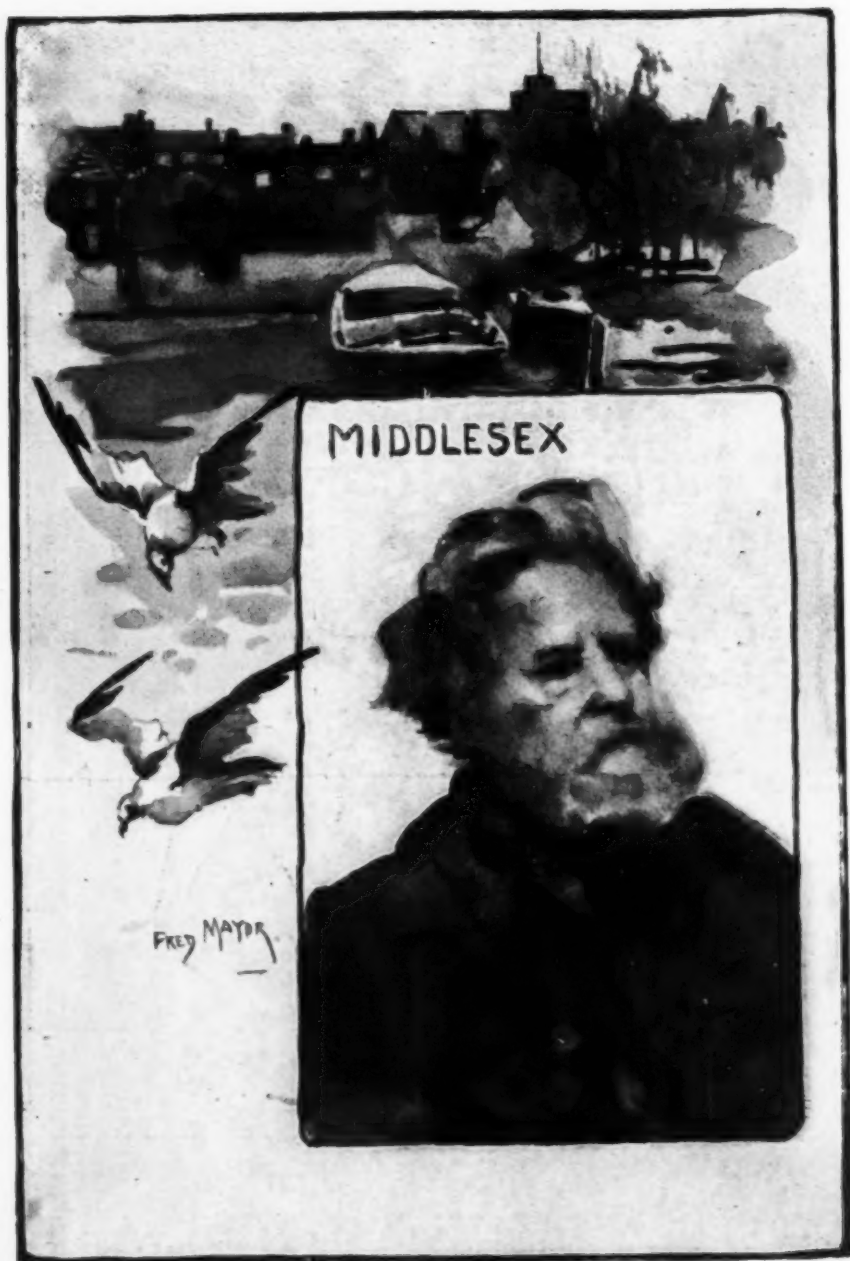
flowers, but the prettiest are the big white ones covered with white plumes —Gainsboroughs translated into white, so as to befit better a French canvas than Gainsboroughs with their rich autumnal schemes of colour. What with white muslins, white feathers, soft laces, and elaborate embroidery, Belgravia has lately been a fairyland of colour, and London seems at last to vie with Paris in brilliancy and gaiety.





THE DECLARATION
ACCORDING TO THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY





THE HOME COUNTIES.—III. MIDDLESEX

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the *Memory of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman*: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the *Notorious Cavalier Highwayman*: of his connection with the *PENRUDDOCK Plot* in the time of the Commonwealth and of his surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth

By *L. Cope Cornford.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and go with him to Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, now in the hands of the Royalists. But it is recaptured, and the Royalists mostly imprisoned. Barbara, Langford's sweetheart, proposes that they shall emigrate to Virginia and buy an estate. The Royalists captured at Salisbury are sentenced to death at Exeter. Jacobus and Langford kill a treacherous witness against them, and escape from the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INEVITABLE.

'T WAS on a Friday that Jacobus riding into Over Wallop village, having and I quitted Exeter, and by travelled by way of Winchester, where, Monday evening at sunset we were borrowing monies from Jacobus, I had

gotten me wedding attire and the ring—which the Captain, with his customary gratuitous effrontery, insisted on purchasing from Mr. Jedediah Dickerson.

The village lay among meadows and groves, in a fair and rich country: the rooks were leisurely sailing and cawing above the trees: the bells were chiming to evensong: the bright air enfolded the place like a dream: and after the grief and the turmoil 'twas like the entrance into a charmed land. Dismounting at the Rose Garland, we exchanged buff coat and boots for doublet and buckled shoon: and, our host informing us that 'twas a Saints' Day, and that as his reverence the Dean would be reading prayers even now, doubtless his household would be at the church, we set off thither. The community had lately risen, it seemed, upon Cromwell's Independent, and kicked him forth to hammer his spiritual pots elsewhere, so that the Dean once more enjoyed his living. The weather-stained, tiny church, with lichened roof and square tower night-capped with red tiles, stood upon a knoll, secluded among trees: a clump of yews on either side the path, rooted among the bones that lay beneath the crowded, bricky tombs, interlaced their branches and made a dusky vestibule to the little porch, so low that we must doff our hats and stoop.

We entered and sat down near the door. Barbara, with Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and Mrs. Beatrix, kneeled at the bench fronting the chancel: an upright little white-haired clergyman, in surplice and scarlet hood, was reading evening prayers: there was no one else in the building. As we crossed the threshold, Barbara turned her head and looked at me a moment across the golden dimness that filled the place: and a fancy came into my head that her swift glance was the division, thin and trenchant as a sword, set between the old life and the new. The parson's voice ran musically in my ears, and I fell into a muse, Jacobus, to whom the forms of devotion represented an etiquette due to Church and King, to be strictly performed upon occasion, kneeling devoutly resolute beside me.

I beheld, with a sort of pitying contempt, the long, stupid, happy, ignorant years of the youth who, wrapt in sweet illusions, walked gaily up and down a pleasaunce, dreaming that its pleached

hedges circumscribed the world: until within the past month, when fate, forcing a sword into his hand, had flung him neck and heels into the world's actual, calamitous battlefield, where death winds always in and out, and the crying of the wounded mingles with call of tuchet and roll of drum: to reckon, for the first time, the price ambition pays: and to count himself singularly fortunate if he might no more than guard his honour unchipped throughout the mellay. The future stretched before me in the image of the uncharted sea upon which we were about to set sail, that broke so immeasurably far away upon the shores of a perilous wilderness, whither I was bound with one beside whose welfare I weighed my own as a grain of dust: for a single freezing moment I contemplated the whole possibilities of that appalling enterprise: then took hold upon it with what hope and resolution I could muster: and the benediction brought my meditations to a fit conclusion.

Our greetings over, we all went to sup at the Vicarage, where we found Mr. Phelps, rosy, jolly, and bursting with good humour. We made the oddest party: the three prettiest ladies, I vow and swear, to bless God for in all broad England, a Dean, a Highwayman, a Mayor, and an outlawed Cavalier: nevertheless, 'twas the pleasantest and the most festive meeting in the world. The Dean and his ladies made us mighty good cheer, we exchanged the tale of our adventures, and the long evening went by like a peal of bells. When we were about to take our leave, Jacobus produced two small leathern caskets from his doublet, and holding them in his hand, delivered himself of the following romantical statement:—

"My excellent friend and comrade, Mr. Anthony Langford, hath of purpose omitted one particular in his relation of the conversation he was privileged to hold with His Most Sacred Majesty the King," began Jacobus, with such an air that the ancient, tapestried room became at once transformed as it were into a Royal ante-chamber, while we ourselves felt that we were actors in a State ceremonial. The ladies rose and curtsied, the very reverend the Dean and his worship the Mayor stood up. I looked at the orator in some astonishment, for I had omitted nothing in my recital—nothing, that is, that was meet for ladies' ear—but catch-

ing the slightest contraction of his eyelid, I composed my face to an intelligent gravity. "Our Royal master," went on Jacobus, with solemn relish, "hath never forgot the slightest service rendered to him by the least among his subjects: yet hath he a spirit so rare and kindly,

their extremity with the gift of a horse—a service that might (although it did not), that might, I swear, have gained a kingdom—the King, I say, charged Mr. Langford with the following message: 'Tell Captain Jacobus,' saith His Majesty, 'to seek out these ladies, and



"WE SET OFF TO THE CHURCH"

and withal of such subtle discrimination, that oft he alloweth a loyal deed to go unrecompensed, thus bestowing upon the doer the high privilege of serving him with a zeal unalloyed by mercenary considerations. Thus, when Mr. Langford had the honour to recount to His Majesty the generosity of Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and Mrs. Beatrix Young in coming to the relief of his messengers in

to say to them that their sovereign in exile lieth under an infinite obligation to them: that 'tis his saddest misfortune to behold his loving subjects' devotion unrequited: and his chiefest consolation, that they are proud and fain to serve him for nought. Request the Captain, also, so went the message, 'request the Captain to convey to Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and to Mrs. Beatrix Young these

trinkets" — Jacobus opened the cases, and took from each a jewelled bracelet — "and to inform them that the King craves their acceptance of these trifles, as a token that, at least, His Majesty is not all ungrateful," and Jacobus clasped a bracelet on each white wrist.

The ladies flushed and exclaimed with pleasure, and kissed the Captain heartily on both cheeks: which, indeed, he deserved, for 'twas a neat device for providing the bridesmaids' presents in a manner most pleasing to them! a matter which had exercised me sorely, for in my miserable destitution I could afford none. Certainly the Captain enjoyed exceptional opportunities: for when the girls handed me the trinkets to admire, I discerned the maker's name graven inside, "J. Dickerson, Winchester."

"Madame," went on the Captain, turning to Barbara with a profound bow, "'tis not the usage for a wedding-guest to come empty-handed to the marriage: I crave your pardon for so doing; but the gift I had the honour to design for you is something cumbrous, so that for convenience sake I did despatch it to the care of Mr. Phelps's agent in Southampton."

Whereupon Barbara kissed Jacobus also: and soon after he and I repaired to our inn. When we came to open the heavy iron chest on shipboard, we found it stuffed full of silver-gilt and silver plate, a gift fit for a Princess, all marked "T. Dickerson, Winchester": whence I concluded that 'twas Mul-Sack's booty, which the Captain had somehow discovered and confiscated. 'Twas a sweet revenge upon me, although at first I marvelled that a King's officer should utilise his privileges for private benefactions: but presently concluded that the Captain had set it down as no more than a just remuneration for my services. For long I scrupled to tell my wife the history of her wedding-present: and when I did so, she thought it an excellent jest, which (I remember) surprised me at the time.

During the evening Mr. Phelps handed me a letter, superscribed to myself, which, he said, had come with his own mails from Flanders. As it elucidated more than one mysterious matter, I read the epistle aloud, and here subjoin it.

"Cologne.

"Eleventh April, 1655.

"At the Sign of a Peacock in a Circle.

"SIR,—This is to inform you, at the King's desire, as I knew your address (tho' I would willingly have written of my own intention) of certain singular disclosures which have lately come to light at the Court of our Royal Master, here in Cologne, in case a knowledge of the particulars thereof may stead you towards the regaining of your Estate, that was so treacherously lost, of which you did tell me when we had the happiness to converse together on shipboard. Your false friend, Mr. Manning, of whom you spoke, whom all here set down as no more than a pragmatistical empty busybody, hath been, it now appears, playing the common spy since the day of his arrival. He came hither at first with a letter of introduction from Dr. Earles, his uncle, and prating much of his friendship with my Lord of Pembroke: endeavouring to insinuate himself to become the King's privado by every day taking him the 'Diurnal' to read, which he regularly received from London: and in this he so far succeeded that His Majesty, from regarding him simply as his 'Paper-boy' (as he said) presently allowed Mr. Manning to mix himself in the unhappy Penruddock business. Upon hearing of the latter's sad conclusion, the King returned immediately to Cologne: and a day or two later, Manning, who had been absent no one knew where, also returned thither. But in the meantime, the King had received a letter from the Earl of Pembroke, in answer to one of his, saying that Manning was a loose person of no reputation, whom he had discharged from his service. Whereupon his Majesty's suspicions were awakened: and hearing, moreover, that Manning received letters continually from Antwerp, and had letters of credit upon a merchant there, he despatched a trusty messenger to intercept his mails. Thus, no sooner had Manning returned with his accustomed confidence, than this man came to the King bringing the mails of three posts: which being opened, were found to contain letters and instructions from Cromwell and Thurloe to Manning, and fabulous disclosures of imaginary plots from Manning to the Government, with requests for more money.



"THE PLEASANTEST MEETING IN THE WORLD"

For a thousand crowns Manning offered to put them in possession at last of the whole of the particulars of what he was pleased to call the Plymouth Plot, of which, said he, he spoke when he was last in London: which we found in the later of the three mails. 'Twas a sweet design for the surprise and taking of Plymouth: a vessel with 500 men was to come to certain creek, and upon sign given, such a place in the town should be seized upon by some, whilst others should possess both fort and island. At the same time were to arrive—and I am come at last to what concerns you, dear sir—gentlemen at the head of land forces of volunteers, Sir Hugh Pollard from Devonshire, Colonel Arundel and others from Cornwall, and Mr. Anthony Langford from Wiltshire—'of which dangerous and subtle malignant I did warn your Excellency at our last meeting.' This ingenious rascal Manning, who I profess is a most accomplished scribbler, did even describe the Council held by the King when this famous plot was resolved upon, touching smartly upon his Majesty's gestures and behaviour. Upon this the King did send two of his servants to seize upon the caballer's person and papers; who took him in *flagrante delicto* in his chamber writing post-dated letters, with his cypher before him, and put him in ward, where he now is. He loudly declares his innocency, saying that he saw no harm in writing particular relations of what never happened: that in fact, he was doing the King a service, in that he turned the attention of the Government from the true course of events.

"I hope the discovery of this man's double falsity may chance to avail you with the Brewer: and if it should fall out so, I am heartily glad to have been of service to you: but I fear me that Noll is little likely to relinquish what he hath once clawed hold of.

"For myself and my wife, who desireth to be heartily remembered to you, we are certainly dwelling amongst persons of sense and quality, and should, I do suppose, count ourselves happy: yet life is at present one long duello: for these Gentlemen of the Court, from my Lord of Rochester—I dare not say the King—to the vile Cheffinch, all cherish the same singular delusion that

a man's wife is everyone's property but his own,

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient and willing friend to serve you,

"RICHARD HUMPHREYVILLE.

"To Anthony Langford, Esq."

But the "singular disclosures" came too late to be of service: for after the Penruddock affair, Cromwell would use scant courtesy to Cavaliers for some time to come.

The next morning we were married. 'Twas a day of sunshine and chiming bells and emotion, of flowers and farewells. Jacobus was to ride with us to Southampton: and so soon as the service was over, we three took horse at the churchyard gate. All the village was gathered together in holiday attire: and looking back, we saw the bright, motley crowd waving their hats, and listened to the noise of cheering that mingled with the gay clamour of the bells. In the shadow of the lych-gate stood the Dean in his robes, and the sturdy, gray-bearded figure of the Mayor, gazing after us: and the two ladies' fluttering kerchiefs.

Three hours or so of riding brought us out upon the downs above Southampton town, with its thicket of ships' masts fringing the edge of the broad sparkling water. Jacobus reined up, and dismounting, went up to Barbara, hat in hand, with a bow.

"Farewell, Mrs. Langford," said he: and I think the new sound of the title gratified both wife and husband. "I wish you all prosperity." He would have kissed her hand, but she gave him the cheek.

"Come down and sup with us, man," said I, "or a least crush a bottle before we part."

"Not I," returned the Captain, mounting his nag. "I have business toward. The freebooter bids you adieu, my son."

"Jacobus," I said, "you have done me very much kindness. Tell me, why did you so? Are my manners and conversation so engaging? I should like to think it."

"Do not flatter yourself," he answered. "y'have only to remember that I am an old friend of your family, as it were. I

knew your mother ere she was married." His glance left mine, rested upon Barbara for the fraction of a second, and came back again. I looked aside, for 'twas like spying on a man's secret unawares.

Jacobus held out his hand: I grasped it, and we parted in silence, for I could not think upon the words I wanted. So my wife and I rode forward; and when I looked back, Jacobus was gone.

THE END.

LINES.

BEAUTIFUL, oh! beautiful;
 She filled our eyes with love,
 She taught our lips a sweeter song
 Than ever poet wove.

She brought us lays of western lands,
 And music from the sea,
 That tuned our hearts, like magic harps,
 To fæery minstrelsy.

She came before our manhood's Spring
 Had shaken into leaf;
 She left us when the gathering years
 Were yet too young for grief.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



EARLY MORNING

Lowest London.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

PEOPLE are accustomed to use the phrase "East-End" as an adjective signifying all that is basest and most degraded. As a matter of fact, however, the worst slums you can find in London stand at the back of a fine broad thoroughfare, and within a few yards of London Bridge. On a horribly close day, when the *Ludgate's* Commissioner went forth to make investigation into some of the courts in question, the fruiterers' shops in the Borough High Street were fragrant with strawberries and the commoner kind of flowers. A few yards away the narrow courts reeked of rotten cabbage-leaves and decaying filth of all kinds. Men, women, and children lay about on the dirty flags, and their aspect was in absolute harmony with their surroundings.

Their faces were unwashed, haggard, and vile. The women often bore the marks of violence; the little children looked unutterably and wickedly old. Sometimes you came upon a doorway which had no one sitting or standing before it, and the room inside was always sordid to the last degree. One of our photographs shows an apartment of this kind, with a family group assembled. It is a picture that would excite the envy

of most of the dwellers in this inferno, for it is distinctly above the average in the possibilities of comfort and decency it affords.

Another of our pictures shows you one of these courts. Here again you can scarcely fail to form a better opinion of the place than it deserves, for you miss its abominable odour. It is interesting as the scene of the murder of an old man, attacked in the belief that he had money and garrotted. The police failed to substantiate the capital charge, but the men who did the work are now undergoing twenty years' imprisonment.

You can hardly open your newspaper on any morning from year's end to year's end without coming on some case of robbery or assault in which the prisoner's address is in one of these allies. Here is a typical instance:

"At Southwark Police Court, Kate Washington, 21, a brawny virago, described as a flower-seller, was charged with robbing James Smith of 15s. 9d. and a light overcoat. Prosecutor stated that he was an engineer, residing at Camberwell. He was in the Borough on the previous evening, and, being a stranger to the neighbourhood, he inquired of prisoner the way to the Old Kent Road. She undertook to show him the way.

but, instead of doing so, she took him into Redcross Court, and pushed him inside the passage of a house. Somebody knocked him down, and prisoner and three or four other women robbed him."

Indeed, the life of the whole district seems to lie betwixt Southwark Police-Court and one or other public-houses of the neighbourhood. Men and women loaf and lounge the day out in their hovels, and come forth at night to seek their prey. They are utterly careless of the means by which they get their wretched living, and so the early morning finds them, frequently enough, in the custody of the police. In the morning news of the event reaches their friends, who are early assembled at the nearest public-house to await the opening of the Court. Presently they move across and wait in the narrow passages, reeking of disinfectants, which lead to the Court.

Hard by the entrance, over a small shop, is the establishment of a solicitor, and perhaps the consultation at the public-house has for its object the raising of the means to secure his services in behalf of the man who is in trouble. The result of the appearance before the magistrate being known—and, of course, it is usually a conviction—the public-house affords

the only consolation open to the friends of the prisoner. His pals, if he be a man, discuss his many virtues and admire his insolence to magistrate and witnesses—an indulgence that costs him an extra month, it may be; his wife, sweetheart, or mother mourns profusely, but deems it only decent to accept as



A COURT

many drinks as may be offered her by the sympathetic onlooker.

Perhaps the unutterable degradation of life in this district is best shown in the following literal transcript of a con-

few minutes the interview had been arranged for, and of course it was held in the only place possible down there—the public-house. Polly was supplied with beer, and then her talk flowed



A FAMILY GROUP

versation. The *Ludgate's* Commissioner had been told to ask for a certain woman, and, not finding her at her home, was referred back to the entrance of the court, where he found her watching the traffic in Borough High Street and discussing things in general with half a dozen others of her kind. These slunk away with ugly looks when they saw that the stranger wished to speak with her, for strangers who have not evidently come by chance into these courts are looked on with the strongest sort of suspicion, and the woman had earned, rightly or wrongly, the name of a "copper's nark," or police spy. Here is the opening dialogue:

"Well, Poll, I should like a few words with you."

The woman drew her shawl closer, and looked uneasily down into the court. "Ga on! I don't want no truck with you. I suppose you are a split!" (policeman).

But this was only the opening. In a

freely. Indeed, she spoke so confidentially that the suspicions of her neighbours would have been deepened had they been able to overhear. Substantially her story is true. Even if it were demonstrably false in every detail, it would still be evidence sufficiently valid for the purposes of this article, for it shows what things are usual in the life they live down there.

"Straight," she said, as she settled herself comfortably (after the inevitable furtive glance around the room), "I thought you was a rosser."

As she spoke a terrible scar was visible, and suggested a question.

"How did I get it?" she said. "From my old man, of course. I shan't forgit it neither: it was the night that he was took. He was a bad un, mate, a downright bad un, but he was fond of me."

"Is he in prison?"

"Yes, and I don't think he will come out. Twenty years he got, and he'll

have done four the twelfth of next September. I was in bed the night he was took, and he tore in like a madman and gashed my chin with a razor, saying he had just killed a man. He didn't mind swinging, he said, but no one else should have me; and he would have killed me for certain only I heard a knocking at the door, and it was burst open. The 'tecs had come just in time, and he was took. He got twenty years. I don't think of him now from one day's end to the next."

As to her profession, she was brutally frank, and then she went on, "They calls me a nark where I lives, and if I am, wot of it? I might as well, since I've got the name for being one."

"Been in prison at all?"

She looked honestly surprised and tickled at the simplicity of the question. "Of course I have: lots of times, but, mind you, never more than a moon (month). Mostly for drunks, but I was nearly snipped once for working the snide (base coin), and that would have been a stretch (five years), if I had been copped. It was only a bob, for it ain't the likes of people who has a bob or two that gets them palmed off on them, but poor folks like myself."

There was a good deal more of personal confession of this kind, and not a few recollections of more or less distinguished breakers of the law. Finally, the thing got more than one could stand, and the interviewer rose to go. It was in vain that he endeavoured to escape the unpleasant formality of a parting handshake. On this the woman insisted, and only when it was performed did she utter the "Good day, young man," which set him free to return to civilisation and a cool and most desirable bath that he knew to be awaiting him.

This, of course, was not the only visit paid to the region under description. The photographs with which this article is illustrated were all taken at night with the aid of a flash-light, and not a little trouble was expended in securing them. The photographer who took them, Mr. Fred Marsh, Henley-on-Thames, has no equal in work of this sort.

As to the group of local characters, it was taken despite the opposition of many and the hardly less inconvenient curiosity of others. "If it is for a paper," says one man, when the camera had been placed in position, "I will smash it up. What do you want to interfere with our business for? Can't you get your living and let other people alone?"

Some slunk out of the way, and one man shouted out that it was quite right: time someone did "show the game up." There ensued a vigorous row, in the midst of which the *Ludgate's* Commissioner and the photographer made their escape with the precious plate unbroken.



A HAPPY HOME

The impression they brought away with them was one of an abject misery it were hard to describe adequately. Children swarm in these reeking alleys, and if they are often stunted and diseased in body from the time of their



SETTLING A QUARREL



TYPES OF THE INHABITANTS

birth you can hardly refrain from believing that these outward things are but symbols of the maimed and diseased minds and souls within. Here, on the borders of a big and prosperous thoroughfare, traversed daily by thousands of respectable citizens, who go to and fro betwixt the City and their suburban homes, is a region no less in need of salvation than the darkest spots in all heathendom. The place is a present danger to London, and even if its hovels

were razed to the ground and decent homes built in their place, the influence of past neglect must continue to be felt for generations. For, to use the phrase of an old divine, children whose lives begin there are "not so much born into the world as damned into it." You must be very much of an optimist if you can cherish the faintest hope that they will ever be anything other than the sworn inveterate enemies of society.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

A PIOUS ROGUE.

WE were talking in the Club one day about the Glasgow Bank directors, and others of that sort, who, with a great show of religion, have proved themselves fit candidates for gaol, when Smurthwaite said:

"I have always liked to study that type of character, which, with an apparent zeal for religion, exhibits a total absence of morals. I had a curious case once that gave me a good opportunity of studying the type. There was a man once—but I suppose you will expect me to tell you the whole story.

"In my early days I lived in the suburbs, in the neighbourhood of Clapham, a district traditionally noted for the aspect of religiosity which pervades it. I became intimate with the incumbent of a district church there, an extremely good man, but very unworldly. By pretty constant attendance at his church, I also became personally acquainted with most of the office bearers. One man struck me as displaying a far deeper and warmer interest in the welfare of the Sunday school and parish organisations than anyone else connected with the church. When I first knew him he was only a sidesman, but he duly filled the office of churchwarden, and so much liked was he, and so zealous

were his services for the good of the church, that year after year he was re-elected people's warden.

"I was constantly in the habit of meeting James Hayter at penny readings and other evening entertainments in which I was asked from time to time to take a part, and I must confess I was struck by his charming and frank demeanour. He was not a gentleman, but he was a man of considerable education. He was the manager, or one of the managers, of an emporium—I think it was called—a sort of stores in the West End of London, where he was in receipt of a handsome salary. His wife, a very nice woman, was also devoted to religious works, and was herself superintendent of the girl's Sunday school.

"I think Hayter had been churchwarden some four years, and had earned—as I thought he deserved to—the respect and confidence of his neighbours, when one morning, starting for business by his usual train, he did not arrive at the stores; nor has he, to my knowledge, ever been seen in England again, except by one or two persons, of whom I will tell you in due course. The day after his mysterious disappearance his wife, poor woman, came to see me in dreadful grief, and I set to work to unravel all the facts in connection with

him. And here I must stop, and go back a good many years in order to tell the history of Hayter's life, which I learned piecemeal, and afterwards put together in chronological order.

"Hayter was the son of a well-to-do grocer in the North of London. He had been educated in one of the many better-class schools in that district, and had become an assistant in his father's shop. Here he seems to have developed strong

degraded profession, but they had prospered in the world and had become "fences," or receivers of stolen goods. Their child, Esther Payne, had been brought up among thieves of every sort and kind, but particularly the class that form 'long firms.' When she was about sixteen, her father died a somewhat mysterious death, and people who were acquainted with the circumstances alleged that he had been poisoned.



"HIS WIFE CAME TO SEE ME."

religious views and to have taken a deep interest in the local church, to which his father belonged. When about nineteen or twenty, while still in his father's shop, he accidentally met the woman who was the cause of his subsequent disappearance. She was of a type quite new to me. She belonged distinctly to the lower middle class; had, at the time of which I speak, a very pretty face and figure, and extremely fascinating ways. She had been born a thief; her father and mother both belonged to the same

"The mother afterwards married one of her late husband's gang, a burly, Bill Sykes type of man, who, by his brutal treatment, quickly shattered a constitution already undermined by drink. Little Esther Payne became a tool in the hands of this brutal ruffian, and a very ingenious plan was hit upon by him and other members of the gang when the girl was about nineteen. I never could ascertain whether young Hayter was the first victim or not, but from the evidence I collected I am inclined to think he was

To cut a long story short, old Hayter's shop was carefully watched for some time, and young Hayter's movements noted. He was a bright, handsome lad, and an opportunity was seized, when he was out for a summer evening stroll after the shop was closed, for Esther Payne to throw herself in his way. Young Hayter was not long in succumbing to the temptation of talking and walking with a pretty young woman; the first interview led to others, and Miss Esther Payne made herself so extremely agreeable that in a very few weeks young Hayter was over head and ears in love with the pretty sempstress, as the girl described herself. In a month or so the sempstress stated she was in sore straits for money, and appealed to young Hayter for assistance. When he pointed out that he was only a shopman, the wily temptress delicately hinted that there were possibilities of managing the till, and before long old Hayter's weekly takings began to show a falling off. All the time, it may be mentioned, young Hayter was attending to his religious and parish duties as chorister and teacher in the Sunday school with the utmost zeal and regularity. It need hardly be said that he had concealed from his parents his acquaintance with Miss Esther Payne.

"One night, Miss Payne invited young Hayter to an evening party given by some friends of hers. Here the younger, more sprightly, and better educated members of the long-firm gang were introduced to Hayter under their different aliases, and after the preliminaries of introduction had been gone through, no secret was made of the fact that all the party lived 'on the crook' as it was called. Young Hayter at once saw the trap into which he had been led, but instead of confessing to his father that he had stolen money from his till and breaking his connection with the gang, he seems to have felt it too late to retreat, and before long he was as deeply concerned as themselves in the nefarious practices of his new friends.

"He made some excuse to his father for leaving his home and his employment, and with the assistance of Esther Payne, whom he was supposed to have married, he set up a general dealer's shop in the south of London. Here his extraordinary mania—that is the only word to call it—for the due observance

of Sunday asserted itself, and he was ere long a sidesman in a local church in Newington Butts, while the week was spent in disposing of the stolen goods of which he was receiver.

"Some year or so after this new departure, Hayter's connection with one or two daring long-firm frauds, the perpetrators of which were brought to trial and duly sentenced, was very nearly discovered. Owing to this, or it may have been from higher and better motives—it is difficult to say—one day Hayter disappeared altogether from the neighbourhood of Newington Butts, and the utmost efforts of Esther Payne and his other accomplices failed to trace him. As a matter of fact, he went to Leicester, and there, with his father's assistance, he obtained a situation in a large grocery establishment. Here once again we find him a zealous church worker, taking the deepest interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the youth of the neighbourhood. However, in two or three years temptation again assailed him. It was the habit of many of the customers of the grocery establishment to keep a deposit account. These depositors were mostly of the poorer class, and it so happened that two or three of them died, leaving fairly large sums on deposit unknown to their relatives. One of young Hayter's peculiarities was that he was ambidextrous and could write as well with his left hand as with his right. Having learned this fact, and finding that no one applied for the money deposited, Hayter succumbed to temptation, and, presenting the books with the signatures forged with his left hand, obtained the money.

"The following year young Hayter appears to have fallen genuinely in love with one of the teachers in the Sunday school, and after a year of courtship he married her. From that time he seems to have kept perfectly straight for some years. He then moved with his wife and one child to Nottingham, where he occupied the position of manager of a large grocery store, coming with the highest testimonials from Leicester. No diminution was observed in his attention to religious matters, and not a night passed but family prayers were conducted by him with every aspect of fervour.

"He had been here only two or three years when, to his horror and dismay, Esther Payne, a little older, a little harder, but with the old jaunty air,



"ALL THE PARTY LIVED 'ON THE CROOK'"

walked into the shop. He had been traced! Hayter was now powerless. Keeping up the same air of respectability and religion, he found himself forced, in spite of his better feelings, to become the tool of the gang of long-firm thieves with whom he thought his connection had been for ever broken. The old system was shortly afterwards begun, whereby Hayter, retaining his position as manager of the grocery store, opened a small shop of his own in Trent, where he had gone to live, and where his wife, all unwittingly, sold the stolen goods of which he was the receiver. These included hardware, ironmongery, dress materials, groceries, and indeed every imaginable kind of article. For some time this business was carried on without any suspicion attaching to it; but presently it came to the knowledge of Hayter's employers that he had a business of his own while in their employ, and he was accordingly dismissed.

"He thereupon came to London, and, with that good fortune which had never failed him in obtaining situations, he succeeded in getting a post of considerable importance as manager of the stores which I first mentioned, in the West End of London. Here, unfortunately, his accomplices followed him, and they had so far overcome his scruples and fears of discovery that after he had been settled in Clapham for some time, and again become an earnest church worker, he began a system of forged orders in the name of his employers, directing the goods to be sent to a shop he had opened in the East End of London. Esther Payne, who, quite unknown to his wife, had ever since the Nottingham and Trent days kept up her connection with him, and really seems to have been

very fond of him, managed the East End shop, and twice a week, on the pretence of attending some religious revival meeting, Hayter used to go down there and return home to Clapham late at night.

"A few days before his disappearance the proprietors of the emporium had become acquainted with the fact that goods had been obtained in their name



"FORGED WITH HIS LEFT HAND"

by forged orders, and suspicion was directed, after enquiry, to Hayter. For nearly a week detectives had been engaged in tracing the stolen goods and the methods by which they had been obtained. This had come to Esther Payne's ears, and it was to her that Hayter owed his escape from justice. On the night before his disappearance she told him that the police were on his track. He seems to have kept his head, for he went home as usual that night, and next morning started for town by his usual train. He saw on the platform two men whose appearance was quite strange to him, and, judging rightly that they were detectives, he got out at Wandsworth Road and doubled back. The detectives, imagining that he would naturally go on to Victoria, never

looked for him at the intermediate stations. He arrived home again about ten o'clock, knowing that his wife would be out and his child at school. Calling the servant, he asked her to give him all the money she had in her possession. She gave him a sovereign and a few pence. Threatening her life

the ports were watched, but somehow he escaped the vigilance of the police. Starting from Southampton he went first to Portugal and thence to Bolivia, where, for aught I know, he is at the present moment, as religious as ever."

"And how," said I, "did you ascertain all these facts?"

"It ought to be sufficient for you that what I have told you is the truth, but as you insist on knowing, let me say that the greater part of it I learned from the correspondence which I have now lying in my chambers. Mrs. Hayter came to me some six months after her husband's disappearance and showed me three or four long letters which she had had from him, filled half with quotations from Scripture and wailings over the loss of opportunities of religious exercises, and half with a history of his life. I am bound to say that at first I did not believe a word of them, but with Mrs. Hayter's consent I took the correspondence to Scotland Yard, and by its aid the greater number of the long-firm gang were brought to trial and sentenced. The only one who



"THREATENING HER LIFE"

if she ever ventured to state that she had seen him, he ran up to his room and shaved off his moustache and beard, changed his clothes and left the house hurriedly with a small portmanteau. He was afterwards traced to Leicester, and had only left his friends' house two minutes when the detectives arrived and found him gone. For three weeks the whole of England was searched and all

escaped, and this I must confess I was not sorry for, was Esther Payne; and it is my private belief, though I never told Mrs. Hayter so, that she followed Hayter and is with him now.

"Every word that I have told is the absolute truth, and the story is an exhibition of one of the most curious and contradictory aspects of man's moral nature."

The Stage as a Profession.

By STANHOPE SPRIGG.

PROBABLY there is no question on which so much confusion exists as the best method of adopting the stage as a profession. One authority will tell you that the royal road to success is to join an amateur company, and to play with them as frequently as possible until an opening presents itself in the professional ranks. Another expert will say: "Avoid association with amateurs as you would the plague or pestilence," and advise you to put yourself under the training of some well-known elocutionist, since the great want of the present-time theatre is the actor who can speak so as to be understood. A third authority may tell you something altogether different, such as this—that you had better put yourself in the hands of a good theatrical agent, paying him most handsome fees; or that the plain and simple path of theatrical distinction is a close course of training in the provinces (oh the poor long-suffering provinces!), and that you must get yourself forthwith enrolled in some company that goes on tour. In our extremity we have collected some of the views of our principal London managers, so that men who desire to become actors may know what are the grounds of common agreement amongst competent authorities as to the best way to begin.

Sir Augustus Harris kindly wrote a few days before the untimely death that we are all lamenting:—"The best and perhaps the only training for a young actor (that is, an actor who has ability for the calling) is hard work. Unfortunately, a great majority of those desiring to 'go on the stage' have no ability for the profession, though, doubtless, possessing embryonic genius for some other pursuit. Again, the fact of being on the stage is, even to a competent artist, but the first step up the ladder. If he should desire to perfect himself in his art (and this, I presume, is the gist of your question), his training

should be extensive and arduous. He should learn to speak distinctly and with point, should study deportment, know something of music, fencing, dancing, observe how people behave in various grades of Society, study character from a coster to a Cabinet Minister, be acquainted with the best dramatic works—from Shakespeare up to Sims—be conversant with the methods of the best exponents of his art, and, if possible, have just a little genius. Then, and not till then, will he have completed his training, and as it stands to reason he cannot study all day and act all night, the best thing for him to do when once he has got on the boards is to leave them in order to learn his business."

Mr. George Alexander urges:—"The best method of training for actresses and actors must undoubtedly be one which is eminently *practical*—i.e. affording constant practice before *paying* audiences. No other is of any permanent avail. A varied experience in a sound repertoire company is at present the best means of dramatic development, as thereby the young artist is constantly presenting characters of all ages and quality before a recognised public. The ideal would be found in a system of repertoire theatres; and further—and most important—let the artists learn what they may of any and every other art, as there is no art existing which is not of some mediate or immediate use to the actor."

Mr. Arthur Bourchier says:—"My humble advice to any young people who wish to go on the stage, and have had no sort of experience whatever, is to enlist, for a season at least, under Miss Sarah Thorne's banner; in fact, I should always give preference to a pupil of hers. I am not averse to a wide amateur experience. Surely a good motto for any young actor or actress would be: "*Act how you can, when you can, and always the best you can.*"

So much for the manager's standpoint.



Augustus Hauser

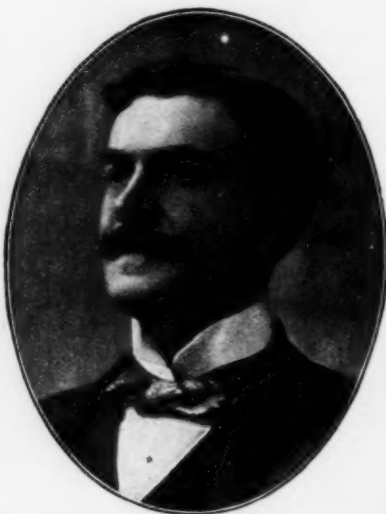
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Now for the actor's point of view. Mr. Acton Bond, one of the cleverest and most promising of all our West End actors, urges:—"If my experience, gained in a somewhat short but busy career, can be of any use on this subject I gladly comply with your request. Every candidate for the stage should be subjected to a preliminary examination before he is allowed to commence either a course of training or playing small parts. The examination need not be very severe, but should be at least stiff enough to discover whether the aspirant has the necessary qualifications. This test of aptitude would keep out the absolutely incompetent. I have particularly noticed, on the occasions when I've been judging, that had some kind of election been enforced, at least one-third of the competitors would not have been there to be judged, which would mean saving the rejected ones much worry and disappointment, and, most important of all, the public a great

deal of annoyance and discomfort. When a candidate has been found eligible, then should commence a course of coaching in modern and legitimate parts

—fencing if possible, and certainly continuous instruction and practice of voice production. The voice should be trained for speaking, so that it becomes like an organ capable of being played on at will. Several well-known companies, such as Osmond Tearle's, F. R. Benson's, Ben Greet's, Charles Compton's—names that come readily to my mind—are splendid schools for young actors; but even if a beginner has the good fortune to get with one of these well-known gentle-

men, a preliminary training would be an enormous advantage, and should be really compulsory. A very important point of the whole question is, not to open the door to any one who shows no kind of talent for the stage. Managers have it in their power of combination to effect this desirable result."



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
From a photograph by Gunn and Stuart



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE VILLA OF SIMPKINS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



HERE is an atmosphere about houses. They who live and joy and grieve in them invest them with a kind of aura. So some houses come to wear a face of gloom, of gaiety, of tragedy or terror. This circumstance, to me so manifest, escapes the notice of most persons.

One can see that tiles are broken on the roof; another that the window curtains are in need of washing; another that the masonry demands re-pointing or the woodwork re-painting; while a fourth condemns the sanitary arrangements. But the more intrinsic fact, the fact of desolation or disaster, that to my mind is most obvious, they miss; and even when perceived they refer to some detail of dilapidation or poverty. That my instinct is infallible I do not claim. On the contrary, it has more than once deceived me; but in cases where it has been rooted and tenacious, even though proofs have not substantiated it, I am satisfied my conviction of mystery or calamity has had its origin in fact; that the sense I have of violence and murder in the midst of a smiling family is an echo, a shadow, a stain on the fabric of life left by some former catastrophe. Sometimes I have been able to justify it by raking up the ashes of the past. Sometimes—and this is singular—the tragedy has happened long after I have sensed it. Of this what follows is an example.

Sauntering one day down a road in a suburban town, whither I had gone in search of adventure, I came upon a house a-building. It was a villa residence much after the style of other villa residences in the neighbourhood, a sixteen or eighteen-roomed house divided from

its fellows by an acre of geometrically laid-out garden wherein it stood with a pretentious and pharisaical air of being some Englishman's castle. The structure was completed, and men were painting the wood-work, gravelling the walks and putting in the other finishing touches which would for a year or two make its ostentatious freshness a reproach to its less lately smartened neighbours. There was nothing to stir one's interest. It was only another of the housings of opulent vulgarity with which the place abounded—housings that smacked of the shop and suggested sleek over-fed occupants, in whom wine and good living had produced a kind of mental adiposity to act as buffer between their natures and the higher issues of life, as the flesh of physical plethora obliterated the lines divine of their persons. I passed on unconcerned. At the further entrance to the drive a man was standing, overlooking the hinging of a gate. I took him to be owner or builder.

The man's face struck me. I stopped short. He glanced up, scowling as though he would have despatched me about my business. Now I was interested. I had seldom seen a face of so much malignity. It struck me that I would not care to occupy a house planned by a fellow so evil. A shock of rough red hair and beard overgrew his face. His nose, slightly awry, was long and flattened at the nostrils with both cruelty and sensuality. His lips were thick and protrusive. The hand and wrist extended, directing the men, were shaggy with a coarse red thatch. One eye had a sinister droop. No: I should not care to tenant a house of his building.

"Do you want anything?" he demanded roughly after a minute. He was well-dressed and apparently a person of some standing.

I returned his savage glance with a cool stare

"I want nothing," I said curtly.

He had more than a mind to inquire why then (with qualifications) I filled up the path. But he thought better of it. There is no law to prohibit a man from staring, and my manner proclaimed my determination to stare just so long as it pleased me.

"Hang you, you'll scrape the paint!" he shouted, as one of the workmen stumbled and jammed against the post the gate he was lifting.

The man grumbled something to the effect that the job was too much for two.

"Then go and be hanged to you," the builder rasped.

"Get your wage in the office and march!"

The man mumbled sullenly again, "I'm sick o' being swore at from mornin' to night."

"Easy mate," his comrade counselled. "Now then, stretch yer limbs and in she goes."

With an effort they hoisted the gate and lowered it, dropping the bolts into the sockets with a rush.

"Hang you!" the builder shouted again; "it wasn't your fault you didn't snap the hinges."

The labourers, panting, mopped their faces.

"You have a limited glossary, my friend," I interposed, addressing the red-haired bully. "Take the advice of an older man, and curb your tongue. That 'hang' of yours is not calculated to bring the best work out of men."

He swung his evil eye upon me like a lamp. Only the self-control of habit prevented him from striking me. All at once his manner changed. He scanned me closely; then he raised his hat.

"Pardon, my lord," he said, obsequiously. "I did not recognise you. Your lordship does not know me, perhaps. I have the honour to be your new agent at Rossmore."

"The deuce you have!" I answered. "From your credentials I should have supposed you a different man."

I resolved on the spot that never again, no matter how excellent his testimonials, would I engage a man without an interview.

"Your lordship misjudges me," he submitted plausibly. "I confess to being in bad humour. If you had much to do

with this class you would find there is but one way of dealing with it."

"It will not do at Rossmore," I said sharply. "My people are not used to the treatment of dogs."

"In dealing with your lordship's concerns I shall follow your lordship's wishes," he responded, adding, with a spasm of independence: "Here I am attending to my own affairs."

I liked him the better for his independence. I laughed and nodded him good-morning.

"Your temper is not pretty," I said, as I walked off. "Indeed, I was thinking I should not care to occupy a house built by a person so profane as yourself."

He made two steps after me. His face paled in its circle of red hair.

"Do you mean anything?" he submitted, hoarsely. There was an uneasy glitter in his eyes.

"Pooh!" I said. "I shall not cancel our agreement for a few 'hangs.'"

His eyes still probed my face. My words had plainly relieved him. Yet I had a curious sense of something underlying all that appeared.

"When your six months are up, my friend," I soliloquised. "I shall exchange you for a steward of more prepossessing looks."

* * *

A month later I strolled down the same road. I stopped short at the gates of Simpkins' house—the gates which had had so sulphurous a baptism. On one was painted the name Edenhome. It struck my sense of humour. Was it of Simpkins's giving? Lurked there beneath that red thatch of his a corner for sentiment? I decided otherwise. Simpkins and sentiment were not compatible. The name was merely a lure for letting purposes.

I ran my eye over the house's face. Was it the place? Surely not. This was no house of only some months standing. I walked up the road and came back to it. This was the place, assuredly. I stood staring at it. What in the name of amazement had come to it? Where was the freshness that was to put its neighbours to the blush? The place had an air of ruin, of a house un-repaired for half a century. It were as though a blight had fallen on it. The paint of the gates had dulled into a dirty drab, the hinge-end was discoloured by

a rust-stain, which, like a blood-stain, had trickled from the iron sockets. Someone had made it his business to scratch out the initial letter, so that the name stood on one gate "Denhome." The abridgement seemed to scowl. I opened the gate and went in. The same blight that had fallen on the house had fallen on the garden. The greater number of the shrubs had shrivelled and

tion. There was nothing to explain the impression I had had of ruin.

I started; for of a sudden at an upper window, from among a daintiness of pink blind, a sinister face showed out. It was gone as soon as seen. But I knew the evil eye; I knew the Iscariot hair and beard; I knew the malign glance. Irritation succeeded. What business had Simpkins here? His duty



"DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?"

died. The walks were set with brown ghosts. The grass of the lawn had fallen in patches, giving an uncanny piebald look. As I approached I perceived that blinds had been put to the windows—fresh gay-looking blinds of a pink pattern. They only served to accentuate the gloom. Apparently the house was about to be occupied. I wondered how anybody could have been induced to take it. Coming closer, I found I had been betrayed into a singular error, for the paint was fresh and unpeeled, the structure in excellent condi-

tion. I strode up the steps. The door stood ajar—I entered. Inside the house was as sombre as outside. Gloom and ill-omen possessed it like black-browed tenants. I mounted the stairs, my footsteps echoing hollowly and fleeing before me noisy and afraid, like sound running amuck in the empty upper spaces. Suddenly they seemed to turn, and came hustling back upon me—leaping, stumbling down the stairs as if in panic. A rumbling echo roared like distant thunder. For a moment I thought the

house was about my ears—its premature decay had culminated in the falling of the roof. Then there was silence, the echoes slipping into quietude.

I went straight on, making for the room in which I had seen him. My temper was up. I determined to give Mr. Simpkins a piece of my mind. At the top of the stairs I halted. Not a sound stirred. The landing was broad and well-lighted. Into it four doors opened. The construction was different from that I had expected. There was a broad blank passage wall where I had supposed the door of the front room—the principal bed-room—would be. It was a construction as singular as it was unsightly. It had been so obvious to place the door of that centre room in the centre of this wall.

Suddenly I felt faint. The passage was pervaded by a curious heavy odour, arising, I imagined, from the paint. My head throbbed.

I made for one of the rooms facing me. The air here was fresh. I threw up a window and leaned out. When I was quite myself I looked about the room. I was astonished to find it small. Holding my handkerchief to my nostrils I went down the passage and opened the other door, the only other door in the front wall. Another little room! And no Simpkins! Where could the fellow be? And where was the door of that room in which I had seen him?—a room which must take up at least half the house front. I went all over the house. Not a sign of him; yet he could not have escaped without me seeing him. And why should he? My head throbbed heavily from the curious fumes. It did not smell like paint. Nor was its effect like paint. Probably an escape of gas.

I threw up another window. Doing so I looked out. I was in the second small front room. To the left of me was the big bay-window at which I had seen Simpkins. I went to the end of the corridor. From the window of the other room the bay showed to my right. I felt maddened. Where was the entrance to that room—where, doubtless, Simpkins still remained? Pacing the passage I heard a sound as though something dropped. I knocked angrily upon the wall.

"Simpkins," I shouted, "what is the meaning of this fool's play? Where and why are you hiding?"

The words came back to me like gibes out of the hollows of the house. I shouted again only to be answered in the same strain. I went downstairs, and out into the garden. I ran my eye over the house front. It was as though I were being mocked. For not only were the windows I had opened still thrown up, but the three sashes of the bay, which before had been closed, were now raised. Out there in the daylight I could not help suspecting myself of some stupidity. There must be a door leading from one of the smaller side-rooms to that centre room—a door I had missed. Yet I had carefully looked for such a door. Bah! my senses must have been fogged by that vapour. My head even now throbbed with it. A room without entrance was an absurdity!

I went back to the house. The door was shut fast. I rattled it. I threw my weight against it. It was fast locked. Yet I had left it ajar. Was I being fooled, or was I fooling myself? Had I indeed seen Simpkins? Was anything as it had seemed to me that morning? I strode to the nearest telegraph office and wired him at Rossmore. In an hour a reply came: "Am here, at your lordship's service.—SIMPKINS." I took a course of Turkish baths and drank no wine for a week. If there be one thing I despise it is a man who cannot keep his head clear.

The villa of Simpkins faded from my mind, as did likewise, to some extent, my first impression of its builder. To say I ever liked him would mis-state the truth. But I could not help recognizing his exceptional business gifts and the zeal wherewith he prosecuted my affairs. I began to re-consider my intention of parting with him.

One morning I received the following letter from a girl dismissed a year before from my employ for bungling some business whereon she had been set:—

"HONOURED LORD,—Pardon my addressing you, for I know you think low of me since the Smithson case; but any girl would have been frightened when Smithson took the carving-knife to her. But even Smithson's, honoured lord, was not as bad as this place. Yet mistress and master is bride and bridegroom, and a nicer couple couldn't be. 'What is it?'

you'd ask. It's the house, honoured lord. Yet it's a nice house, and the kitchen and pantries everything you could want for. But there's something about it. What that is time, if I ever have the nerve to stop long enough, will show. It's called 'Denhome' on the gate"—here I pricked up my ears—"but young mistress calls it 'Edenhome,' which we lay to soft-heartedness. Honoured lord, the Lovells are not gentry; which, when I found out, I never thought I could stop. But Mrs. Lovell's an angel, and there's no stint, them having come into a fortune. I don't rightly know the facts, but as they taught us at the Institute not to leave out anything, I mention that the Lovells got their money curious. Someone else had it, an uncle of theirs—Mr. Sinkin his name is—"

"My dear young woman," I here interjected, "you are disregarding one of my most stringent rules—that of getting names correctly."

"Well, he'd had the money—two thousand a year it is—for nearly ten years, when it was proved it wasn't his, but Lovell's. He'd kept back a will or something, they say; but it couldn't be proved. So he had to turn out. He must be a kind man, because he's built them this house, and won't take any rent for it. He says it eases his conscience. And, of course, he can't help there being something horrible about the house. It's a nice view, and polished floors, but the strangest noises and feel about it. Mr. Sinkin comes sometimes. He isn't a nice-looking gentleman, being cross-eyed and carrotty, but he's wonder-

ful kind and keeps telling master to look after his health, being delicate; and as Sinkin would get the money if master was to die, I call it kind. He's that careful of them nobody would expect—considering. The first time he came he was quite taken up because they didn't sleep in the best bed-room. 'It's a south aspic,' he said, quite angry, 'and a big atmosphery room. It was built special



"A PRETTY FRAGILE LITTLE CREATURE"

for you.' He quite stamped up and down the carpet, and mistress put her pretty white hand on his shoulder—though she's afraid of him—and she says, 'Uncle, we keep it for visitors. We keep it for you when you come. You've been so good to us.' He stared and looked quite queer. He was terribly vexed they didn't use the room he made for them.

"O, you keep it for me, do you,' he says. Then he burst out laughing. He

laughs rather hoarse, and young mistress, she got nearer to master and put her hand to her throat. I was setting the table for dinner and I wasn't hurrying. Mr. Sinkin isn't good-looking, but he's nice spoken, and though I only hung his great coat up for him he gave me five shillings and says, 'you look after my nephew and niece. I'm fond of 'em.'

"It came up again at dinner. I had just handed him his pudding—mistress made it with her own hands—when he says again, shaking his fist playful at her, 'and don't let me hear any more of your not sleeping in the front bed-room—the room I built special, so sunny and healthy for poor Ned. Ned's lungs want a south aspic.' Master laughs and says, 'Why, uncle, all the front rooms are south.' Sinkin looked vexed. And I thought myself it was all they could do to please him and not argue. He says, frowning, 'It's the atmospheriness you want, Ned,' and he turned to mistress and says something about cuba feet, and ends, 'so I look to you to see Ned sleeps there. His mother died consumptive.' Mistress turned pale and caught the master's hand. 'O, Ned dear,' she says. 'I've no cough,' he answers, 'it's only uncle's over-kindness.'

"Ought he to go abroad?' she says to Sinkin, almost sobbing.

"He's best where he is,' he says short. 'The drains abroad are shocking.'

"Uncle,' she says, shivering, there's noises in the room—the strangest noises. Could it be rats?'

"He looked hard at her and says slowly: 'Rats in a new house—and a well-built house like this. Nonsense.' After a minute: 'There aren't noises every night?' he asks.

"No,' she says, 'only sometimes—horrid rumbling noises, and I think the gas escapes. That's why I thought it must be rats. They say rats eat the pipes.'

"I don't wonder he looked cross. It wasn't like mistress to argue so. Master broke out laughing. 'Uncle will think we're very ungrateful, Milly,' he says. 'And you can't be so silly as to think rats eat gas pipes.'

"Will you sleep there to-night, uncle,' she says. 'I should feel comfortable if somebody had slept there.'

"He finished picking out a walnut. Then, 'There's nothing I'd like better,'

he says. But after all he fell asleep in the library. I found him there when I went to do it next morning. His boots and coat was off, and he was on the couch covered with rugs almost as if he'd meant to sleep there. He gave me half-a-crown. 'You needn't say anything,' he says, 'but I was that tired I dropt asleep.' And he took his coat and boots and slipped up to the spare room. Honoured lord, it wasn't a week after when a young gent stopping here went to bed in the spare room—mistress couldn't bring herself to sleep there—so cheerful as might be, and in the morning he was dead—poisoned, the doctor said, with prussic acid. There he was, stretched out with his eyes staring horrible and his face blue, and the room like an essence-of-almonds bottle. Mr. Sinkin came down in an awful state. He got the papers to leave out the name of the house and paid us servants to keep it quiet.

"And, for Heaven's sake, don't leave the house,' he says to master, 'or I shall never let it again!'

"Master promised faithful. He had to settle it after with mistress. She begged him to take her away. She'd heard the noises that very night. 'I've promised uncle,' he says. So you see, honoured lord, I'm right in calling it an awful house. You don't know what a feel there is about it."

I wrote her one question. She replied, "The middle front room door opens in the passage just opposite the stairs. There's a little room at each end of the passage."

"Simpkins," I said, "I shall be in Suburbia this week. Can I leave a message for you at Edenhome?'

He finished the few lines of a letter he was writing. Then he looked up. What eyes he had!

"Pardon," he said, "I am anxious to catch this post. Now I am at your lordship's service."

"Well, you heard what I said."

He scanned me narrowly.

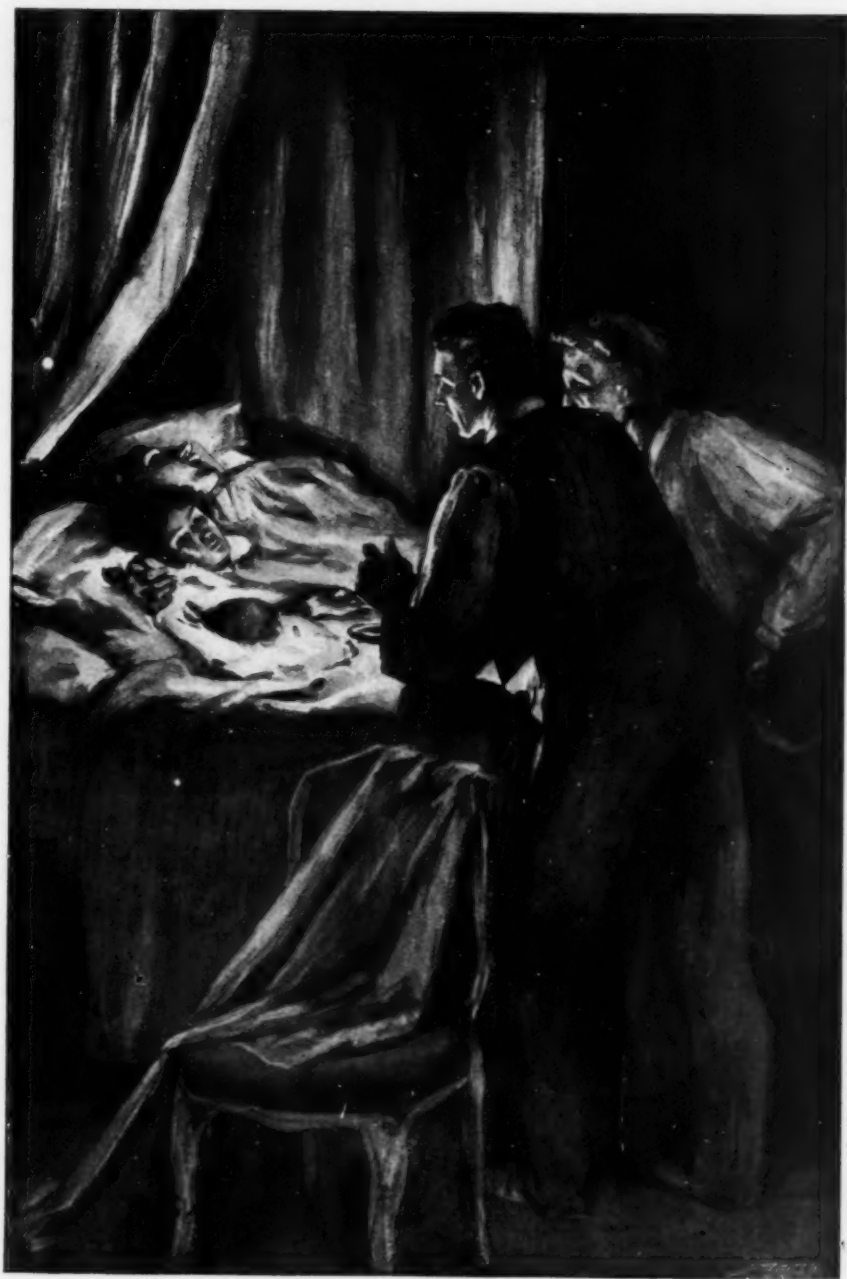
"My lord," he returned, "I fancied I could not have heard aright."

"Imagine you did."

"I have let Edenhome," he said, evasively.

"To a nephew, I know. Can I leave a message for you?'

"Your lordship is pleased to jest. My nephew is not likely to be so favoured."



"THEY STARED STRAIGHT INTO ETERNITY"

"So so. I must introduce myself."

"There is not likely," he said, sneeringly, "to be anything in common between Ted Lovell, the draper's son—I do not pretend to be a person of family—and your lordship."

"I am interested in people," I returned, observing him. "I have heard of the suicide. I am interested in that haunted front room."

I saw the watch-chain on his waistcoat lift high. Then he spread his hands with a deprecatory gesture.

"I regret that somebody has been playing on your lordship's—I will not say credulity."

"You have no message, then?"

He followed me across the room with a curious cat-like tread. The air about him bristled with violence.

"You are pleased to be interested in my affairs," he said, with a suspicion of menace.

"I am interested in the construction of a certain room in a house I saw you building. You remember I went over it once," I added, quickly. But I was not quick enough. His eyebrows lifted.

"I was not aware it had been so honoured." His manner changed. "As you are so kind," he said, smoothly, "I will take the liberty of asking you to talk with Lovell. Since Rudderford's case, he has spoken morbidly of suicide. It is idiocy in a man so well placed."

"I will advise him to sleep in the large front room," I said.

He turned as if I had struck him, and went back to his work.

* * *

Hopkins opened the door. Her lids dropped on a gleam of recognition. It was the first rule of my institution that wheresoever or whensoever I should appear I was not to be identified. A pretty, fragile little creature in a tea-gown tripped into the drawing-room.

"I am pleased to know you," I said, taking her hand. "I am Lord Syfret. You will perhaps have heard of me: Mr. Simpkins is my agent."

She blushed and fluttered, smiling up at me.

"Uncle was good to speak of us, and your lordship is kinder to come and see us," she said, prettily.

Lovell was a pale-faced, ill-grown Cockney, proud of his lately-acquired money, proud of all he had exchanged

it for, and genuinely proud of his little wife.

"She's a jewel I wouldn't change for the 'ighest lady in the land," he confided to me. His watery eyes were full of tears. The statement was not likely to be put to the test; but I believe he honestly meant it.

"If you can put me up for the night I shall be infinitely obliged," I said. They would be greatly honoured. I hinted to be allowed to occupy the front large room.

"Why, I'd just persuaded Milly we'd sleep there to-night," he blurted.

Milly broke in—

"I will have a fire put there for you, Lord Syfret," and tripped away.

We had finished dinner, and Milly had sung me her songs—sweet little ballads she sang in a sweet little unaffected way—when there came a knocking at the front door. After an interval Simpkins entered. His eyes were blood-shot, his air restless. As he came in he shot a look at Lovell. That look said plainly, "I got your wire." I received him coolly. I regarded his intrusion as an impertinence. With his entry a reserve fell upon us. Poor Mrs. Lovell lost all her confidence and smiling gaiety. She watched him with a fascinated terror. She stole nearer to me as if for protection. Presently she made her apologies. She was not well and might she be excused? She was faint and trembling. I gave her my arm to the door. She sent one long shuddering look back at him. Then she drew a little agitated hand across her brow.

"O, my lord," she moaned through her white lips, "I am so afraid of him."

I steadied her to a chair. Lovell came out. I went back to the drawing-room. Simpkins sat scowling there.

"Your lordship's and my visits were ill-timed," he said, with a coarse laugh. "This night, even, may make me a great uncle."

After a few moments, professing anxiety about his niece, he left. Out in the hall an altercation sounded. I could hear his rough voice raised. I could hear the sob and pleading of a woman's voice and Lovell's cockney drawl. Once she cried out: "O, Ned, I cannot, cannot sleep there."

I went out.

"Is Mrs. Lovell better?" I questioned. She came to me with pleading hands.

"O, Lord Syfret——" she began. Simpkins caught her by the arm.

"You are hysterical," he said, roughly. "You must not bother his lordship."

I took her hand. "Remember, my dear, that I am to have the haunted room."

"Do you say it is haunted?" she asked, with wild eyes.

"You frighten her," Simpkins interposed, adding ceremoniously, "I regret the room has not been prepared for you. It is Mr. and Mrs. Lovell's own room."

She turned on him helplessly. She caught her breath with a sob. Lovell put his arm about her and persuaded her upstairs. At the top of the staircase she turned and swept one last terrified look down at us. Then she was gone. That look has never left me. To my death I shall regret that I did not act upon it and save her. I turned on Simpkins, who also stood looking up. There was in his face a singular malignant exultation.

"Why the deuce did you interfere?"

He looked me insolently in the eyes.

"Your lordship does not act with his accustomed breeding when he forces himself on an employé's affairs, and even dictates the room his host shall put him in."

He followed me into the drawing-room. There was an aggressive triumph about him.

"I sleep in town," he said. "Good-night."

I bowed. At the door he turned back.

"My agreement with you ends next week," he intimated, airily.

* * *

In the middle of the night I was roused by a curious sound. It seemed to be a muffled rumbling close at hand. I threw on some clothes and slipped into the passage. In the dim light I could see a thin line of shadow sliding down the wall—almost as if the wall had been moving. From somewhere sounded a hollow ticking, like that of an immense clock. Strange how the night develops sound! I had not seen nor previously heard a clock.

I was returning to my room, all noise but the sonorous tick having ceased, when I thought I heard a cry—a faint cry—in the same little voice that had

sung me her ballads. It was followed by two deep groans. Heavens! what had happened? I stood listening, with strained ears. But no other sound came, nothing but that ghostly ticking. I groped my way along the passage, feeling for a door. I missed it, but coming to the centre, where I had seen it some hours earlier, I laid my ear against the wall. I was struck by its curious chillness. The wall was of iron! I did not stop to wonder, for now I could plainly detect a deep drawn breathing. It kept time intermittently with the clock. I knocked on the wall. It might be merely Lovell snoring. But I did not like the sound of it.

Suddenly I became aware of the same heavy odour I had before detected. It was no escape of gas. I remembered Hopkins' words about the bitter almonds. This was a smell of bitter almonds. Then I laughed at myself. I should be seeing Rudderford's ghost next! Yet so strongly were my senses worked upon that I grew presently faint with the overpowering odour. And it was unmistakably a smell of bitter almonds. Again I groped for the door handle. I drew my hands along and up and down the wall, going over the whole expanse between the rooms at either end. I could find neither handle nor panel nor jamb. The whole extent was one smooth, iron-cold surface. The clock clacked tick! tick! tick! with sonorous beat. By this the stentorous breathing had ceased. On the other side was silence.

Groping once more and finding no door, I became alarmed. I ran back to my room—my head throbbing till I reeled—and lighted a candle. I dipped my handkerchief into water and bound it loosely across my mouth and nostrils. Then I carried my candle into the passage. It was as I had suspected. There was no door. As on that morning, so now the space between the rooms at either end of the corridor was one plain surface. Trapping and testing brought out the chill feel and hollow note of metal. An iron plate had been dropped over the door—barring egress and ingress. The horrible clock ticked on. For what purpose? I was now convinced of some catastrophe. I knocked and called. I pounded with my fists upon the iron plate. It sounded thunderously, reproducing in exaggeration the noise that had



"FLUNG HIMSELF UPON THE PANELS"

awakened me. But no other sound answered. I rushed upstairs and stood in the upper passage calling for help. I beat one or two doors. Soon a man appeared—the single man-servant of the establishment. He thrust his head out sleepily.

"Come," I insisted, "something has happened."

As we descended the same low, rumbling sound was audible. In the flickering light the wall was crossed again by a rapid line of shadow—a line that now ascended. Then all was silent. Even the clock stopped. By this the almond smell was overpowering. I made the man protect his mouth and nostrils. The first thing my light flashed on was the door of Lovell's room, the door of which a minute earlier there had been no trace. Gracious, what devilry was this? And what the calamity. I knocked loudly on the panels. An ominous stillness reigned. I knocked again. Then I turned the handle and went in.

They were dead. They lay quiet as in sleep, only a curious blueness of skin and glassiness of the widely-staring eyeballs showed the sleep final. Her hand was in his; her head lay on his shoulder. So they stared straight into eternity, a smile on their faces.

But this was not all. The pitifulness of it—the pitifulness! For at her side, curled up as if in slumber, lay a newborn babe—a tiny premature thing that nestled a darkly-curling head against her arm.

* * *

Before it was day I had interviewed the magistrate and police. They pooh-poohed my version of the case, rejecting it as melo-drama; such things were not out of romances. The case was manifestly one of concerted suicide. The sliding-wall excited smiles. In the middle of the night, they said, one can be pardoned some fogginess of sense. They did not consider there was so far a tittle of evidence on which to arrest Simpkins.

I sent for a London detective. I set an expert to explore the wall. It were impossible, he said, to explain a singular construction without some preliminary and considerable damage, which pending the inquest was not advisable. There were grooves in the door-jambs of the

small rooms off the passage—there was space to contain such a sliding-wall as I had indicated.

That night I secreted in the house my detective, two police-officers and a friend. I knew Simpkins would come, and he came, as I likewise expected, with materials for a conflagration. Hopkins admitted him. He would remain the night, he said. He professed an overwhelming grief. He had already supped. He would go straight to that room where the dead lay. Through a peep-hole punctured in the wall we watched him from one of the adjoining rooms. No sooner was the door shut than he dragged chairs, cushions, towel-rack, all else combustible toward the door. He even tore the curtains from the bed. Then he saturated the whole with oil he had with him. He had lighted a fuse and was making for the door when suddenly he stopped.

Tick! tick! began the clock. Tick! tick! It startled us with its suddenness and nearness. In a panic he flung his fuse. It fell short and lay smouldering on the floor. But he heeded nothing. He was beating frenziedly upon the door. However, we had seen into that. Tick! tick! went the clock. He thundered with his fists and feet and shouted desperately.

A rumbling began. He flung himself upon the panels. But they held out bravely. Tick! tick! went the clock; rumble, rumble, rolled the descending wall. He sprang to the windows; but we had seen to those. Suddenly I realised what was about to happen. The devilry planned by himself was on his track, hastened, it might be, by the explorations of my expert.

"Quick, quick!" I urged. "Unlock the door; we must not take the law into our hands."

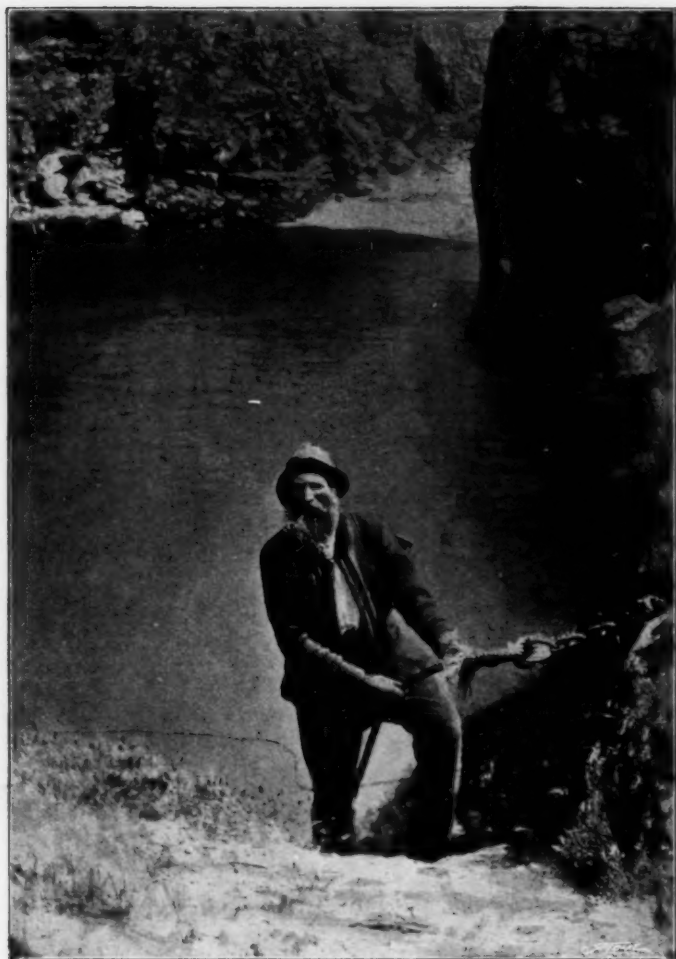
But we were too late. Outside, in the corridor, the sliding wall came down—the door was sealed. The rumble ceased; but the clock ticked on, counting his moments. The almond smell rose strong.

"Where do the fumes come from?" I questioned.

The detective, with an impassive face, stepped aside from a peep-hole. I looked long enough to see that a soft-spraying like tiny rain was falling in the room. Already he lay on the floor with gasping breath and distended eyes. I

left the peep-hole to more interested watchers. Tick! tick! went the clock, counting his moments. Tick! tick! tick! "He's dead," they said. Tick! tick! went the clock. We passed into the corridor. The wall slid presently up with its curious rumble. Then the clock stopped. We opened the door and went in. He was dead, truly. And

death in his guise was not dignified. He had been caught in the trap of his own ingenuity—for the mechanism showed a devilish ingenuity. The clockwork regulating it—clockwork set by his own hand—had with a fine unerring justice timed away his life. I will wager clockwork has rarely done the world greater service.



THE FISHERMAN'S LANDING

From a photograph by the Rev. A. H. Blake

At an Elephant Round-Up.

BY G. W. WARD.



HERE is only one place in the whole wide world where it is possible to breakfast comfortably in a well-appointed hotel, and yet after a few hours' travel by rail or river, view a free circus comprising some three hundred real ramping, raging, wild elephants. Even in the place I mention the spectacle is to be seen but once a year for a week in the spring; when, the elephantine fancy "lightly turning," &c., the increased sociability of the herds leads them to their own undoing at the hands of their fellow-elephants. It is a sight not likely to be seen by another generation if there is any further dividing up of Further India by England and France, for the *locale* is that distressful country which is rapidly becoming a mere geographical expression—Siam. Ten years ago the Lord of the White Elephant really did lord it: for hundreds of miles in every direction around his palace on the banks of the Menam he owned every "ingy-rubber bull with a tail at both ends," wild or tame, and the penalties for meddling with them were severe. Now the area of his Majesty's preserves is much diminished. Siam to-day is nothing but the Menam region, which an active elephant can walk across between two meals.

Nevertheless there is every likelihood of the Siamese authorities continuing to organise the Mammoth Spring Circus for some years to come, and stay-at-home people may be interested in learning what it looked like in its palmier days. Eighty odd miles north of Bangkok is a large area intersected by innumerable creeks, and covered with crumbling brickwork and wrecked structures of heavy teak, just as it was left when the Burmese invaders had gone over it with their search-warrant, nearly a century and a-half ago. The name of the place

is Ayuthia, Siam's capital for half a thousand years, and now nothing but a big village amid the ruins of whose palaces and temples

*"The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want t'c
larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."*

There is more piracy, and dacoity, and cattle-rearing round the played-out metropolis than in all Lower Burmah under our administration.

But to return to our elephants. Over the immense alluvial plains surrounding Ayuthia roam uncounted elephants and innumerable smaller game—buffalo, tiger, deer and the rest. Live stock of that sort swarms to a degree undreamt of by the average shikari in other countries; yet nobody ever goes shooting. So the elephant and his congeners have a good time, devastating paddy-fields and village plantations. Especially is this true of the elephant, because the native is precluded by law from potting him, and it is not easy to poach an elephant. The pirates and dacoits and buffalo-lifters never trouble them, and there are plenty of keepers to see that they are not shot or allowed to tumble into pitfalls. Gangs of the royal slaves are for ever on their track, and marking their increase, so far as this can be done without alarming them. Day and night they are on watch, be the season wet or dry. Towards the end of January, however, their real work begins, or it may be a good deal earlier, according to the distance the herd is from Ayuthia.

Getting to the off-side, the men have to drive their charges towards a common centre—no easy thing with a suspicious tusker weighing about four thousand pounds to conciliate, and eight or nine uneasy mothers, each with some precious offspring, in various stages of growth, at foot. These lady elephants usually insist

on baby being underneath them, and the larger herds from the parent branch mostly spend their time in roaming away, charging the hunters, and ignoring the entreaties of the parent on both sides to retreat judiciously. In the daytime elephant-driving is a trifling sort of business, because the brutes are loafing about in the long grass or the matted curse of creation which men call jungle. But at night they are not docile. It is then that the mosquitoes begin to trouble them through the corrugations in their hides, and they decide to have a real feed, since they must stay awake. So they crash about through the shrubbery, leaving a track such as a traction-engine would leave if it was running amuck, and annoying the men to windward, who would like to sleep round the scare-fires if it were not for fear of the flogging that would follow the stampede. As it is, they have to get up and set off diluted fireworks to induce their leviathan charges to go further west.

It would turn anybody but an Asiatic grey-haired to spend week after week shoving a ship-load of elephants along at the rate of two miles a day and night, but it just suits the Siamese temperament. That is about his distance. The only time he ever bustles is when he discovers that his herd has a mud-coloured beast with weak eyes and an abnormal number of toes, and a few other marks which distinguish a white elephant, and then he breaks his neck pretty well to secure it (it is never very old when it is come upon—the look-out is too keen), because he knows that its capture will procure him not only his freedom, but a peerage and a reward as well.

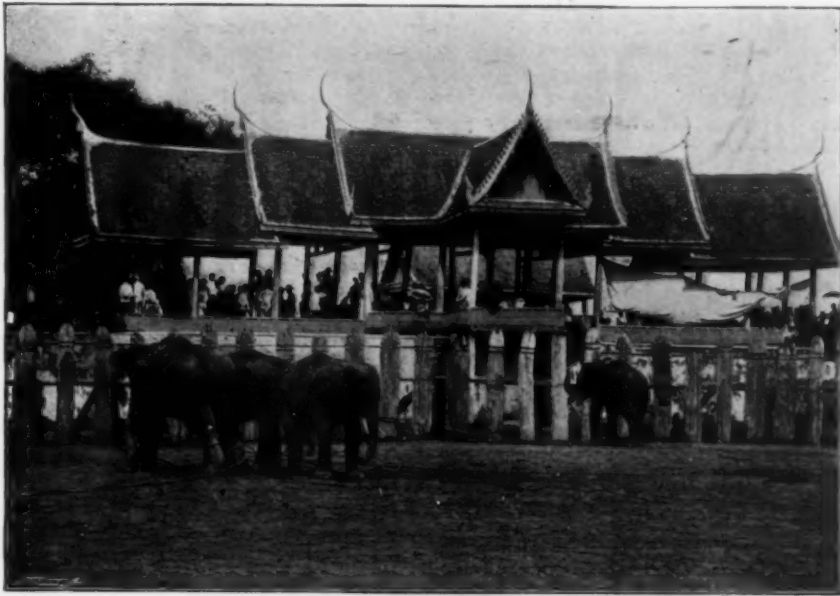
When weeks and months have been spent in concentrating the elephants around a central spot, a day is appointed by the Siamese Minister for the Interior for the grand battue. The elephant doctors (*mo-chang*), whose business it is to arrest and bind such animals as may be selected for taming, begin their preparations, overhauling their rattan cables, and cleaning out the Kheddah. This is a huge quadrangle fenced in by rough old teak logs, much decayed now, after a century's exposure, but still stout enough to check a charging tusker, and planted at intervals sufficiently wide to let the "doctors" slip through if they want to get outside in a hurry. In the centre

is a smaller square, similarly used as a refuge. Leading up to the entrance gate is the V-shaped fence, and front and rear runs a broadish river, encompassing the island on which the big mouse-trap stands. There is very little attempt at disguising the approach by interlacing boughs among the big palings. The beaters rely on skilful steering from behind, assisted by fires at night and much shooting and shouting in the daytime. By the appointed day fifty herds or more will have been collected on the eastward plain, within an area of a few miles, and twenty or thirty trained bulls sent out to form a cordon on their rear. And a magnificent sight it is to see the monsters slowly roaming about in hundreds, emitting uneasy shrieks from time to time, and evidently wondering if another Noah's Ark is being chartered for them. The big tuskers stalk majestically at the head of their half-dozen wives and progeny, eyeing with jealous suspicion the heavy-weight strangers who range along the outer edge of the crowd in a most annoying way. But for these heavy-weights, however, there would be little chance of corralling the herds, pandemonium, uproar, and flashing torches notwithstanding. Theirs is the task of stemming the onslaught of the high-spirited half-grown young bulls, and beguiling the fractious females into foolish confidence. They do it with all the stolid authority of a burly constable keeping a crowd of youngsters in order—just administering a clout with their trunks here and there, or shoving irresistibly at the surging mass in front. It is dusty, dangerous work, but elephants are not to be hurried, and it takes a weary time before the river is reached. Then the immense drove insist on another three hours' rest, whilst they slop about along half-a-mile of the stream, irrigating themselves both inside and out.

It is the last drink they will have for many a day. In due time the order to "move on" is again issued. A few minutes' saunter from the river bank and the V-fence begins to both incommode and alarm the leaders, but the pressure behind keeps them moving, *bon gré, mal gré*, until the narrow gateway is reached. It is just wide enough for an elephant of the antediluvian brand to pass, and sufficiently narrow to prevent the modern variety from turning round when inside.

Once the leaders are through there is little difficulty in prevailing on the rest to follow; in they rush, like a crowd at the pit door of a big theatre on a first night, and, as in the latter case, the feminine portion prove the most obstructive, fussing around after their offspring. The maternal elephant is most fearfully upset when her waddling little three months' old calf gets astray in the crush, and squeals for her to come and rescue him; she trumpets and waves her ears, and reaches frantically about below

that combination is necessary. Half-a-dozen successive charges by as many of their stalwart forwards would lay low any given post and leave a five foot gap, but do you think they ever try it? Never, though some of the veterans must have been in the place half-a-dozen times or more. Up and down they rage, butting at large, and tiring themselves out, and all the while a dozen enormous police-elephants stand on point-duty in one corner phlegmatically observant of the riot. At length the imprisoned herd



IN THE KHEDDAH

the surface with her trunk, and, finally, when she finds a small leg, she hauls it and the rest of the baby towards her and shoves it underneath her body.

At last they are all inside the great yard, with a heavy log barring the gate through which they have just passed, and a general reconnaissance is promptly organised with a view to finding the exit. It is not far away—to the left of the grand stand—but unfortunately the person in charge seems always to have forgotten to unbar it, and they all start investigating the surrounding fence with a view to either scaling it or shoving it down. The shoving down idea is always the favourite, and it ought to succeed, considering the state of decay the posts are in, but the captives do not seem to grasp the fact

realise that they cannot break out, and begin to huddle together in a sort of "Misery likes company" way. It is then that there is most danger of their getting away, for if a score or so started leaning in a heap against the palisading the combined pressure would prove too much for even a seasoned two-foot teak log. So the mahouts on the necks of the renegade elephants hit their mounts over the skull with a big iron hook, to intimate that the crowd must be dispersed. As they advance the herd retreats, and round and round in a solid phalanx go the whole troop, *ohne hast, ohne rast*. The livelong day they are harassed into constant movement, much to the entertainment of the thousands of holiday-making natives who squat around the corral wall

Meantime the official who is superintending has been picking out the animals he wants caught—half-grown ones generally, as experience shows that those full-grown are difficult to tame and train, and it takes too long before the very youthful specimens are fit to distribute to the various Governors or heads of departments who are to employ them in hauling or travelling.

It is all very well for the presiding nobleman to tell his men to "catch that one," but the contract is not easy to execute. The one indicated is always in the bosom of his family, and sensible enough to stop there as long as he can. To extricate him the *mo-chang* skilfully break up the circling drove time after time, heading them off in the most fearless way until they have got their prey in the rear rank. Once clear of the ruck the doom of the quarry is soon sealed. Darting out of the inner chain of posts two or three half-naked fellows drag along a rattan cable, not particularly thick, but strong as wire. The end is looped into a big running noose, which it is their business to place so that the beast upon which they have designs will put one of his feet into it in his struggles to get back into the scrimmage. The men are so cool and active and dodge so smartly that they rarely get stepped on. When the elephant has got his foot noosed he drags the cable along for a few steps and then suddenly brings up in a surprised way, owing to the other end of the rope being belayed around a post. The rest of the procession keep callously moving on, and in a few seconds he finds himself alone, hauling vainly at his moorings, and at the same time trying to untie himself with his trunk. For the first few minutes he screams and swears, his ears stand out a yard or so on either side, and his trunk reaches out as if he wanted to hook on to a star. Meanwhile the rest of the herd are headed off into a corner, so as not to interrupt, and after a short interval the process of removal to gaol begins. A couple of tame tuskers move alongside the young whirlwind, and begin to lean heavily against him to indicate that he had better shut off steam. He soon quietens down, and then the mahouts begin the most dangerous bit of their work. Leaning from their lofty perches over the head of the captive, within easy reach of his trunk, they pass

a rope collar around what may euphemistically be called his neck, and then lash that to similar necklets on their own animals. On occasion, though, they "handcuff" their prisoner instead, as shown in our first illustration. He is hauled away towards the exit, protesting vigorously. At the gate his fetters are loosed, as there is only room for one animal to pass through at a time, and in he rushes, rejoicing in his new freedom, only to find two more nine-foot police awaiting him at the further end, ready to harness up and drag him away to the long range of open stables. Arrived there, sore, exhausted, and thirsty, but mutinous as ever, he is tied up by a loose rattan ring to a stout post. Water is then poured over him from a respectful distance by means of bamboo boughs, and bundles of food are offered him, only to be straightway hurled at the attendants. It takes him many a day to get over his sulks, and discover that his perpetual efforts to pull the place down only half choke him, but after a period he earns the confidence of his future driver sufficiently to justify some relaxation of his bonds and so, month by month, his behaviour improves until in a couple of years or so he is ready in his turn to go forth and help to decoy and entrap his family and kindred, or to be sold for three or four thousand pieces of silver, and pile teak.

But the experiences of those he left in the kheddah are worth a few lines. Seven or eight times a day during the greater part of a week, the roping and removal of the pick of the vast herd is repeated; from dawn to dark the poor brutes are chivied about the dusty arena, whilst the livelong night they may be dimly distinguished as they surge slowly and incessantly around, vainly searching for the water that their scent tells them is flowing near by. The dear little calves, shambling along like so many mangy bears, suffer most, as the maternal milk-supply diminishes. Fighting is infrequent considering the dimensions of the mass-meeting and the natural amount of excitement that exists; but the squeezing is a thing that few are likely to forget who have had a central place in the crowd. Nearly ever year one or two are crushed to death.

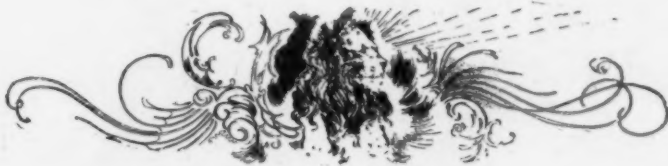
But at length the chosen few are gone and the many are permitted to regain their freedom. It is a tedious business,



A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS

piloting them singly through the straight gateway, but it is managed somehow, and as they charge out into the open with upraised trunks and curly tails, trumpeting defiance to the wide world, the multitude of onlookers start for seats up trees. Before many minutes the quadrupeds are collected together, and the river is churned into mud by their thousand feet, as they quench their insatiable thirst and wash off the dust of many days. That over, a few amuse themselves by chasing the spectators

who surround them, with a view to a little retribution, and now and again they succeed when they don't go trying to catch too many at once. When at last the pastime tires, and the herds have refreshed themselves sufficiently, their oppressors, biped and quadruped, menace them once more, and they retreat in a dignified way towards their former haunts, to rest in peace for another year or two, and rear fresh victims for their royal owner down in Bangkok.



From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSSES OF MARLBOROUGH.



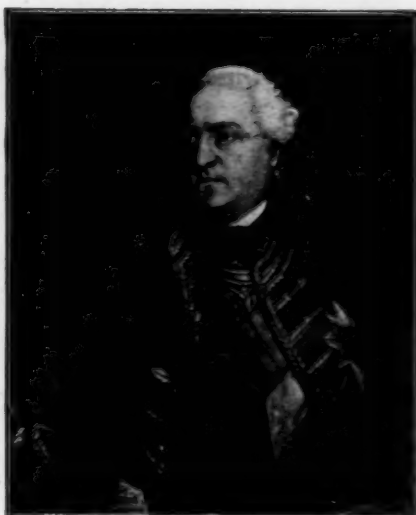
THE FIRST DUKE



THE FIRST DUCHESS



THE COUNTESS OF GODOLPHIN
SUCCEEDED AS DUCHESS BY SPECIAL ACT



THE THIRD DUKE



THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FOURTH DUCHESS



THE FIFTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUCHESS



THE SIXTH DUKE



THE FIRST AND SECOND WIVES OF THE SIXTH DUKE



THE SEVENTH DUKE



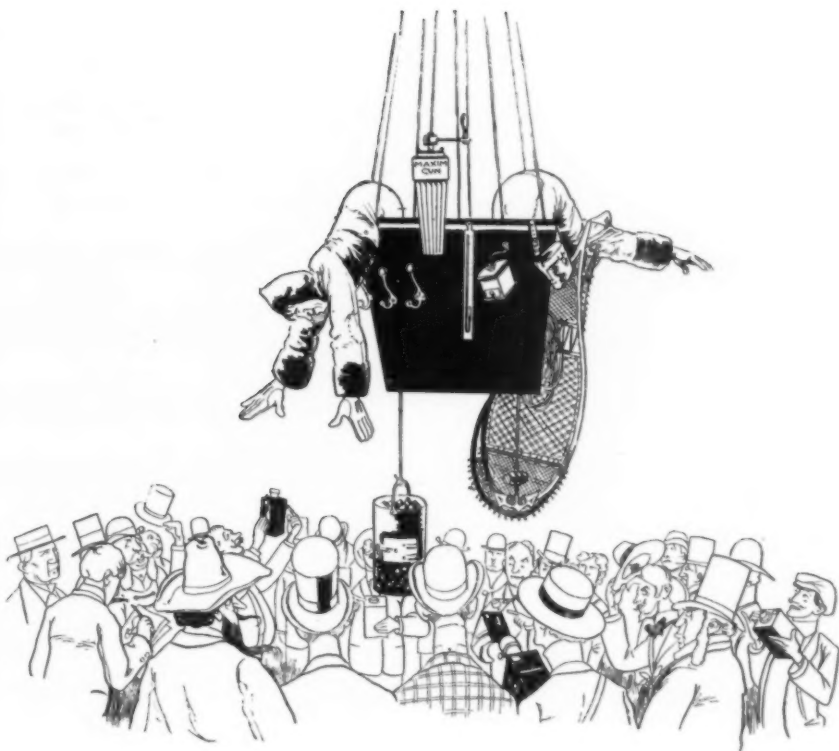
THE EIGHTH DUKE

From a photograph by Russell and Sons



THE PRESENT DUCHESS

THE PRESENT DUKE
From a photograph by Bassano



"AN EMOTIONAL CROWD WITNESSED THE DEPARTURE."

The Muggsenn Expedition.

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL.

"CHRISTIAN," said Professor Frithiof Muggsenn to his valet, "I am going to the North Pole in my balloon, the *Pram*."

"Very well, I will put the reindeer under-garments to the fire, and have the snow-shoes re-soled," said Christian.

There was no emotion, no flutter. Christian knew his master.

"We depart at half-past four to-morrow from the Beer Gardens. I have arranged for eighty per cent. of the gate money—if we return. You will in the course of the day purchase a second-hand Maxim gun, a coffee-grinder, a thermometer, and a small-sized sheet anchor. Also pack the clothes-line. That will be all." The Professor waved his hand, indicating that the interview was at an end, and Christian vanished.

An emotional crowd witnessed Professor Muggsenn's departure. He counted the heads, a feat easy to one of his mathematical attainments, and doubly so from the nature of his bird's-eye position. The result was gratifying. A thousand kodaks flashed in the sunshine, and a rousing Norwegian cheer heralded the departure of the *Pram*.

"They will rend the welkin," said the Professor anxiously, "and then Heaven alone knows what may happen."

Meanwhile Christian got things into some order and comfort; but he could not restrain a manly tear when he recollected his last interview with the Professor on terra firma. The brave fellow had asked for an increase of salary or some proportion of the profits, but his master, with a laconic abruptness for which he

was celebrated, refused to discuss the question.

"We are now," said the Professor, "at an altitude of 50,000 feet above the earth. Yet, such is the clearness of the atmosphere, I can by the aid of this telescope already detect indications of a glacial period at no distant date. However," he added, "that does not concern us." Then his tone changed, and he asked with his customary curtness, "How's her head?"

Christian studied the thermometer, and answered: "Due north by east."

"That will do as well as anything else."

Night closed in, and the loneliness was quite exceptional. An occasional cloud enveloped the balloon.

Suddenly there was a crash, a roar, and a rattle. The man of science started from troubled slumber to find Christian playing on the Maxim gun like a barrel organ.

"What have you broken?" asked Professor Muggsenn.

"The silence!" answered Christian. It was a true example of Norwegian humour, and the *savant* laughed heartily.

Then both men slept, and the stars twinkled mysteriously out of the depths of the sky, while the *Pram* creaked and curvetted through infinite space.

The intrepid explorers were awakened some three or four weeks later by a peculiar sound, which appeared to proceed from the horizon.

"It is somebody sharpening a ham-knife," said Christian.

"Nay, foolish fellow," answered the Professor; "it is an Aurora Borealis."

The valet, who had never previously been so far north, was bound to take his master's word for it.

"We are now," continued the Professor, who had just taken an observation with the coffee-grinder, "almost exactly beneath the North Star."

"True, I see it exactly overhead," said Christian; "or rather," he added, correcting himself, "I should do so if it were not for the fact that it is broad daylight, and that the balloon interrupts my survey."

"Exactly! And if the North Star is just over our heads, what must be just beneath our feet?"

"I never guessed a riddle in my life," answered Christian.

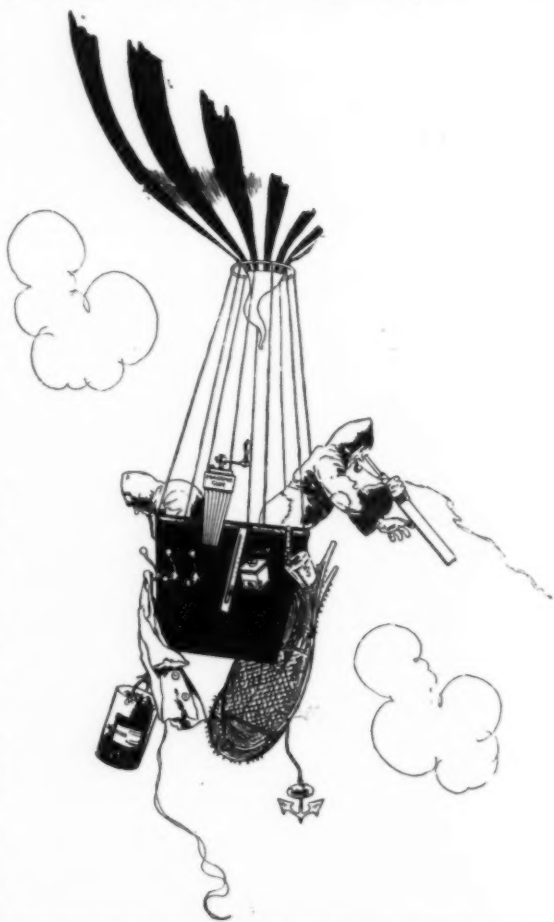
"Why, the North Pole," said Professor Muggsenn, triumphantly. Christian peered over the side of the car.

"Hush!" he said. "I see it!"

"What?" asked the Professor, calmly.

"The North Pole," whispered Christian, with his finger on his lips.

At that supreme moment both men kept perfectly cool. They could not



"I CAN BY THE AID OF THIS TELESCOPE ALREADY DETECT INDICATIONS OF A GLACIAL PERIOD"

help it. The thermometer indicated a temperature of numerous degrees below zero.

"What is it like?" asked the Pro-

fessor cut the polar air. In the icy fastnesses of that unutterable desolation, heard for the first time amidst those fantastic flocs and baleful bergs which



"CAST FORTH THE CLOTHES-LINE WITH ADMIRABLE DEXTERITY"

fessor, whose emotion now threatened to unman him.

"Like a piece of treacle-stick somebody's been sucking," answered Christian, whose forte was homely simile.

"'Tis thus, I pictured it in my dreams," answered his master. The revulsion of feeling brought a few hot tears to the old man's eyes. They froze as they fell, and a polar bear, passing by, thought it hailed.

Then a sudden and wholly unexpected burst of auroral light illumined the weird scene, and the clear accents of the

hem in the Northern Pole, there rang out the clarion voice of MAN!

"Get out the clothes-line!"

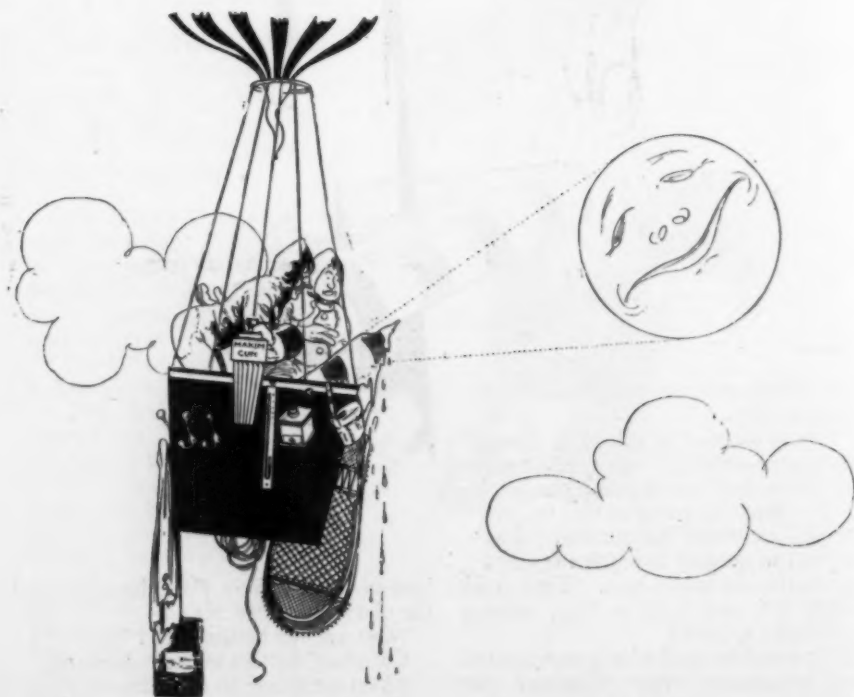
Christian saw his master's meaning.

"You are going to take it away!"

The Professor nodded.



"THE PROFESSOR HAD CAPTURED THE POLE"



"RAPIDLY MELTING UNDER A HOT SUN"

"What genius!" thought Christian.

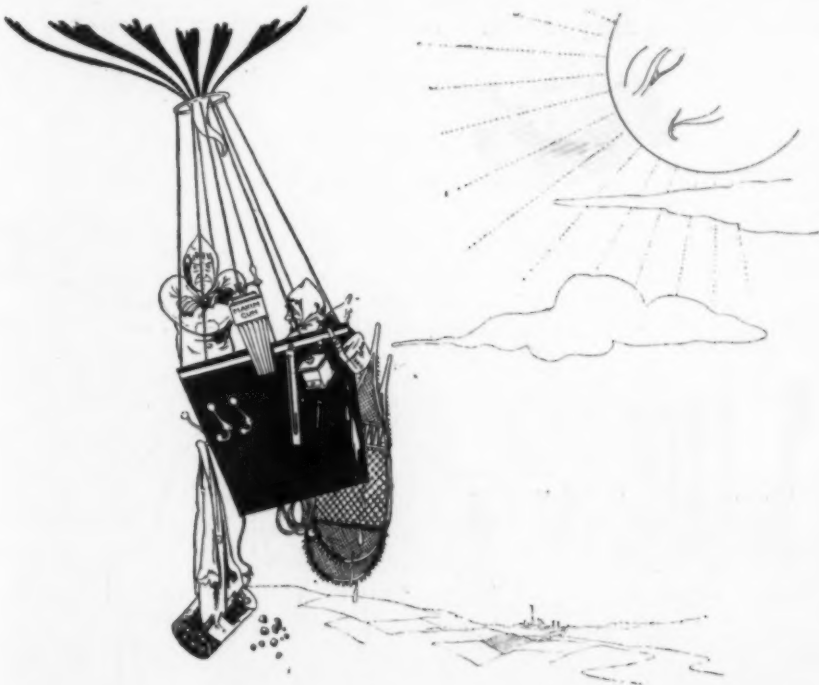
Then he cast forth the clothes-line with admirable dexterity.

"Heave ho!" cried the Professor.

There was a crash. The frustrated bergs gnashed their teeth; the frantic flocs lashed the water into foam; the aurora crackled with indignation; while mock suns and other phenomena (each in its way unique, but all common to these remarkable latitudes) manifested themselves to the best of their ability. But what is blind Nature when pitted

which the *Pram* travelled few things of any importance occur. But the weather grew warmer as the balloon flew swiftly southward, and all too soon an event, the possibility of which had been strangely enough overlooked, became an accomplished fact.

It happened that, chipping a fragment off the North Pole to cool a brandy and soda, the Professor forgot to wrap the priceless relic up in a blanket afterwards according to his custom; and a couple of hours later, on turning to do so, his



"A MERE STUMP OF THE MAJESTIC CURIOSITY ALONE REMAINED"

against the skill and subtlety of Conscious Intelligence? Nothing. The Professor lighted his cigar, while all those untamed and indigenous curiosities which inhabit the extreme North raised their voices in a long and mournful yell of anguish. Why?

The Professor had captured the Pole, and in so doing removed from that inhospitable region its sole possession of any value.

The return journey was performed with an almost monotonous lack of incident, for in those high elevations at

horror was extreme at finding the fruit of his adventure rapidly melting under a hot sun.

Smothering a Norwegian imprecation, the startled man of science laboured to preserve the fast fleeting fragments of the North Pole; but alas! it was too late. A mere stump of the majestic curiosity alone remained, and Muggsenn, stung to rashness by his disappointing discovery, nearly fell backwards out of the balloon. With admirable presence of mind the valet, Christian, succeeded in catching the remains of the Pole as it dripped and streamed over the edge

of the car, and by his ready wit and forethought he thus saved for the unfortunate Professor at least two quarts of pure North Pole water.

"Even that will be a curiosity," said Christian; "and at least, by producing it, you can prove that your account of the Pole is true."

Professor Muggsenn permitted the indomitable valet to comfort him.

"True," he answered, "the water is better than nothing, and will fetch good money. I shall sell it at fifty guineas a half-pint for Royal christenings and kindred imposing functions. Unfortunately, it happens that pure water is a

thing little used at imposing functions; but we must do the best we can."

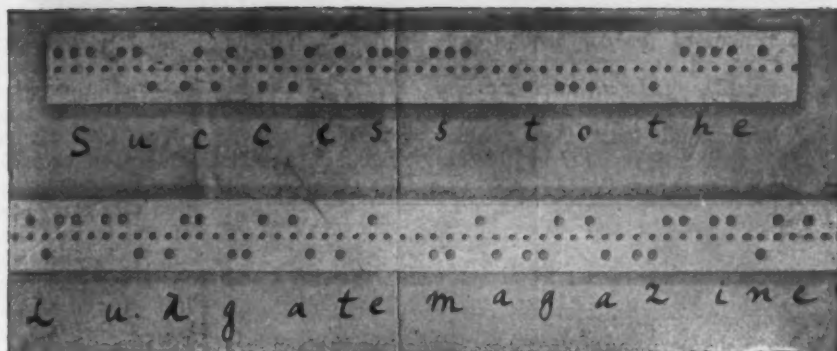
An hour later the fortunate discoverers cast forth their sheet-anchor, which by curious chance caught fast on a kiosk in the very Beer Gardens from whence they had originally started. Half-an-hour later the aeronauts entered a special train for the capital amid very general and enthusiastic expressions of good-will from the populace.

"Next year I go to the South Pole," said Professor Muggsenn. "I presume, Christian, my faithful fellow, that you will accompany that expedition?"

"I think not," said Christian.



"AT LEAST TWO QUARTS OF PURE NORTH POLE WATER"



MESSAGE TRANSMITTED BY AUTOMATIC SIGNALS

A Famous Atlantic Cable Station.

BY ROLAND BELFORT.

THE most famous of cable stations is Valentia, the principal ocean terminus in Europe of the Anglo-American Telegraph, the pioneer Atlantic Cable Company. Romantic and exciting episodes marked the laying of its first cables. Cyrus Field, Sir John Pender, Sir James Anderson, and Lord Kelvin played leading parts in this enterprise, whose successful realisation proved the dawn of a new era in international industry. Valentia is a small island off the south-west of Ireland. It is sparsely populated, the principal settlement being the cable station, a busy, thriving colony of about a hundred and sixty, where of fifty-five are employes. Built on a sheltered terrace overlooking the mainland, the station comprises sixteen houses: Cable office, superintendent's house, club house, bachelors' quarters, married men's cottages, and various minor outbuildings. Pretty gardens, cricket and tennis

grounds complete the settlement. The appointments throughout are appropriate and comfortable, and the Company spares no expense in promoting the welfare of the staff. Though living in this isolated district, they are always in touch with the outside world, every important event being known there shortly after its occurrence. For in-



LANDING-PLACE, CABLES PROTECTED BY IRON PIPES

stance, the successful Boat Race crew on the Derby crack have scarcely completed their course ere the Anglo has flashed the result to New York—fifteen seconds being the record.

The system of the corporation consists of 15 cables, aggregating 12,245 miles of cable. This includes one line from Brest to St. Pierre, Miquelon, 2,717 miles long, and four main cables averaging 1,867 miles each from Valentia

connects with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which controls about 21,000 offices and 780,000 miles of wire, besides working in unison with the South American and West Indian cable systems. Practically, the Anglo is in

direct communication with every part of the world. Besides its existing lines the Company has three main cables that are no longer worked. Before being finally abandoned they absorbed quite £2,000,000 in re-

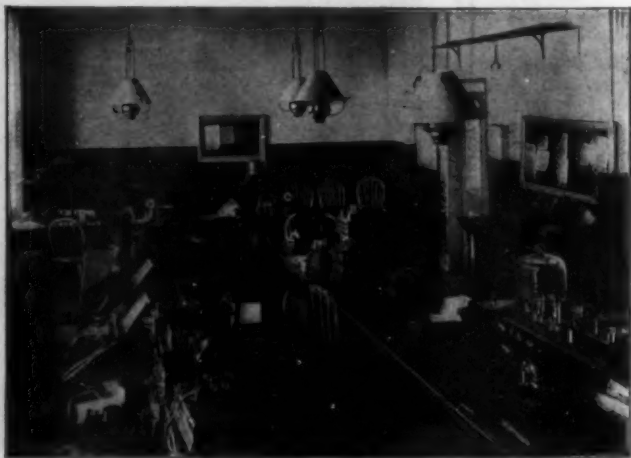


THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S STATION AT VALENTIA

to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, a counterpart of the Irish station. The latest cable, laid in '94, is the fastest in the world, by reason of the unusually heavy weight of its copper conductor and gutta-percha insulation. It cost £450,000, is 1,845 miles long, and weighs 4,600 tons. The conductor, which weighs 650 lbs. to the mile, is composed of a strand of thirteen copper wires aggregating 23,985 miles. Altogether, this cable contains enough copper wire, steel wire and jute yarn sheathing to stretch several miles round the world if laid in a single strand. Its carrying capacity is so great that no operator can work it to its utmost speed by hand, and automatic transmission has to be employed. The speed thus attained approaches fifty words a minute, and this is almost doubled by the use of the Duplex system. Duplexed land lines connect Valentia with the Company's offices in London, Liverpool, and other centres, while a special cable belonging to the German Government runs from Valentia to Emden, Germany. Branch cables and land lines place Heart's Content in instant communication with New York, Montreal, and other points. In America the Company

pairs. The Anglo has always been managed with enterprise and success, for, despite heavy expenses and keen competition, its Reserve Fund once touched £1,000,000. It has never ceased to provide the shortest and quickest route to America, or failed to maintain its position as the pioneer and principal Atlantic Company.

The central point of the station is the cable office, with the operating room, where the work of transmission is performed; the testing room, where the delicate electrical operations involved in

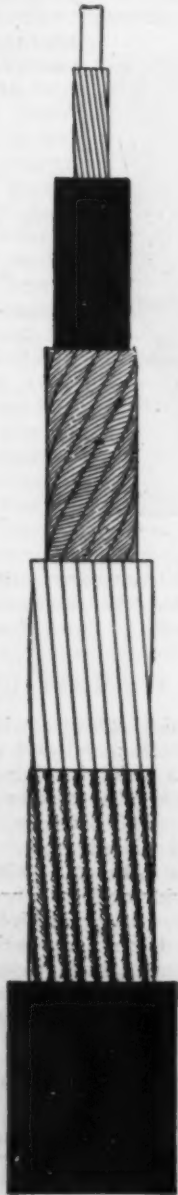


THE OPERATING ROOM

the maintenance and repair of the cables are effected; the mechanic's room, devoted to the inspection and repair of the various instruments and apparatus; and the battery room, containing five or six hundred cells. This cable office has

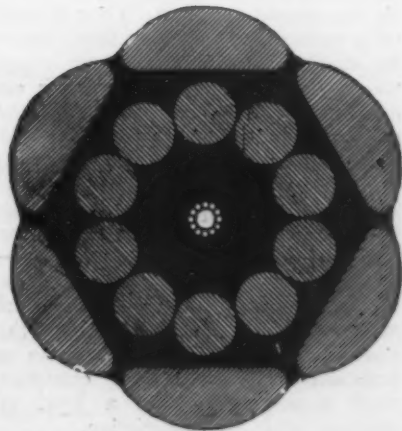
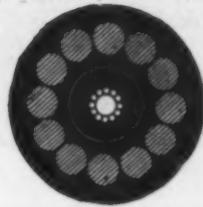
only been closed once in thirty years. Night and day communication has been kept up between the Old World and the New, and the recorders have rolled out

slightest defect, and every clerk is at his post. Little is heard beyond the buzz of the automatic transmitter, the click of the morse, and the sharp, metallic sound of the recorder "sending" keys, manipulated with bewildering rapidity. So expert are the operators that all messages are transmitted direct from the telegraphic signals without being transcribed. This



CABLE UNWRAPPED, SHOWING VARIOUS LAYERS

many thousands of miles of slip. When there is a "rush" the aspect of the place is vastly interesting. The manager is present, ever on the alert to remedy the



SECTIONS OF CABLE

"human relay" system ensures speed and accuracy, and the head of a message is often in London while its tail is still in New York. Even seconds are precious, and by systematic supervision the entire line is worked at maximum speed with a minimum of errors.

Formerly Lord Kelvin's mirror instrument was used. But this scientific

marvel had one fatal disadvantage—it left no trace of its work. Surpassing himself, he invented his famous siphon recorder. Its principal feature is a delicate glass siphon, about the thickness of an ordinary needle, crooked like a

cables are usually "clear" from six to ten, when the ordinary commercial traffic begins once more. The Anglo makes a feature of Stock Exchange work, a special cable being devoted thereto during the afternoon. Its offices being near the Stock Exchange in London, and in the New York Exchange building, such messages average twenty seconds in transmission. In London the brokers throw their messages through a pigeon-hole, where they are snapped up and flashed to New York long before the senders can return to their "market." In New York the system is curious and characteristic. Brokers roll their messages into



THE "MINIA"

bent forefinger, which is so finely suspended that it moves to and fro in obedience to the impulse imparted to it by the distant operator. Thus it traces on a narrow slip of paper, kept running by clockwork, the mysterious signals which the operators translate with ease and rapidity. By means of Muirhead's duplex system—applied to all the cables—messages are transmitted both ways at the same time over the same cable. Moreover, the Company has long worked the automatic transmitter, which combines high speed with accuracy, thanks to the absolute uniformity of the signals. Cablists vary in skill as "senders," the majority being recognisable by their touch. Some men's signals come out beautifully, whilst others exasperate their correspondents by a light and shadowy style of transmission.

About midnight, the Anglo's busiest time, the New York business and press messages have already reached London. Later on comes traffic from the Far West, South America and the West Indies. Between four and five a.m. the London correspondents and the news agencies hand in their despatches for the American morning journals. These messages range in length from 200 to 5,000 and even 10,000 words. The

a ball, drop them down a flight of steps into the cable office, and—the Company does the rest. "Stocks" are generally brief:—

"E." 1210. kickshaw squib winkle.

This comical cablegram, in which "E" expresses both name and address, may represent a deal involving £100,000. In the evening the commercial, official, and other traffic pours in, keeping the cables busy till midnight. The Anglo, in common with all cable companies, suffers considerable loss through the use of code language, which has become universal. Here is a specimen phrase, chosen from among thousands; with unconscious humour the compiler presented a copy of his vocabulary to a prominent cable manager!

WYTAC. As there was only . . . offered, which we have bought, we could not fill the whole of your order at limit. The best we can do for balance will be as follows . . . subject to immediate reply.

This despatch would have cost 38s. But in code it could be sent 4,000 miles in ten minutes for 3s. Not only do senders thus skele-

tonise their messages, but they also invent some very extraordinary and even spurious words. To correct this abuse the Berne Telegraphic Administration has compiled an official vocabulary of 240,000 words, which may soon become compulsory for European messages. Whether this work is likely to attain the desired object may be judged by the following specimen message:—

CLYTUM, LONDON.

innexneris kleopompos langueycur
sviluppara obstitisti radijsaad

There are hundreds of code messages daily, and they must all be rushed through at literally lightning speed, so that cablists need sharp eyes and acute brains. Despite all difficulties, errors are comparatively rare, as an ingenious system of checking facilitates instant detection of any mistake.

This company's cables escape the damage caused in other latitudes by earthquakes, the tiny teredos, the saw-fish, and other enemies. But they are exposed to fractures by ships' anchors, icebergs, whales, constant friction on rocky ledges, and sometimes the grapnels of repairing steamers. Cables are becoming so numerous in the Atlantic, where they will soon form a criss-cross of lines, that it will be difficult to raise one without first raising, and sometimes breaking, several others. Repairing work is extremely expensive, owing to the great depths and the brief periods during which the sea is calm enough to permit the cable to be raised. Sometimes one is hooked and broken as many as thirty times before being finally raised. The Company has paid £50,000, £70,000, and even £90,000 for certain protracted repairing expeditions. Its cables, being laid in comparatively shallow water on the other side, are especially liable to fractures from fishing-vessels' anchors. Hence the repairing steamer *Minia* is stationed at Boston, prepared to put to sea at an hour's notice. The ship's maintenance represents a serious outlay, owing to the arduous and tech-

nical nature of the work, which necessitates a large and well-trained staff, capable of conducting operations amidst fogs, hurricanes, snow-storms, or icebergs. The repairing exploits of the *Minia* are legendary throughout the service, one hundred and twenty repairs having been effected without a single failure. Though the Company handles about 9,000,000 words per annum, its dividends are more than modest. They are paid on a capital of £7,000,000, a portion of which is sunk in abandoned cables, and the general expenses are very heavy. Such a station as Valentia yields no direct revenue; all the instruments and apparatus are costly, every portion of the plant must be kept in perfect order, and the latest developments in electrical science must be promptly adopted.

Many historical and curious messages have been flashed through these cables. The entire text of Disraeli's *Lothair* was cabled to New York. Another remarkable despatch was that sent by the American Government to Napoleon III. respecting the withdrawal of French troops from Mexican territory. This contained several thousand words. One of the first official messages sent was to

Atlantic Telegraph Company.

Valentia Station.

Received per the Atlantic Telegraph Company,

the following Message, this 17th day of

August 1858 Sunday

Commenced 12 56 P.M. Recd by Sunday

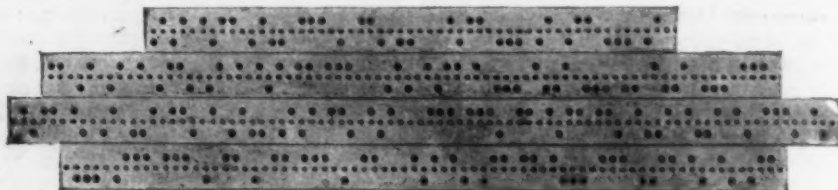
Finished 1 21 P.M.

and Whitehouse Mr Cunard
wishes telegraph Mr. Pater Europe
Collinson Arthur put into Atlantic
no lives lost will you do it.
they expect now arrival
the last

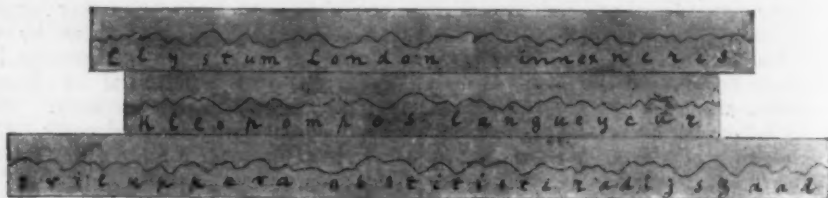
countermand a mailed order for the Sixty-second Regiment to return from Canada to England for service in India. The message, which may have cost £20, saved Britain £90,000. Criminals are arrested, newspapers edited, chess games played, weather reports and astronomical calculations checked, and every species of public and private business transacted secretly and rapidly by cable.

Operators work, on an average, eight hours a day or night. They work in brigades, generally, from mid-night to eight a.m., eight a.m. to four p.m., and

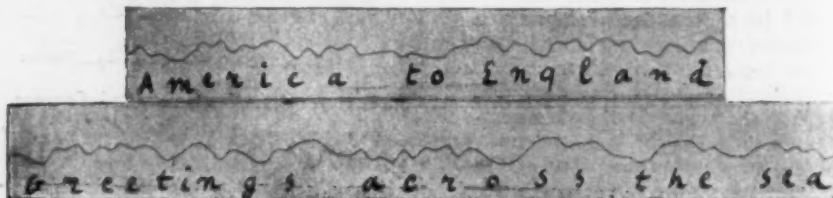
pleasures, and the cablists have so many advantages that the majority really enjoy this comfortable though quiet life. Indeed, the service generally offers a fine field for British telegraphists, who are to be found wherever cables are laid. They enjoy this roving life, with its opportunities for adventurous travel, novel experience, and rapid advancement. In '50 there was not a single submarine cable in existence. To-day, thanks mainly to the enterprise of the British, who have made of cable telegraphy a national speciality, there are about 1,390 cables, aggregating



CODE MESSAGE AS TRANSMITTED BY AUTOMATIC SIGNALS FROM VALENTIA



CODE MESSAGE AS RECEIVED IN RECORDER SIGNALS AT HEART'S CONTENT



A MESSAGE RECEIVED AT VALENTIA

four p.m. to mid-night. They are well paid and well treated: half of their insurance premiums are paid by the Company, and each man gets a yearly holiday on full pay. Off duty they enjoy perfect freedom, and are provided with ample facilities for all kinds of indoor and outdoor recreation. In the summer life here is very pleasant, Valentia being visited by many tourists attracted by the magnificent scenery and bold, picturesque views that abound along the coast. But in winter, when fogs, rain, and storms prevail, the general aspect is naturally less inviting. However, even this dull season brings its

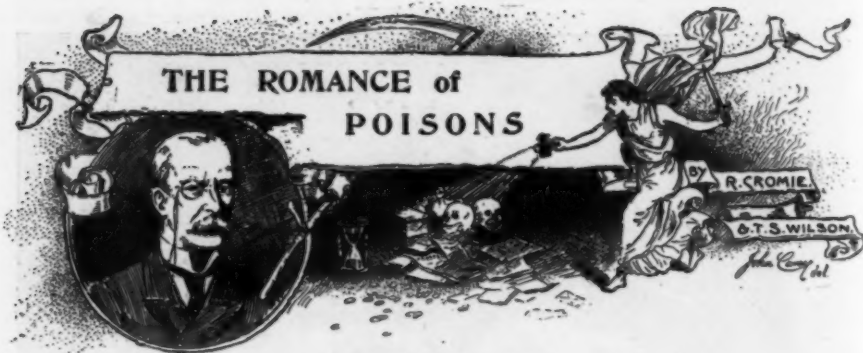
161,385 miles, laid beneath the waters of the world. Nine-tenths of these were manufactured on the banks of the Thames. A capital of about £45,000,000, an army of 20,000 men, chiefly English, and a special fleet of forty ships are engaged in the business, and every important point of the globe is in direct communication with London, the controlling centre of the world's nervous system.

For the sections of cable illustrating this article we are indebted to Mr. George Tucker, of the *Electrician*, while the photographs of slip, &c., have been kindly furnished by the Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

Paris Statues.



II.—SHAKESPEARE



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE DEAD ADDER.



URGEON - COLONEL HEDFORD was much benefited by the breezes of Melton-on-Sea, notwithstanding his little spell of professional work during his stay there. He returned to Salchester in better health and with more vital energy than he had possessed since he first accepted the novel rôle of scientific detective which had been thrust upon him. His reserve of nervous force had been strongly supplemented by the comparatively quiet interval, and he was once more fit for anything that required a cool or normal brain and a steady, mental balance. These were exactly the factors that were most necessary in the duty which awaited him on his return. This duty announced itself the morning after his arrival. It stared him in the face from the agony column of *The Times*.

"Wanted, the heirs or relatives of John Archdale, late of the Indian Civil Service. Apply to F. A. Turner, Solicitor, 12, Duncairn Street, Salchester."

The advertisement was sufficiently vague. It might mean a great deal or nothing at all. It was, however, a coincidence that Hedford had met the late John Archdale when in India, and knew a little about him. That knowledge did not amount to much; to little more than that Archdale was a good administrator and an educated naturalist.

Also that he had by careful economy—and a certain method that officials sometimes acquire in remote stations of adding to their incomes without causing scandal—amassed a considerable fortune. If the advertisement had caught the eye of the specialist a fortnight earlier he might not have given it a second thought. Under his altered condition of health he opened his writing desk on the spot and wrote a hasty note to the solicitor, whom he knew, explaining his acquaintance with the dead man, and offering his services gratuitously. He might as well keep his hand in. Mr. Turner replied by return post, asking for an interview at his earliest convenience.

Surgeon - Colonel Hedford arrived punctually, as was usual with him, at 12, Duncairn Street. He was cordially received by the solicitor, a tall, keen-eyed, prominent-nosed, close-shaven man, of a countenance genial rather than legal, and of that presence and bearing which suggests the contented mind that is a continual feast. Turner's hair was white, but, like that of the prisoner of Chillon, it had not grown so in a single night as men's have done from sudden fears. It went that way in easy stages, and the face below the snowy skull-cap was still young, the sort of face that grows old slowly.

"Sit down, Colonel Hedford," the solicitor said, affably. "I am very glad to see you. Indeed, you are the very man I want in the difficult case that has just been entrusted to me——"

"Difficult!" Hedford interposed. "I

have been accustomed latterly to cases of difficulty. But, if you will excuse me, I cannot see any element of difficulty in this. The man died. You want to find his heirs?"

"That is not all," Turner said in a somewhat melodramatic voice. "I want to know how he died as well. It might mean as much to me as the finding of the heirs."

"Natural causes," according to the

both as a rule forestall the public in that direction. But to waive the point, do you recognise this photograph?"

"I do," Hedford answered readily. "It is the photograph of Henry Morewood, Archdale's secretary. Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"I think," the solicitor said with asperity, "that he has the manners of a



"DO YOU RECOGNISE THE PHOTOGRAPH?"

verdict. I see from this report that the death was sudden. There was an inquest."

"Oh, yes! There was an inquest and that was the verdict. But we don't rely much on it. Coroner's juries have been somewhat discredited latterly——"

"Pardon me," Hedford put in; "they have not been discredited latterly. That would be impossible."

"I accept the correction," Turner said good-humouredly. "It would no doubt be impossible to discredit an average coroner or his jury, considering that they

cad, and the countenance of a cut-throat."

"I am sorry to differ with you again," Hedford replied in a quiet voice. "But I think you're rather hard—upon the cut-throat!"

Turner laughed unaffectedly. The joke emphasised his own point of view. A joke must be unconscionably dull when it fails to amuse a man under those circumstances. It was, however, with a very serious air that the solicitor leant forward in his chair, and placing his hand on Hedford's knee said in a

whisper: "Have you any idea what Archdale died worth?"

"None whatever."

"Well, he died worth £40,000, and if his heirs, exors., admors., &c.—you know the rhyme—cannot be discovered this money goes to Morewood. Archdale was so long abroad that we can find neither kith nor kin."

"By the way," Hedford interrupted, "why do you want to find these heirs-at-law? I mean, what is your share in the matter? Who has retained you?"

"Archdale!"

"The man himself?"

"Yes; read that!"

It was a letter from Archdale to Turner. It mentioned the writer's infirm health, his expectation of an early death, his disposition of his property, viz.:—Morewood to inherit if a blood relation could not be discovered within twelve months of the writer's death, and it concluded with an extraordinarily urgent petition for zealous search. It seemed as if the testator had made his will under compulsion, and was anxious at the last moment to stultify its provisions. Hedford compared the date of the letter with that of the journal containing the account of the inquest, and said to the solicitor:

"Archdale must have died very soon after writing to you?"

"He died within an hour."

"And Morewood! what has he done? Anything suspicious?"

"Quite the contrary. He found the body, informed the police, gave excellent evidence, and was complimented by the Coroner."

Hedford at this point in the conversation arose, walked leisurely and somewhat noisily to the door of the private room and looked out. He saw nothing suspicious, and did not shut the door carefully. This was unusual with him, for in important consultations he always closed the door or doors of the room with as much caution as if he expected to be besieged. He let this one slam too carelessly. He had not therefore quite recovered his professional exactness—or his mind may have been otherwise engaged.

A long consultation followed, and when it was over Turner placed a carefully-drawn statement of the circumstances connected with Archdale's death in Colonel Hedford's hands. The

specialist left with a promise to communicate his opinion thereon at the earliest moment. He walked along the street at a quick pace until he found a cab; hailing this he drove straight home, and on his arrival there retired to the room which was his study, laboratory, and detective-office all in one, and at once commenced the perusal of Turner's brief.

Colonel Hedford had barely got through the introduction to this weighty document when Chundra Dass knocked at the door and entered the room.

"Stranger, sahib——"

"Not at home!"

"Sahib says you will see him when you know that his name is——"

"Henry Morewood," said a voice at the door. The man must have followed the Hindoo servant from the hall.

The action in itself was impertinent, and there was in addition an ugly leer of unwelcome familiarity on Morewood's repulsive face, and an insolent ring in his voice, which could hardly be agreeable to the master of any house into which they were intruded. The master of this particular house was not accustomed to suffer insolence at home or elsewhere. He arose and faced his visitor, saying, sharply:

"I regret I am engaged." To Chundra Dass, "See this gentleman out."

"Not yet, please," Morewood said, coolly, to the servant. "I must have a talk with your master first. I wish to speak to you, sir, about the affairs of the late John Archdale, which I understand are interesting you at present."

This was rather embarrassing, but Hedford kept his countenance. He did not move a muscle as he answered: "You make a slight dialectical error. The affairs of the late John Archdale are not interesting me—they are only occupying me. You are quite welcome to the admission."

"The more especially, I presume, as I was already acquainted with its tenor." The man sat down uninvited, drew a cigar from his case—Hedford was smoking—lighted it, crossed his legs, and lay back in the chair. Hedford watched him sharply to judge, if possible, if his coolness was real or mere bravado. It appeared to be altogether real. There seemed to be nothing sham about it. There was nothing artificial either about his face. It was frankly brutal.

"Now about that brief of yours!" Morewood nodded at the bundle of paper which Hedford had thrown on a side table, and in spite of himself the veteran winced. He did so visibly. Morewood noticed this, and paused to allow the point he had made to achieve its full effect. Mean-time the "old hand" thought fast.

"About that brief of yours! Perhaps if you took me into your confidence you would get on faster with it."

"I do not intend to do so," Hedford answered quietly; "so we need not discuss the subject further. If, however, you have any information you wish to—dispose of—I might be able to treat with you. This of course is unlikely considering that the *status quo* is entirely in your favour." Morewood, he thought, was "bluffing," and in consequence it would be a fatal mistake to give way too easily, although any assistance that could be wrung out of him was desirable.

"You know a great deal about it," Morewood sneered.

"Pardon me,"

Hedford said imperturbably, "you are again—dialectically—in error. I know little or nothing about it at present, but I shall know a good deal more about it before long, and about you."

"I doubt that."

"We shall see."

"The reason I doubt is this," Morewood said as he arose: "My knowledge of your own actions and purposes,

which, as you may have observed, is considerable, is not gained through the usual backstairs detective methods with which you, I understand, are familiar, but by the new super-scientific process of which you must have heard."

"Very singular," Hedford put in



"HENRY MOREWOOD," SAID A VOICE AT THE DOOR.

courteously. "Premising that I am of the opinion that there is no super-scientific process, may I ask what is the particular form of dementia to which you allude?"

"You mean, how I gained my knowledge of your motives as well as of your actions so far as they were influenced by me or influenced me?"

"Precisely!"

"Telepathy!"

"This is really most interesting," Hedford said blandly, "for prior to your explanation I distinctly attributed your knowledge and subsequent action to information received from a clerk of Turner's, who I am aware listened to the beginning of our consultation."

"Then you will find before you are through with this job that I have not been to the East for nothing, and that I happen to know a few things outside the philosophy of solicitor Turner himself, not to speak of his confidential clerk. Once for all, do you decline my assistance? It will not be offered again."

"I am afraid I am obliged to decline your assistance." This with studied courtesy.

"Might I ask—merely from idle curiosity—your reasons?"

"I would much prefer not to give them. They might give offence."

"Permit me to insist."

"Well, if you insist, I decline your help owing to your foolish pretence to super-scientific powers—in short, on the ground that I consider you an ignorant and insolent charlatan. Be careful about the steps. There are three. Chundra Dass will light you down the main staircase."

Hedford rang an electric bell. His visitor laughed an unpleasant and partly triumphant ha! ha! as he went down the stairs. The laugh had an evil ring in it. It was the laugh of a courageous rascal.

"So I have a bold knave to deal with this time," the toxicologist said thoughtfully as he selected a fresh cigar. "But there is always a way out of the wood which the boldest knave plants. And this is only a clumsy woodman. He has no eye for perspective. He forgets the most salient point of view."

This was all very well. But the problem Turner had stated was not much furthered by such optimistic reflections as the man who made them was inclined to admit when he had finished his brief.

Next morning Surgeon-Colonel Hedford proceeded with renewed vigour in the pursuit of his new mission. He had first an interview with ex-detective Trowbrigg, whom he summoned by telegraph from town, and set to work.

Then he called on Turner, to whom he only conveyed that he had seen the man, Morewood.

"And you got precious little out of him, I'll be bound," the burly solicitor said with emphasis.

"Not much, indeed, but I shall get more this evening. Where does he live?"

Turner rang a bell. His confidential clerk answered it.

"What is Mr. Henry Morewood's address? You know it, don't you?"

The question was entirely candid. Turner noticed nothing, but Hedford observed that the confidential clerk paled slightly and stammered as he answered: "I can find out, sir."

"Find the deuce. I thought you were a friend of his."

Hedford looked out of the window. A couple of swallows were twittering and chattering together on an eave opposite, and resting after their long day's flight over green meadows and well-kept gardens, whence they swung upward when the atmosphere changed for great stretches through the azure sky. To a man of any science all science is interesting. All branches cannot, of course, be pursued simultaneously with profit; for each, be it the humblest, demands the concentration of the whole of the mortal span. Hedford was a physiologist. Ornithology, however, was interesting—for three-quarters of a minute. This short period of time was sufficient for the confidential clerk to recover confidence. That was what Colonel Hedford wanted.

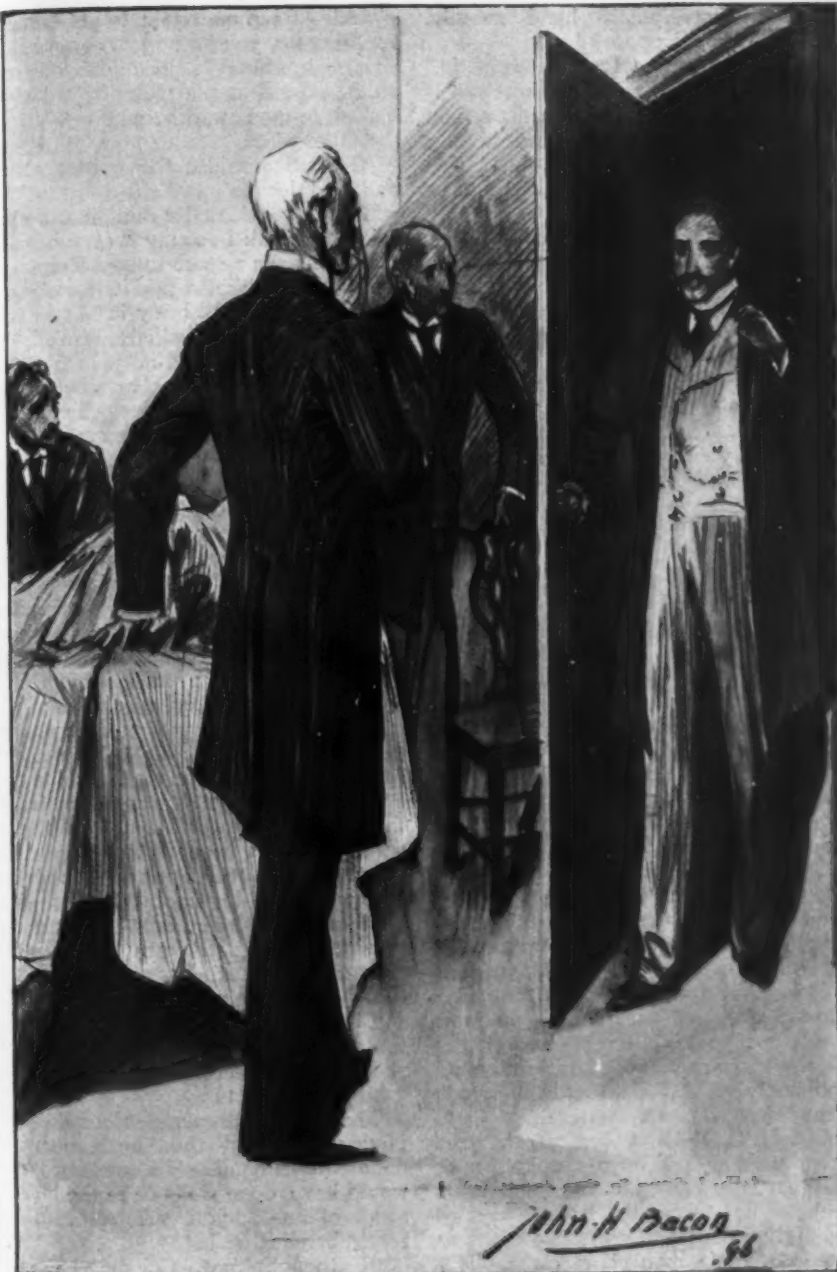
"No, sir—that is not to any extent," the confidential clerk stammered.

"O, very well, it does not matter. You can go."

When the clerk had left the room the solicitor asked: "What shall we do now? We can easily get the address, but what are you going to do with it?"

"It depends entirely on how far you are interested. If you are only slightly interested I should advise the immediate withdrawal of your advertisements."

"The truth is—I am interested to the amount of a thousand pounds. That amount would not make or break the Bank of England, but it would be a substantial item in my year's income. In fact, I want it very badly. The offer was made in a second letter which reached me simultaneously with the



"HENRY MOREWOOD STOOD THERE"

first. I would have shown it to you if I had thought it mattered."

"It does not really matter. I think if I were in your place I would—what do you call it?—set the law in motion."

"Bother the law, I am not going to

live a thousand years!" this very candid lawyer exclaimed.

Then you wish to proceed, as it were informally; that is, you wish me to act according to my own methods."

"Certainly!" The solicitor arose and

shook the specialist's hand warmly. "What do you propose?"

"The first thing I propose to do," Hedford said quietly but directly, "is privately to exhume the body. You must be present at this, and if any prosecution should follow—for this Morewood is a cunning rascal—you must appear as sole defendant."

"God bless me, Colonel Hedford, that is a strange way of tracing Archdale's heirs."

"I do not propose to trace his heirs; that can only be done by your advertisements, or by other hands than mine."

"And may I ask whom do you hope to trace by exhuming the body?"

"I hope to trace its murderer; which may serve your purpose as well as the tracing of its heirs."

The solicitor reflected for some minutes, and then said in a hesitating voice: "You wish to be clear of all risk, and you wish me to be the sole defendant?"

"By no means," Hedford interrupted, rising; "I have no wish whatever in the matter. I think you would be extremely ill-advised to take any risk, unless you think it might be worth your while."

"Can you guarantee——?"

"I guarantee nothing. This is our position. I am a specialist in poisons, more especially in eastern poisons. I am inclined to think from the facts connected with the death of this man Archdale that he has been murdered by Morewood. As there were no wounds or marks of violence on the body I naturally suspect that the victim was poisoned. I also suspect that the poison was no ordinary one, or the symptoms could not possibly have escaped the doctor who was examined at the inquest; and, lastly, as Archdale and Morewood were well-known naturalists and botanists in India, I suspect that the agent used is, I have said, unknown or only partially known in this country. I consider, however, that I have at least as much knowledge of eastern poisons as either of these men could claim. If I had the body I would very soon inform you what it died of. That would be the first step."

"And the second?"

"Depends upon the result of the first. I must wish you good-day. If you care to bring the body to your own house on Thursday night—say by eleven

o'clock—I can undertake to get through in time for you to bury it again before daybreak, although the nights now are short. Send me a note before eight o'clock to-morrow, otherwise——"

"Otherwise?"

"I shall consider the matter at an end, and decline to take it up again."

Turner considered a minute and then said: "I think I see my way. Besides, I myself have a score to pay Morewood, and I would like to pay it liberally. I shall bring—I shall bring it."

"Very good," Hedford replied. "I shall expect you—and it."

Several days had to elapse before the appointment would be due. Trowbrigg worked hard during the interval.

When the patient, and, to the lay mind, loathsome examination was over, Hedford laid down his surgeon's knives and put away the antiseptics in readiness in case of accident, and locked up his numerous tubes and other professional paraphernalia. Turner watched these preparations with a white, drawn face. Two bearers, as they might be called, snored peacefully on comfortable sofas which had been thoughtfully provided for the repose of their gin-sodden carcasses. Trowbrigg was also there, as mysterious-looking as usual. The persons who have been indicated were the only occupants of the room in addition to the cut-up thing upon the table.

"What is it?" Turner asked hoarsely. "I would not go through this again for ten thousand, much less one. What was the poison?"

"That's just what bothers me at the moment," Hedford answered; "there is no trace of poison in the body."

"I thought not!"

The door had been opened unobserved. Henry Morewood stood by it, with the handle in his hand. His mocking laugh would have done violence to the artistic sense of an Adelphi villain. Hedford remembered it well.

"I thought not, Colonel Hedford, although you thought there would be. Another case of coincidence! No super-scientific process here! Simply the information of an eaves-dropping lawyer's clerk!"

The eaves-dropping clerk was evidently done his work as well as I could have wished," Hedford answered, without

moving a muscle. Turner stared open-mouthed. The bearers fell sleepily off their sofas, struggled to their feet, sat down again and gaped. Trowbrigg never stirred. The clock ticked audibly. It almost sounded harshly. Morewood began again:

"The clerk has good ears to hear through a closed oaken door."

"A partially closed door. I partially unclosed it."

"And this man's servant mistook me for a Maharajah——"

"By my direction."

Morewood seized a chair and sat down heavily. He was in a highly nervous condition, and it escaped him that he had not mentioned to Hedford which Maharajah he had personated when he was so obligingly conducted to the operating-room. The man was really a charlatan, as Hedford had called him, but he partly believed in his own empiricism. Besides, he had a card in reserve that would serve him well even if this grey-moustached specialist actually possessed the telepathic power to which he himself had pretended so long that he had almost grown to believe in it. He recovered himself in a moment, and, rising from his chair, played his last card—his last but one.

"You are still convinced that that—man—was poisoned?"

"I am inclined to think so," Hedford answered.

"In spite of the fact that you have found no trace?"

Hedford bowed.

"I suppose you have a theory—as usual?"

"I have formed one."

"If I tell you correctly what your theory is, will you be so good as not to ascribe it to the information of this gentleman's confidential clerk." He nodded towards Turner contemptuously.

"I will be so good."



"SPRANG UPON MOREWOOD"

"Then your theory is——" (he was about to take a bold step, and he paused) "your theory is that Archdale died from the hypodermic injection of the dried venom of snake poison."

"Of that of the death adder," Hedford agreed.

"I was about to say that."

"I expected you would."

"Thank you. For what reason?"

"Because you administered it yourself." To the "bearers": "Seize him! More of it will probably be found upon him."

The "bearers," willing for any riot, sprang upon Morewood, and pinned him against the wall.

"Bah! my good Colonel, tell your rascals to take their fingers from my throat—they are not light-fingered gentry by any means—and I will tell you something you little suspect."

"Unloose him, but see that he does not break out or draw a weapon," Hedford commanded. The men obeyed. Morewood breathed more freely when their hands were off his throat.

"Archdale died from the effects of the dried venom of the death adder, as you have correctly diagnosed. But it was self-administered. Read that: I offered it to you before, but you would not treat with me."

He threw a paper towards the table. It fell upon the *thing* that was upon it. Morewood went white for a second, but instantly recovered his countenance.

Colonel Hedford picked up the paper, and read aloud:

"I am tired of life, and have decided to have done with it. At the same time, I do not wish that the stigma of an ancestral or relative suicide should rest on any of my people, if they can be found. I shall, therefore, inoculate myself with snake poison, which leaves no trace in the body, and so save them this so-called disgrace.—(Signed) John Archdale."

"Ha! ha!" Morewood laughed. "So my very learned specialist and detective-toxicologist, &c., that is all, and it isn't very much!"

Trowbrigg had taken no part

hitherto against Morewood, but he had faced round during this conversation, and was now watching him intently. The fiasco appeared to be over, and nothing apparently remained but to re-bury the dead and hush up the scandal, when the ex-detective sprang to his feet and burst out—

"No, it is not all. There is some more. Your name is not Henry Morewood, nor yet Thompson as I thought. I have been on the wrong track, Colonel Hedford, altogether wrong. This man's name is Sam Clark. He is wanted for the Ripple Hill murder these ten years. I know him now. I will be responsible for his arrest."

"Wait," Hedford cried out. "There is something on the back of this paper. I see some faint tracings on the other side. Let's make them plainer." He splashed some chemical over the sheet, and the lines were soon faintly legible. He read aloud:—

"Morewood has compelled me to do this, and also to make my will in his favour. The mysterious process by which he has contrived to achieve my complete mental subjugation I have not time to tell. I have written this in the only way in which it could pass his eye, and in the hope that some one will decipher it. Knowing that he was gradually gaining this terrible hold over me, I wrote to a solicitor named Turner—"

The writing ended there.

"Take hold of him!" Hedford shouted. Morewood waved them off. He had a hypodermic needle in his right hand. With this he pricked a vein in his left arm. Bowing to Hedford, he said with his diabolical and defiant laugh:

"The death adder!"



The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



"BLIMEY, IF IT WEREN'T A COPPER!"

"So," says 'Enery, "I don't see no yoise in these 'ere fogs."

"Ho!" says I. "Doncher? Hi do. The next as comes along, I tikes—and chawnce it."

So I tikes the next, and darns 'im with a kick in the bend of 'is knee.

And, blimey, if it weren't a copper! So thet were artside fur me agen. Them fogs is too much of a speccylition fur my tyste.

"My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

III.—MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

HERR JULIUS BEERBOHM was a proud man on a morning in the year 1853. A son and heir had been born to the worthy merchant—the merchant who, crossing to London from the Baltic, where his father before him had done great things as timber trader, commenced a remarkably successful career as grain merchant. The subject of this sketch was sent across to the Continent to school, at Schnepfeuthal. I do not know whether he distinguished himself very much as scholar; but it is certain—unromantic though it may sound—that in order to avoid being "pressed" for service in the German armies against France, he came to London and entered his father's office in 1870.

"O, yes," said Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in reply to my questioning, "I joined one of the many amateur dramatic societies; it was called 'The Irrationals,' and as one of its members I did a great deal of work of a sort—of a sort varied enough in all conscience. And I don't deny that as an amateur I gained considerable experience."

"But when did the real thing happen?" I insisted.—"Not until 1878: and in what character, of all characters, do you think? As Grimaldi! It was at the Globe Theatre, at a *matinée*, and the success achieved was sufficient to induce me to adopt the profession."

I remarked that it sounded not a little singular to hear the Svengali and Falstaff of to-day describing his First Stage Appearance as having been made in the character of Grimaldi.

"Not more strange, perhaps," he suggested, with a smile, "than for the public who may read this interview to be reminded that my two first genuine, or 'big,' successes were made as the Reverend Robert Spalding in *The Private Secretary*, and as Macari, the spy, in *Called Back*—both created by myself. Not that I have played so very many villains, you know."

As for what is and what is not "Art," Mr. Tree is, and has been ever since his "First Appearance," de-

cided and explicit. As an actor, he does not believe in the efficacy of symbolism. He expressed this thought to me so happily and so forcibly that I here



MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE

venture to reproduce his exact words: "To symbolise is the work of the commentator, not of the artist—and the one frequently lacks the imagination with which the other is gifted. The artist must get his effect at all cost. Whether the amphitryon subscribe to letters, art, the stage, or politics, this must be the case. Perhaps the story of Mr. Frank Holl and the Bishop illustrates best the difficulty that will beset the artist when striving for the effect which he feels positive is lurking in the vicinity, but which is still unattained. His sitter heard Mr. Holl using certain striking words. 'I wish you would not use such language,' quoth the Bishop. 'I am not swearing at your lordship,' replied the painter, aggrievedly, but at this d—d picture.' And when it comes, this long-looked-for effect, if it is going to be a masterpiece, comes simply, solidly, with no blare of trumpets, no mere aids to effectiveness. For have not the most tuneful poems ever penned, the finest pictures ever painted, the greatest inventions ever given to the world, been distinguished by this quality of simplicity? One notices the very same characteristics overshadowing the lives of great men. But the gift of thinking with the author whose imagina-

tive work is unfolded before you—thinking with him in every phase of thought and every direction in which he wills that you should follow him—is indisputably essential to a right interpretation of the whole."

Thus encouraged (and entirely forgetful, I fear, of that First Appearance), I asked Mr. Tree what he thought upon the question of the moral and the immoral in stage art. He replied, with equal clearness: "You can no more assert that (for instance), Ibsen's tendency is not 'good' than you can seriously say that the tendency of Greek tragedy is improper. It is terrible, if you like—so is Ibsen sometimes. The bent of him can be so lofty as to irritate the mind of the average spectator. 'I am a poet,' says Ibsen's countryman Bjornson, 'not because I write verse—so many people can do that—but because all that concerns humanity concerns me.' Bjornson says what the greater poet has been saying all his life. 'All that concerns humanity' is the comprehensive 'all' that concerns Ibsen."

It may be added, in conclusion, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the only actor who has been privileged to lecture before the Royal Institution.



The Cost of Criminal Relics.

By FRANK BANFIELD.

SOME short time ago there appeared in the columns of the daily papers paragraphs referring to the intended purchase by Madame Tussaud's of the lantern which played so important a part in the discovery of the perpetrators of the Muswell Hill murder. Forty pounds was said to have been offered for the relic by the proprietors of the mammoth waxwork exhibition, while fabulous sums were reported to have been asked for the original manuscript of Milsom's more or less mendacious but still picturesque confession. I read the paragraphs with the same interest as the rest of the public, for, since the beard of Gengulphus turned King's evidence, never has crime been more dramatically tripped up. It was satisfactory reading, and prompted one to endorse anew the ancient sentiment which the late Mr. Barham rendered thus:

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,

And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,

As you'll see if you look in a rather scarce book,

"God's Revenge against Murder," by one Mr. Reynolds.

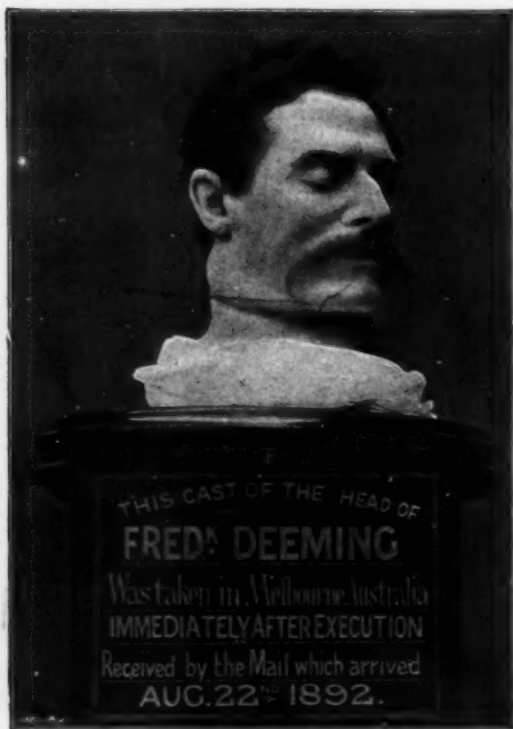
Then it occurred to me that Madame Tussaud's might be able and willing to supply some interesting information as to the cash value of criminal relics, and further, that a morning spent in the Chamber of Horrors would bring home to one more vividly the popular passion for mementoes of criminals. The officials

of Madame Tussaud's very courteously aided me to the best of their ability, and my facts, such as they are, have the sanction of their imprimatur.

It must be borne in mind that the commercial value of their slender possessions is well understood by the defendants in a sensational criminal trial. At least, their legal advisers are not likely to let them remain oblivious of their queer and more or less posthumous assets. Moreover, certain recent

purchases made by Messrs. Tussaud have been calculated to impress the imagination of criminals, their friends and creditors.

For example, the kitchen of Dinham Villa, Rainhill, cost the firm something like £700. That was the scene, it will be remembered, of one of Deeming's most atrocious murders. The bringing of this relic to London was a very smart



DEEMING AFTER DEATH
From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

piece of work. It weighed about six or seven tons, the weight of it materially damaging the frame of the pantechnicon in which it was confined. Madame Tussaud's representative went down to Rainhill, outbid the other competing showmen, started for home in a special train on Saturday with his prize, and on Monday had it in the Chamber of Horrors in time for thousands of Bank

produced in every detail. There is the little table at which the wife and the mistress sat, just under the window, of which two panes of glass were smashed in the struggle following Mrs. Pearcey's murderous assault with the poker. For this window-frame Madame Tussaud's paid £10 to the landlord of Mrs. Pearcey's house. The kitchen table, mousetrap, crockery, and so on, were all purchased



MRS. PEARCEY'S PERAMBULATOR

From a photograph by E. J. P-yser

Holiday visitors to enjoy the pleasure of feeling their flesh creep. It is the framework for a portrait-model of Deeming, who stands leaning on his spade in his shirt-sleeves, resting a moment from the labour of preparing a burying-place for the bodies of his murdered wife and children.

A great deal of money, too, was laid out on relics associated with the murderess Mrs. Pearcey, and the victims Mrs. Hogg and her baby. The kitchen in which the crime was perpetrated is re-

from the murderess, through an intermediary, at a cost of £250. Behind a chair, in this realistic rendering of the scene of a squalid tragedy, stands Mrs. Pearcey in wax. Viewed in a dim light, the picture is more vivid and striking, perhaps, than when the rays of the sun betray the wax mimicry of life.

The perambulator in which the bodies of the baby and Mrs. Hogg were wheeled to St. John's Wood was purchased from the woman's husband for £60, and is a curious feature of the show. One wonders

how the murderess managed to pack the two bodies into so scanty a space. Mr. Hogg not only figured in the commercial transaction connected with the perambulator, but he gave a sitting for his own portrait model. He is, of course, not to be found in the Chamber of Horrors. He is among the celebrities on the ground floor, and in a group with his wife and child, over whom he bends in an attitude of graceful and dignified protection. His next neighbour is the famous author of "Lead, kindly Light," the late Cardinal Newman. Mr. Hogg's waxwork double is of special fascination, because the hair of the beard with which it is adorned once grew in the widower's face. Just after the trial he felt that it would be desirable that his identification should not be too easy for the casual wayfarer, so he determined to shave completely. It was an incident comparable to that memorable scene in *Vanity Fair*, when Jos Sedley shouted "Coupez-moi, Isidor, vite! Coupez-moi." Mr. Hogg, as luck would have it, went to the perruquier of Madame Tussaud's, and that shrewd gentleman saw the value of the beard, and conveyed every scrap of it to his employers, who had each hair inserted in its proper place in the face and chin of the image of Mr. Hogg, which they possess. I know no more quaint story of a shorn beard since that of Gengulphus. Everybody is aware that in disposing of the saint's remains, his widow and her paramour made a beginning with the beard.

*But first the long beard from the chin
they shear'd,
And managed to stuff that sanctified
hair,
With a good deal of pushing, all into
the cushion
That fill'd up the seat of a large
arm-chair.*

Leaving the Pearcey relics, I now come to those connected with the tragedy of Florence Dennis. The sofa on which the murdered girl slept on her last earthly night is in the Chamber of Horrors. It was purchased from the Ayres family for five pounds. In a corner somewhat retired by himself is James Canham Read, the Southend murderer. He is seated at a desk, writing, and is dressed in the suit he wore at the trial. This suit he himself sold to Madame Tussaud's for £100

while his case was proceeding. As there are a good many people who would like to read the exact terms of the contract of sale, which bears at its foot the signature "J. C. Read" in a firm, clerkly hand, I made a copy of it, by Mr. Tussaud's permission. Here it is:

"In consideration of the sum of one hundred pounds (£100), this day paid to me or my agents by Madame Tussaud and Sons, Limited, of the Marylebone Road, London, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I consent to the company inserting in their Exhibition a portrait model of myself in wax, and I agree to furnish them with a suit of my clothes which I ordinarily wear to be placed upon such figure, and to be their absolute property should I receive them from the police authorities, in whose possession they all are. I further agree that I will give the Company and their representatives every reasonable facility for producing my portrait model with the least possible delay, and to furnish them with photographs of myself. I undertake that I will not consent or be in any way a party to a portrait model of myself being exhibited by any other Company, firm, or person in Great Britain; and if any Company, firm, or person shall exhibit or attempt to exhibit any portrait model, this shall be a sufficient authority to Madame Tussaud and Sons, Limited, to take such proceedings in my name and at their expense, as they think desirable, in order to prevent such unauthorised exhibition. Provided always, and my consent is given upon the express condition, that the above portrait model shall not be exhibited in the Chamber of Horrors or in juxtaposition to the portrait model of any criminal, and that no handbill, placard, or notice of the Company's Exhibition in the advertisement columns of the Press or elsewhere shall contain the words 'by permission,' or other words calculated to lead the public to suppose that I was a party to the contract hereby made.

"(Signed) J. C. READ.

"29/8/94."

Among Read's first callers, when he was installed in the Chamber of Horrors, so the commissionaire on duty told me, was a man he had wronged. That gentleman expressed much admiration for the exactitude of the likeness to his

former acquaintance. It is curious to learn in this connection that those who have been intimately associated with the originals of the wax-occupants of the Chamber of Horrors rather feel aggrieved if they are not admitted gratis to view their old friends.

Another interesting corner shows the scene of the Grafton Street Tragedy, where Stevens, the cab-proprietor, was

over Stevens at the top, to Madame Tussaud's for £100.

Passing from the more modern murderers, I now come to the Mannings, who, like Deeming at a later period, tried to conceal their victim, O'Connor, under the hearthstone in their kitchen. They were a prosperous-looking, portly pair, and Mrs. Manning is for ever interesting to ladies, because, from the date of her



THE GRAFTON STREET TRUNK
From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

killed, and then neatly packed in a large black trunk. According to the commissioner, who was my very courteous and ready informant, Stevens weighed sixteen stone, and he is of opinion that Marie Hermann, the woman who killed him, turned the trunk over on its side and then rolled the man in. She is now undergoing a term of penal servitude; but before her sentence she sold the trunk with its genuine bloodsplashes and the piece of carpet, which she spread

trial with her husband in October, 1849, satin went out of fashion. Mrs. Manning, as most folk know, appeared at the Old Bailey wearing a dress of that material. Similarly in James I.'s reign a prisoner, Mrs. Turner, changed a fashion by getting hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened by yellow starch. Madame Tussaud's purchased for fifty pounds from the pawnbrokers with whom they had been pledged, the pistols and the crowbar which the Mannings used to

kill O'Connor. More interesting to me was the original manuscript of a poem to the prison bell, which Manning composed while awaiting execution. I give the first of three stanzas neatly written on an outline drawing of a bell:

'Twas night, and through my lonely cell

*The pale moon's playful shadows fell
So bright; I dreamt that all on earth
Was changed once more to smiles and mirth:*

*That tears were fled and sighs were flown,
And so were all the griefs I'd known;
I woke, alas! and through that cell
There echoed still the prison-bell.*

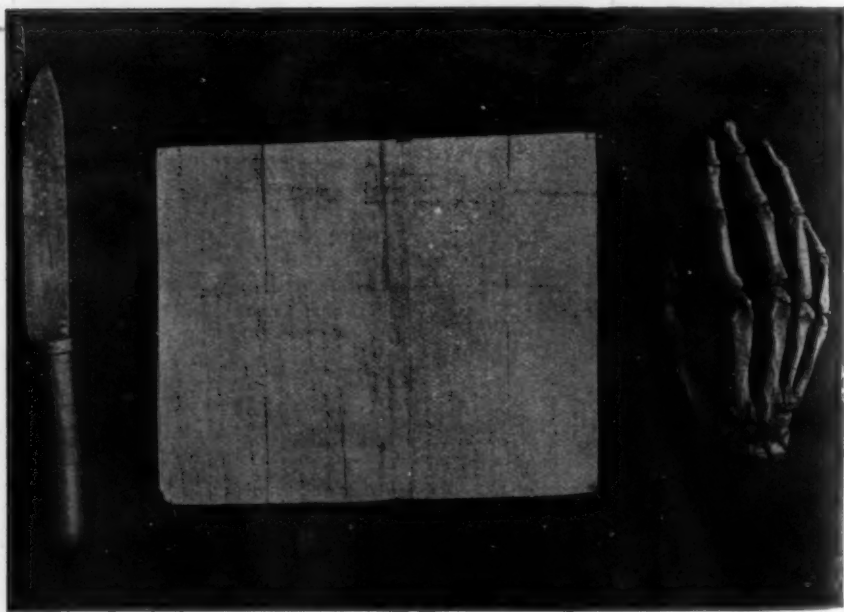
There is pathos in this literary effort, a pathos which repeats itself in a notable artistic performance of the late Charles

who was executed on May 2, 1837, cut up Harriet Brown. He then concealed the fragments in different parts of London. It was this treasure, costing Madame Tussaud's a large sum, which put "A Lay of St. Gengulphus" in my head. This is the stanza which from that moment followed me all about the Chamber of Horrors:

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack

*Which they hid in an osier bed outside the town,
The clerk bearing arms, legs and all on his back,
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.*

Space will not permit me, or I would tell of Palmer's case of poisons, Peace's life-preserver, Jenkins's walking-stick,



GREENACRE'S KNIFE, SKELETON HAND, AND A DECOY LETTER
From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

Peace. In his leisure moments that most business-like of burglars designed a model of the sepulchral monument which he desired to have raised in stone over his tomb. It is Gothic in idea, and is adorned with a number of angels.

Among the other relics I came across the knife with which James Greenacre,

Mrs. Dyer's manuscript confession, and of many another relic. As a rule, the prices range from ten to fifty pounds, and a Deeming or a Pearcey is, luckily, not an every-day criminal, and so, such an outlay as that on Dinham Villa is not to be rashly taken by the friends of the average murderer as a standard.



THE GROUSE POACHER AND HIS CONFEDERATES.

THE POULTERER.



THREE—but was it not four or five years ago?—the Twelfth of August was dripping wet all over England. North of Perth, according to the telegrams, there was a little sunshine, but the Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Welsh moors were

drenched and foggy. An extravagant friend had asked me to lunch at a West End restaurant and nothing would serve him but roast grouse. They were reputedly the first arrivals, and twelve-and-sixpence a bird. As we sat at a corner table looking out on a procession of macintoshes and umbrellas, I could not help asking a question that often before and often since has been asked: Where did these birds come from? "They were not shot this morning," I remarked in the tone of one who has discovered a profound truth. "Nor this year. I should think they were killed early last season," said my companion with a sniff of his nostrils as he pushed his plate aside. Anything in the nature of a grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, capercaillie is the better of hanging, but—well, these were very "high," indeed. My friend politely asked the proprietor to decide for us whether they were of the present or the past season, throwing out the suggestion of a freezing-chamber as an honourable means of retreat if he were really in a dilemma—though our private opinion was that in this case the frost must have "given" early in July. But he made no such pretence. In fact, he seemed but slightly interested in their

place of origin: he bought them from the dealer and asked no questions, but on being pressed he admitted that they came from Norway! "Norway, good Heavens!" cried my friend. "I do not profess to know much of natural history, but I am aware of one fact: red grouse is an exclusively British bird—it is the only bird exclusively British. Count Kniphausen and others, following the example of Baron Dickson, have tried to establish them on the Continent, but the idea of Norway sending us grouse!" The honest landlord appeared to be both mystified and relieved. He had not liked to confess that he was selling foreigners, and, if they were good, home-bred grouse, what reason for inquiring further?

But nothing gives such a fillip to one's thirst for knowledge as a thumping tarradiddle, and mine host had lied—honestly and innocently, no doubt—yet lied all the same. So I went to pursue my inquiries in Leadenhall Market. One of the most considerable dealers there has frequently cleared up for me doubtful points in sport and natural history. He has always interested me because he is so uninteresting; that is, he is a perfect specimen of the business man who carries on trade purely and simply to make money. He seems perennially ready to buy whatever has feathers on it. On a winter day his shop is a study—for me it has a horrible sort of fascination since all the birds are there one would like to see immune from net and gunshot—larks, cartloads of them in hampers, pewits, starlings, rare warblers, and birds of prey, jays and magpies. "They buy them for stuffing," is his brief explanation.

On the Twelfth of August he prides

himself on his show of grouse. It is true he does not produce it till ten o'clock in the forenoon, but that is only from a sense of decency, and because (as he explains), it is early enough for the best buyers, but I expect he can do so quite as well a day if not a week before. Usually he is very outspoken about his dealings, but he is not frank about "the little partridges nursed by the heather," as a very early writer calls the moor-fowl. "They come in the ordinary way of business," he says. I suggest that, if legally killed, their arrival so early is a physical impossibility. But he vows he has nothing to do with that—they are offered to him after the season has opened, and it is not his place to inquire into the hour and manner of their capture. The interview—let me say so frankly—wanted a cleverer and more tactful hand than myself, for I had the ill-luck to hint that the connection between poacher—I should have said sportsman—and dealer was closer than that between ordinary buyer and seller. And he grew red-faced and curt and angry. When he hinted at my trying to play the part of private detective, I thought it full time to begone. But I am doubtful if the smartest diplomacy ever has induced him to tell how he procured a supply of grouse for the Twelfth.

THE POACHER.

I have interviewed many a poacher on the subject—it is my nature to interview folk—without solving the mystery; but then, as my acquaintance with them has been maintained purely by an interest in odd characteristics, I have gone, naturally enough, chiefly among harmless ne'er-do-wells who are not so keen on making money as those who supply London. Let one stand for all. Robin is an old man who remembers the time when, as he says, there were no grouse moors. The poor man could take his gun to the hill-side and his fishing-rod to the stream, and none said him Nay. To-day his grievance is that owing to the high price landlords are able to obtain for moors, a man can hardly "Loup the dry-stone dyke" without getting into trouble, and to go out with a gun is to bring all the keepers on your track. Poor Robin waxes most eloquent on the theme—particularly when three-parts drunk, his normal condition—ex-

claiming with an emphasis worthy of the pulpit, "The arth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." I never was more surprised in my life than on seeing his collection of guns. He has nearly a dozen, for shooting has been his hobby, and though a gunsmith would appraise them simply at their value as old iron—ranging as they do from an ancient flint gun to a saloon rifle—no gentleman can discuss his breech-loaders more gravely. And when the wind blows strong one may see him stealing up the glen, his pocket bulged with the pieces of his muzzle-loader, with which no one but himself can hit anything. I am a fair shot, but I would not guarantee to riddle a newspaper at twenty yards with it, for the kicking, cranky weapon is dead off when you think it is on, and yet old Robin never misses. The stock comes to his shoulder automatically, and he can calculate its eccentricities with the knowledge born of a life-time's familiarity. He talks to it and loves it as if it were a dog. His acquaintance with the moor-fowl is equally close, and at any time of the day he knows exactly where to find them. But his bag seldom exceeds a couple of brace, just sufficient at the low price he gets for them to keep him in whisky. "Only, man," he will explain when deprecating such modest results, "there's a kind o' pleasure to be among the hills." Obviously our friend in Leadenhall Market does not draw his supplies from Robin or the likes of him. And yet he is just sufficiently tainted with blackguardism to win the sympathy of blackguards, and one day having met him while out fishing, it seemed worth while asking him a few questions.

He sat on a boulder, round which the burn swirled, and smoked his short black cutty, and listened attentively to my account of the quantities of grouse sold in London every Twelfth, and what appeared to him the fabulous prices realised. At the end he made this comment: "In a' my life I could never be fashea wi' nets—there's nae diversion in them." He gossiped at very great length about the difference between the old type of poacher and the new. The reckless lads he knew in youth were guilty of none but pleasant sins—even the old poacher grew sentimental over these early days, that yester-year! They liked a good potful of soup, a huge pot or yetlin, an *omnium gatherum*

of game, grouse, and hare, and rabbit, and pheasant stewed "through other;" and they were fond of sport and excitement and a stand-up fight with the keepers. If they sold their catch it was only to buy ribbons for the girls. "My sowl!" quoth he, "we didna' lack whusky wi' a sma' still amang the rabbit holes."

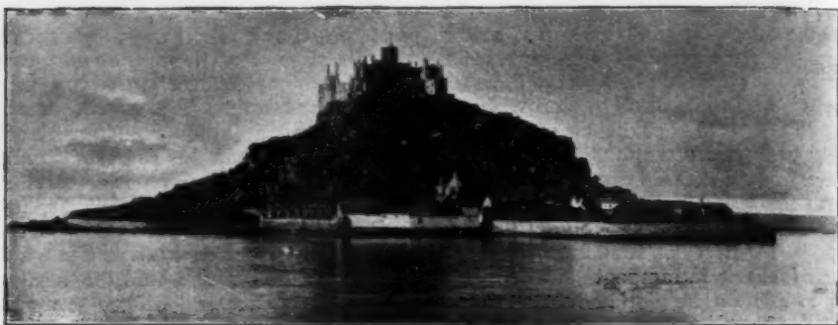
But how degenerate the new generation! Dead set on mammon—seeking their fun, not in rampagin' over the hills or cuddlin' a herd's lass in a muirland cottage, but in sheer drunkenness and the vicious delights of lower town life, they make a regular business of netting grouse, and grumble at a hundred when their predecessors would have been thankful for six. To men like that the big prices of the Twelfth offered an irresistible temptation. And then there had been so much progress in the "airt" during recent years. Chaps ignorant of the district suddenly appeared on the scene, and, ere you can say Jack Robinson, had cleared out a rabbit warren or a pheasant cover, or a moor. "There's no denyin' the clever ways of the young folk though they haven't the deevilment in them," concluded mine ancient.

THE PROPRIETOR.

To hear a lessee, particularly if he be a rich stockbroker or merchant with little understanding of country life, discussing the perils to which grouse are exposed, is to wonder how the birds exist at all. Such a man is constantly finding out that his stock is short, and the honest keeper is ever ready with reasons. There is that terrible disease! No, it isn't bad on any of the adjacent moors, but it has devastated this—it has played havoc with the labour and expense of a year. And the hoodie craws and peregrines, even the little merlins, the rooks and jackdaws—how that honest keeper heaps guilt on their heads! To insinuate that he himself has supplied some of those hampers of grouse that arrive so very early on the Twelfth—why, how malicious it is to attack a good man's character. Yes, he did shoot a brace of birds on the eleventh, but it was only for the benefit of the dogs—just to give a finishing touch to the training of the last few months—nothing more. Those hampers he sent away? Oh, they were only rabbits, not a feather among them. It is a well ascertained fact that a man may be very astute in the counting-room

on the Stock Exchange, where the factors of the situation are in his grasp, and be a simpleton in the management of a game estate. The virtuous keeper has very likely more to do with our early grouse than he cares to confess, in many cases it is a matter of certainty that he has. And, nevertheless, it is neither the keeper nor the regular poacher who is most to blame. There is a kind of person whom it would be libellous to call a poacher, and who, nevertheless, sends more early grouse to market than anybody else. The proprietor indignantly declares that he is simply a thief who protects himself as far as he can from coming within the clutches of the law. His plan is very simple. It is to hire or buy cultivable land adjacent to the moor and encourage the birds to come and feed on it. At the proper time to net them is as easy as popping peas into your mouth, and as it is usual for the man to take out a game licence no fault can be found with him when once the season is fairly open. In this way many of the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moors are annually ruined—the neighbour who never spent a penny on them taking the harvest, while the owner gets neither birds nor sport. And landlords allege in the plainest terms that those London dealers who have grouse so preternaturally early on the Twelfth act in direct collusion with them, even to the extent of buying nets. Hence the outcry for some league or combination to put down the injustice. It ought to be possible to do so as far as there is an infraction of the law, for obviously the supply sent previous to the Twelfth would have by far the greater money value. A vigilant and thorough examination of boxes and hampers sent by rail as long as the close time lasts would infallibly reveal the culprits, for by rail the consignment must go. That is more practical than the alternative proposal that people should be asked not to buy or eat grouse till, say, the fourteenth. You cannot blame a buyer who chooses to pay a heavy price for an article legally offered him as long as it is considered a luxury and will be enjoyed.

Some owners have tried to dodge their enemies by themselves netting the grouse just on the edge of the moor, and thus terrifying them from the neighbourhood, but the plan has not invariably been successful.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
From a photograph by Preston, Penzance

Concerning Newlyn.

THE village of Newlyn, lately so much discussed by reason of its unbending devotion to the laziness of the British Sabbath, is a suburb of Penzance, and lies a mile to the east of it on the shores of Mount's Bay. The approach is as suburban as Clapham itself, and it is quite suddenly that you come upon a little stream which has to be crossed, and find yourself in one of the few real Cornish fishing villages that remain. No less than three little bridges span the stream at this point, one of them in excellent repair, the other two in delicately-graded states of dilapidation.

Once you have crossed you are in Newlyn, and the fact that certain "jowsters"—or hawkers—are cleaning and washing cod and ling in the stream appears a perfectly natural event. There

are two courses before you. If you go straight ahead you will climb Paul Hill, and leave the village on the left, on the slope below you. Thus you will come presently to the farmhouse where Mr.

and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes have made themselves a home. Thus, also, you will reach Paul Church, where that most excellent fraud Dolly Pentreath, said to have been the last speaker of the old Cornish language, lies—doubtless, with a grin of satisfaction on her fleshless skull—under a slab erected to her memory by Prince Lucien Bonaparte.

Except for the fact that it holds the remains of this old lady, the church is



A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE

worthy of attention only as having once been burnt down. This was the work of the Spaniards, who invaded the place because it had been prophesied

by Merlin that they would do so. A novelist might find a most excellent setting for one of his scenes in this episode, for it is recorded that while the church was still in ruins marriages were solemnised within the crumbling walls.

But, as a matter of fact, you will not choose this road. You will turn to the left and proceed to investigate the village itself. Every street, it has been said, might be somebody's back yard; and every householder's back yard is liable to be used as part of the roadway. You may even have to trespass still more if you be resolved on proceeding. Perhaps a fish-cart confronts you, in which case the road is blocked, and you must turn aside and enter at one door and go on by another of a dark and odorous "cellar" where they are packing cured pilchards for transport to the Mediterranean.

At the end of the narrow lane which recurs to memory at this moment stands the village school, whose children seem always to be in the act of escaping into the open air. You struggle on through the crowd, and, even though you be a Cornishman yourself, you realise that you are in a strange country. The voices of the children sound altogether unfamiliarly; and later, when you have passed the women who stand talking at their open doors, you find in their speech a curious and characteristic intonation that makes it unlike the speech of even the nearest village. The faces, too, are of a quite uncommon type; and if you saw them painted—as you have often done, did you but know—you would declare that their beauty was, at any rate, not rustic.

After the school is passed, you descend to the margin of the sea, and, crossing a little beach where there are usually one or two old boats drawn up, you mount the "slip" and journey through the village. It is here that you are likely to

see the fishermen, who lounge upon an iron rail and look down upon the harbour as they smoke and discuss life in general. The Lighthouse of Mr. Forbes's picture stands at the end of the pier, and the man may count himself extremely fortunate who happens to arrive at this point when the boats are going out in the afternoon, their brown sails ruddy in the sunlight.

The rest of Newlyn is much like what has been described, but now the road begins to be straighter. Here and there you may happen upon an artist who attracts as little attention sitting on a camp stool by the roadside as he would if he were within the walls of his studio.



THE HARBOUR: LOW TIDE

Once it happened to the present writer to observe a curious little episode in such a case. The artist had set up his easel in front of a cottage. The old man who occupied it was obviously pleased that his dwelling-place should be immortalised. But he naturally desired to have it represented at its best, and so he came out with a cloth before the artist had been settled at work for many minutes, and began to polish up the windows. He strove to work as though this was a thing he did daily at that hour, but his efforts at dissimulation were altogether useless to conceal the real motive of his activity.

The houses grow fewer presently, and at last you are alone upon the road that leads on to Mousehole, the next village

on the coast. It has one feature that you will do well to note before you turn back towards the village. The road is a

needed no little devotion if it were to be carried out with any completeness. Mr. T. C. Gotch lived then, as he lives

now, in a delightful old house at the summit of a crazy ascent that cuts through the village, going straight from the front to Paul Hill. Near by, but curiously hard to find, were a variety of small and inconvenient studios whose presence you might never have detected did you not note that at one corner some facetious painter has stuck up a board with the legend "Rue des Beaux Arts."



THE COAST ROAD

mere ledge with a sheer drop to the beach on its outer side. It does not seem to be much visited by the scavenger, but when he does set forth to clean it up the work of this functionary is of a delightful simplicity. He has no need of dust carts or other expensive appointments. He merely arms himself with a broom and sweeps the mud and refuse over the edge of the road so that it falls to the beach, where the sea, that greatest coadjutor of all scavengers, comes and finishes his work.

When you go back into the village you will doubtless look about you for tokens of the presence of the numerous artists

who have been somewhat foolishly classed together as "The Newlyn School." In the old days this investigation would have

Now all this is altered. Half-way up the aforesaid hill there was formerly an open space of more or less waste land, known as "The Meadow." Here there are already a number of fine studios, so that the artistic life of the village is more



THE NEW PIER AND LIGHTHOUSE

centralised than formerly, though there are still those whose studios might serve for the hiding-places of brigands if the

only search to be feared were that of the unaided stranger.

A great day at Newlyn is that whereon the artists exhibit to the local public the pictures they have prepared for the various exhibitions of the year. Of old time the invading crowd of sightseers wandered at large through the maze of lanes that make up the village, and entered whatever places seemed to look like studios. The building of the Meadow studios enabled this show to be held in one place, for there was room for the whole output of the colony. What was gained in convenience was lost in interest, but you were at last able to come away with the conviction that you had seen all the pictures that there were to be seen—a thing which had theretofore been impossible.

Penzance. This spring the annual show was held there, so that many of the visitors never entered Newlyn. Upon



BOATS IN THE HARBOUR

the outside of it are four magnificent panels in repoussée copper, the work of the industrial classes started among the fisher-boys by Mr. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., in co-operation with the artists of Newlyn. Of these four, three were


designed by Mr. J. D. Mackenzie, who is especially interested in the classes, and one by Mr. Gotch. The spring exhibition will be held here in coming years; and if ever you are in Penzance you may be pretty sure of finding some sort of a show to reward you if you continue your walk for about half a mile beyond the western end of the promenade.



GENERAL VIEW OF NEWLYN

Yet another change has come to pass. A handsome art gallery has been erected by the high road betwixt Newlyn and

trations to this article are from photographs taken by M. B. Glendenning.]




TO BLOSSOM

BLOSSOM in the country,
 Could not quite forget
 One who toiled in London,
 Picked some mignonette;
 Roses, too, she gathered,
 Crimson picotees,
 Sent them with the message:
 "Take my love with these."

When the box was opened,
 Straight the dingy room
 Took so sweet a fragrance
 From the crowded bloom,
 All the people wondered:
 "Never," so they said,
 "Such a lovely fragrance
 Mortal flowers did shed."

Still the people wonder,
 For I did not tell
 How they got their fragrance,
 Though I knew full well,
 Having found her letter
 With the flowers above:
 Knowing she had sent me,
 With the flowers, her love.

H. D. LOWRY.



Theatres and Music-Halls.

MISS JENNIE ROGERS.

MISS JENNIE ROGERS made her first appearance some years ago, when, almost a babe herself, she played one of the title-roles in *The Babes in the Wood* at Covent Garden. There followed a period of seclusion. Then again she came forward to delight the public, and she has done so without intermission ever since. There can be hardly an actress better known throughout the provinces than she is. She has toured extensively in comic opera, and in pantomime she is admittedly consummate. Coming to London lately, she appeared for a short time at the Alhambra. Then *The New Barmaid*



MISS JENNIE ROGERS
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE
From a photograph by Hana, Strand

was produced at the Avenue, and after playing a minor part for a time, took the title-rôle in succession to Miss Lottie Collins. There is little doubt that London playgoers will soon know her as well as their brothers of the country theatres.

MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE.

Miss Marguerite Cornille was unknown in London until last Christmas, but she then played the part of the French Ambassador in the Drury Lane pantomime, and the charm of her acting, and the delightful way in which she sang the two songs that were allotted to her, made her a success from the beginning. It is but right that she should be ap-

pearing just now at the Palace Theatre, for, as a variety actress, she belongs to a type with which Mr. Charles Morton has done a great deal to make our generation — luckier than the last — familiar. That is to say: she has a voice, and uses it skilfully; she is not of the singers concerning whom the best you can hope is that they will not be too violently out of tune. Moreover, she is a real actress, and one is inclined to think that before very long she will take back to the regular theatre what is at present one of the most enjoyable features in any variety hall in London.



MISS IDA HEATH.

MISS IDA HEATH.

From a photograph by W. and A. Fry, Brighton

Miss Ida Heath was born in Hamburg, and made her first appearance when only six years old, at Constantinople. She was a dancer from the beginning, and, having wandered all over the Continent and been careful to learn the characteristic dances of the regions she visited, has developed into the most variously skilful dancer in London. She is known in America,

whither she returns next November, in Africa and in Australia, and she is one of the first few you would think of in compiling a list of the favourites of the London music-hall audience. Her "turn" is by its nature more or less the same at all times, but it is so clever and so delightful that its very sameness is vastly more attractive than the variety of many another. She does you a dance most charmingly. Then, "The next," she says, "will be a Spanish dancing girl." Perhaps it was as a clown that she was habited at first. She disappears into a little tent of crimson velvet and in about ten seconds reappears all yellow and scarlet and

black lace to render the cachuca: then again she disappears, and perhaps it is as a Dutch girl in wooden shoes that she comes the next time out of her tent. There may be a score of dancers each of whom can excel her in some one of her dances, but none of them can equal her in the number of different dances she knows, and all that she does is done most admirably.





THE THREE FRIENDS

Defeated by Infantry.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.



THE houses at Hampton Court are peopled by excellent old ladies of immaculate birth who, for the most part, have either done well for the country or whose dead and gone husbands have placed the nation under some indebtedness. They are an odd clique; they stand by their rights and they give parties, and they exchange scandal and complain about the Cockneys on the river, and wonder why the young Wales girls do not get married, and altogether enjoy the later years of their life very much. In a small drawing-room of one of the ivy-covered houses a duel was about to be fought between two women. The elder lady, a white-haired, good-looking woman, seemed determined to fight.

"And you—you, then, are my nephew's wife?" said Mrs. Major Harleigh. She looked over her pince nez at the quiet Mrs. Frank Harleigh seated at the other end of the table. The younger lady bowed. "And my nephew has the impudence to think that I am going to bother myself about you and your—your son in case he never returns from South America?"

"I don't think that he expected so much as that. All that he desired was to feel that there was someone in London to whom——"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Major Harleigh, drumming the table with much acerbity of manner; "upon my word, I like his confounded cheek."

"I like his cheek too."

"Let me ask you one question, madam, before we go any further." Mrs. Major Harleigh spoke with irony. "Did my nephew ask me when he became engaged to you?"

"I don't know," answered young Mrs. Harleigh. "He certainly asked me."

"I was prepared to do a good deal for that lad. I had done a good deal, in fact; I was prepared to do more. Why

then should he go and take the most serious step in his life; why in the world, in short, should he go and marry you without——"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Frank Harleigh modestly, "perhaps it was because he—he loved me."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Major Harleigh.

"I am not acquainted with vulgar language," said the young lady, rising with sudden spirit, "and I'm not sure that I know what 'Bah!' means. But I am going to interpret it to mean that you are an exceedingly rude old lady."

"I—rude?" spluttered Mrs. Major Harleigh, amazedly. "I—old? I beg that you'll understand that I am counted one of the best mannered women that ever lived at Hampton Court."

"I have no desire then to meet the other inhabitants."

"And as to being old"—Mrs. Major Harleigh patted herself on the chest rather harder than she had meant to do—"as to being old, I am as active and as smart and as energetic as I was twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, madam! I am not to be called rude, and I am not to be called old with impunity. A want of respect for one's elders is always a deplorable trait, and I am sorry to find it so strongly marked in you."

"I think that I like most old ladies," said the young person with great calmness: "generally they are very charming. But I appear to be encountering a woful exception to the general rule."

"I declare that I have never been spoken to in this way before."

"That is distinctly your misfortune. A word in season might have improved your behaviour."

"You will be sorry," cried Mrs. Major Harleigh, "for having spoken to me like this."

"I may be sorry presently that I said it," declared Mrs. Frank Harleigh trembling, "but just now I am very much pleased."

She stood there looking steadily at the excited old lady."

("Elizabeth Harleigh," said Mrs. Major Harleigh to herself, "don't forget yourself. After all she is your nephew's wife.")

"I shall call upon you to-morrow," said the old lady deliberately.

"I may not be at home."

"I shall call," she repeated dogmatically, "at eleven to-morrow morning. Eleven sharp." She paused a moment. "If I have spoken strongly in this short interview with you, you must remember that I have good cause."

"You have no cause at all."

"How old is your son, pray?"

"He is quite young, Mrs. Harleigh."

"Perhaps I may be able to do something on his behalf—send him to school, or—"

"Not if I can prevent you."

"I'm afraid we're not going to be friends."

"Mrs. Harleigh, I hope you are right."

The old lady, the more ashamed of her outburst now that she perceived her opponent was a young woman of real spirit, saw her down to the gateway.

"You will be able to find a first-class carriage in the train?"

"No; third."

"You will allow me to call at Hampstead to-morrow morning?"

"I am afraid I cannot prevent you from doing so."

Young Mrs. Frank Harleigh hurried to the station, found a train waiting, and on the way to Waterloo cried. Now crying is really a most excellent and useful diversion, especially for the charming sex. If it did not exist, as some one said of religion, it would have to be invented. Mrs. Frank Harleigh, before she reached home and before the arms of her son hugged her pretty neck, had repented of her determined words to the choleric old lady.

"I'm afraid dear Frank will be sorry when I write to-morrow and tell him," she said ruefully.

Mrs. Major Harleigh drove up to the house in Belsize Crescent the following morning with military punctuality. She stepped out, walked through the gate, and pressed the electric bell.

"Mrs. Harleigh is not in, ma'am. She had to go out on business."

"What business?" demanded Mrs. Major Harleigh, with some quickness.

"Mistress is doing some sketching for the fashion papers, ma'am."

"That's better," thought Mrs. Major Harleigh; "I'm glad she's not lazy." She spoke to the maid sharply: "Is the boy at home?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's upstairs."

"Show me up to him at once!"

The maid did not dare to protest. She led the way up the stairs to the nursery.

"Master Francis, please——"

"Tall me Tolonel," insisted a small voice within.

"Well, Colonel then—here's a lady to see you."

"Is she beau'ful lady?"

"Ye-es, Colonel," said the maid, hesitatingly.

"Right!" answered the small voice.

"Show her in, Marfa."

Martha opened the door. Immediately a small, knickerbockered boy, with short-cut hair, slipped down from his chair at the table and offered his hand to Mrs. Major Harleigh.

"How do!" he said gravely. "Who are you, I wonder?"

"I am a relative of your father's, dear. May I kiss you?"

"I don't gen'ly tare for tissing," said the young man, with candour. "Do it on my forehead."

Mrs. Major Harleigh did as she was bid, and sat down in a low rocking-chair. The youth clambered back into his high chair, and returned to the work in hand.

"Now look here," he begged. "Just look at wha's happen'ing. Here's a lot of black savages coming long here wif their spears and their—their witches and their—well you know. And they're going to su'prise the English so'diers!"

He sat back in the chair and waited for the old lady's remark.

"But the English soldiers," she said sharply, "are not going to be surprised."

"Tourse not. Tourse not. Don't you see this little soldier a-kneeling down beside this tree? Now I move the black savages on and then all at once——"

Master Harleigh simulated the sounding, with fist at mouth, of a warning blast.

"Now, then, all these red toated so'diers they jump up." He moved them with his plump little hand. "Now watch."

The old lady rose from her rocking chair excitedly.

"Don't shake," implored the young

man appealingly, "don't shake for dood-ness sake."

"Go on, dear. I'll be very careful."

"Up comes the black savages—so—and up come the Cavalry—so—and two of 'em topple over—so—and then," triumphantly, "out comes the cannon!" He pulled out a two-inch mounted gun. "The Major cries 'Char—r—ge!' and off they go."

"Go on, dear."

"Yes," said Master Harleigh, "I'm doing so, but you mustn't interrupt, you know. It's vewy hard work managin' a British army. If you were a man you'd know that."

"I beg your pardon."

"Half way 'long they see more big black savages coming round here. So the Major calls out and some of the so'diers there, they break off and they go up here. See?"

"I see. They'll keep the enemy from joining the main force."

"That's just it." The young man seemed gratified at the perspicacity of the white-haired old lady. "That's just it. And the Major roars out, 'Form square.'"

He made the leaden soldiers carefully into a square and looked up for approval.

"Good," exclaimed Mrs. Major Harleigh.

They wait now for the 'tack of the big black savages. The savages come like this—slowly, slowly, and then all at once they rush at the English so'diers. See?"

He moved the savages up close to the square.

"And," triumphantly, "it doesn't make no diff'nce to our soldiers."

"Well done!"

"Out comes the cannon. They load the cannon like this."

Master Harleigh placed a hard pellet of paper in the muzzle of the gun and pulled a spring at the other end. "And—bang—goes the cannon and head over heels go the savages, and the savages cry out 'Walla—balla—walla,' and do you know what 'walla—balla—walla' means? It means 'Oh dear, oh dear, we's gettin' all the worst of it.' Then the men moves. See, like this, off they go. More of 'em killed by the wicked savages; then they close up like this, and then the Major he roars out again, 'Men of the Forty Fird, Char—r—ge!'"

Master Harleigh with a dexterous move of one plump hand moved the cavalry on; with another dexterous move of the other hand he swept the savages down. Old Mrs. Major Harleigh clapped her hands with delight as the small youth, taking up the ruler to beat time, sang the regimental quick march:

And Sally is the gal for me

Wherever I may roam;

And she's the one I want to see

When we're making for 'ome, sweet 'ome.

"Why, you dear, dear boy," cried Mrs. Major Harleigh with tears in her eyes; "who in the world taught you that?"

"It's ravver pretty, isn't it?" asked the satisfied young man. "My farver taught it me. And this," he touched proudly the cockaded lead soldier astride with much stiffness his leaden horse, "this is supposed to be my farver's 'plendid uncle that was killed, Major Harleigh! I don't s'pose you knew him."

"Why, my dear, he was my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my good brave husband who died out at Isandwhala, sixteen years ago, and he was the best of husbands and the bravest officer——"

The old lady broke down. Her laced handkerchief came swiftly out and patted her eyes.

"I say," said Master Frank Harleigh, apologetically, "I didn't know that. If you like you can tiss me properly now."

* * *

This is the latter half of a letter from Buenos Ayres—

"I can't tell you how pleased I am, dear sweet, to hear that you and aunt Elizabeth are excellent friends. I feared so much that the contrary would be the case. Give her my love and my sincere thanks for all her kindness to the little Colonel, but don't let her spoil the young scamp. Kiss the dear boy, Madge, a thousand times for me, and tell him to kiss you a thousand times on my behalf. When I return in November I will pay you both with exorbitant interest.

"Your affectionate husband,

"FRANK."

A Quiet Art.

IT is dangerous to make wagers, yet one would be tempted to make a wager that no reader of the *Ludgate*

would guess the nature of the pictures here printed unless he had previously received a very broad hint. They are photographs, of course, but it is doubtful whether the closest scrutiny would suffice to determine whether they are or are not photographs from nature. Let the mystery be revealed. Mr. Thomas Edge, of Llandudno, is a gentleman of more than three score and ten years who for the greater part of his life has been in the

habit of painting in oils. Of late his sight has failed him, however, and, the customary recreation being consequently denied him, he has been forced to find some other method of giving form to the creatures of his imagination. These castles, towers and ancient gateways are photographs of existing originals, but the originals were made by Mr. Edge and little bigger than their photographic reproductions. They are models arranged upon a table about four-and-twenty inches square, which stands in the recess of a large window. The front base-line is about twenty-two inches. The materials from which they are constructed are moss, lichen and so on, put in place with most elaborate care upon a built up foundation. The sky in the back-ground is oil-painted, grey and white; the distant hills are flat, but the middle distance and foreground are full round models. The framework of the larger parts of the models is wood, and on these is laid Paris plaster to help make out the forms, the plaster being modelled

while still wet. Cardboard is requisite for the slates, hempen tow for the thatch. The artist has grown his own trees from

seaweed, infinite care going into the hanging of the "weed" on a skeleton tree with wire branches. He has arranged his foreground, the broken ground effects of which are got by laying finely cut seaweed and moss on a coat of thick glue while wet, and over this is sifted still more finely cut seaweed and moss, together with sand and turf mull. These materials are also used for roughening roofs and walls. The figures are flat,

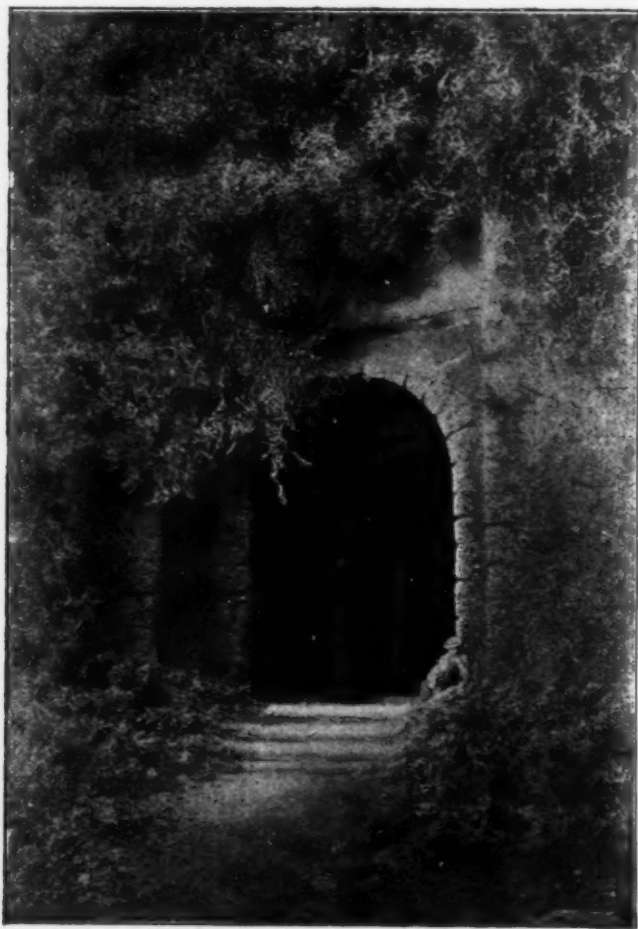


AN ANCIENT GATEWAY

sketched with pen and ink on cardboard and cut out. The atmospheric effects are got by taking away the models of the middle distance and the hills when the exposure of the negative in the camera is only partly made. When the exposure is continued after the removal of the hills and middle distance, the sky that was behind them acts on those parts of the negative that were before acted on by the hills and middle distance. It need hardly be stated that the models, when completed, need to be photographed with practised judgment and the negative subjected to a degree of perceptive finish which is as delicate as it is rare, the work on the negative occupying from ten to twenty-four hours. Nor will it be doubted that a great deal of careful work has to be done before the time for taking the photograph is reached. As a matter of fact the time occupied from the initial stages of making the models to the finished negatives varies from twenty to as much as eighty hours. The materials, comprising amongst them

mosses, lichens, sand, stones, wood, coal, cardboard, glue, plaster, string, etc., are to be met with any day, but the infinite patience, adaptability and ingeniousness to use them, combined with artistic perception, is seldom brought to such a pictorial end. If, as some critics hold, true art insists that the handiwork of the artist be conspicuous in the handling of

heartily upon having invented an occupation that fills his leisure hours and occupies the powers of pictorial imagination which, had he not hit upon this novel method of giving them expression, must have been rather more of a curse than a blessing to their possessor. The pictures are here to speak for themselves, and none will deny that they were worth



AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWER

the subject, then these studies in *chiaroscuro* must arrange themselves in their proper niche. Perhaps the aim of the artist has not been to reproduce faithfully any one thing he has seen in nature, but rather to create from his dreams and visions such forms and outlines as should help in the construction of a picture whose chief object is light and shade. At least he is to be congratulated very

making. But you can hardly confine your attention to their artistic merits or judge them from that stand-point exclusively. Besides the pleasure they afford you in themselves, they are pleasant to look upon as memorials of what must certainly have been hours of great enjoyment to the man who thought of this method of employing his spare time.



THE FAERY BOAT



THE WATCH TOWER



AN OLD BARN



THE HILLSIDE COTTAGE

The Tobacco Factory of Seville.

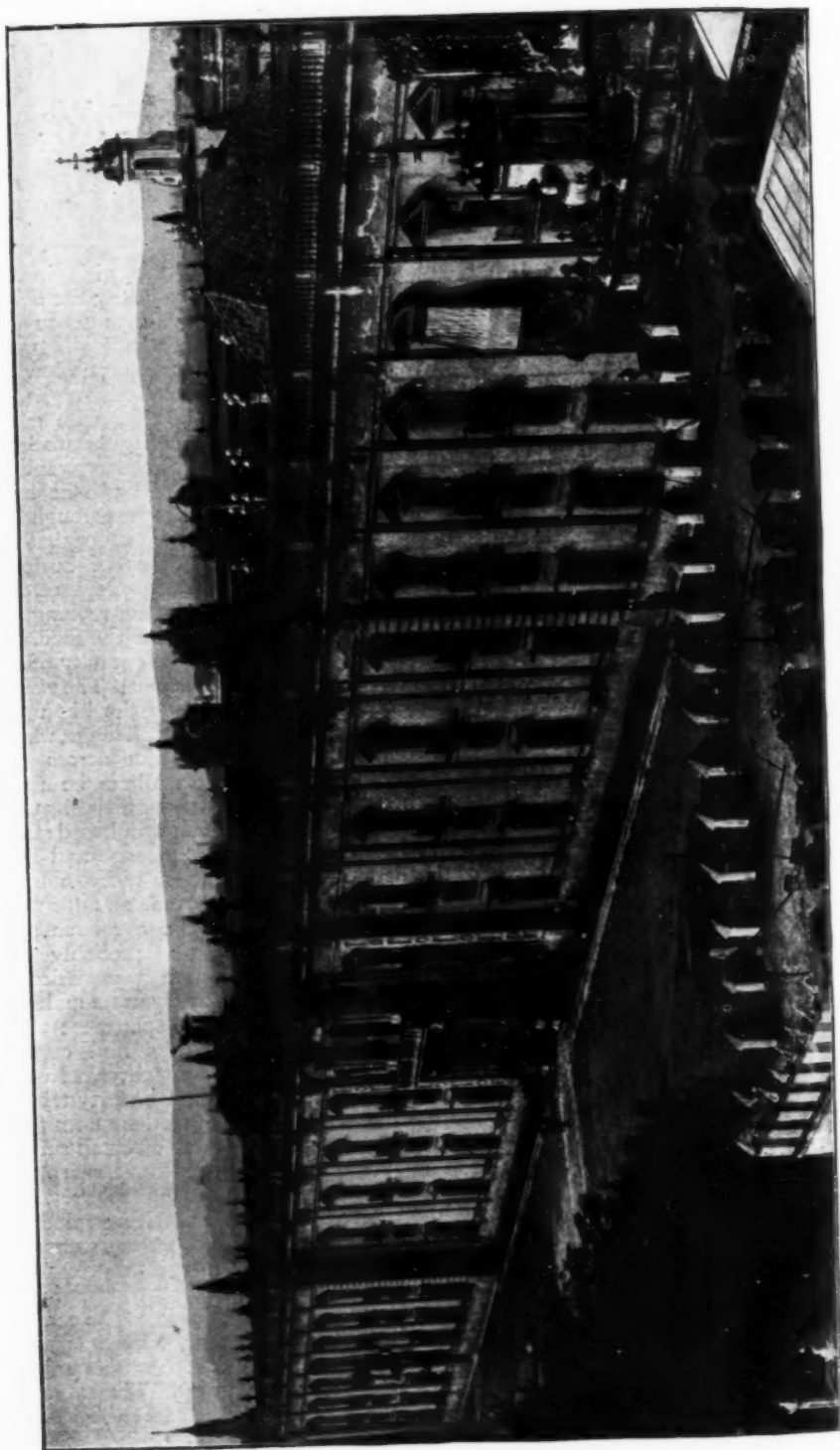
By S. L. BENSUSAN.

FEW places whose main objects are commercial merely, have achieved the notoriety attained by the famous Tobacco Factory of Seville. Carmen was a cigarrera; and both Prosper Merimée and Bizet have woven an interest round the fact, as opera-goers can testify. Romance still lingers in Andalusia, and although foreign companies are inflicting trams, electric light, and other evils on Seville, the magnificent old city still retains something of her pristine glory. In the shadow of her cathedral — once a Temple to Venus — the picturesque beggars dear to Murillo still idle away their lives. On the Sierpes, the *majo* or Spanish dandy, with coloured waistband, short coat and *navaja* on thigh, can be seen on any afternoon. The *sombrero* remains with the men and the *mantilla* with the women. Seville, especially in the Triana district, is still the home of the smuggler, the *torero*, the dancing girl, and the cigarrera. As you drive homewards from the Paseo between six and seven in the evening you see the cigarrera coming from her work; in the bull-ring, though economy enforces the necessity of a seat in the sun, she is very bravely decked out with ribbons, lace and fresh flowers, while her shawl will probably make every English woman ask, "How can that creature afford such things?" The explanation is simple enough: living is cheap, the wages of a steady worker are very fair, and every farthing earned is spent on dress. Finally the cigarrera is as good a judge of bull-fighting as the best *aficionado* present; she has a good ear for music, can sing a little, dance for hours without fatigue, strum on the guitar, and, generally speaking, get all possible enjoyment out of life. She has no vices, only a few lapses from conventionality, for which the Spanish climate must be held responsible.

I have always considered women workers in Spain more industrious than

men, and certainly the girls in the tobacco factory help to justify the belief. On broiling summer days when the thermometer has been standing between 95 and 105 (F.) in the shade, and when the officials have been well-nigh too sleepy to go round the place with me, I have seen hundreds of girls working away as for dear life in the long-vaulted, corridor-like factories. It will be best, however, to take the reader through the place—in imagination—in order that an accurate idea of methods of business may be obtained. In appearance the factory is like a huge rectangular barracks, standing well off the road. I do not know the absolute capacity of the place, but it must be enormous. The visitor turns to the right inside the big main gateway and reaches a small lodge, where an attendant directs him across the quadrangle to a spot where he finds half-a-dozen guides and officials. One of the former takes him up a broad stone staircase down a wide passage and into the first corridor. In a niche outside the first work-room stands an altar with a figure of the Virgin, a mirror and flowers, placed there probably by devotees. Half-a-dozen steps suffice to reach the scene of the cigarette making.

Imagine a long stone apartment with walls of great thickness and curved columns rising at odd distances. In the room are, perhaps, thirty or forty tables, and at each a party of workers from four to six in number. A forewoman superintends proceedings, and has a sharp eye for a tip. Before each of the girls is a box containing an uninviting mass of tobacco shreds and other remnants. These are worked into cigarettes with incredible rapidity, and placed in a separate box at the side. The careful man would rather buy them than smoke them. Truth to tell, the aspect might easily be more savoury. The attire of the women is somewhat, let it be called, disordered, on account of the heat. Some would be better, moreover, for a wash



THE FACTORY AT SEVILLE



MAKING CIGARETTES

and brush up, and others are fast asleep over their stock of tobacco; but as payment is by piece work nobody minds. Dozens are cooking and eating their lunch, and the result is not always pleasant in a land whose culinary patron saint is garlic. Finally, there is scarce a table that has not by its side a cradle wherein some tiny child is either very much asleep or very much awake. To do justice to the different odours in the

place—to the blend of tobacco, garlic, flowers, and other things—would require the pen of Emile Zola himself. To the casual visitor there are, at the best of times, alternate suggestions of a farmyard, a tobacco shop, and a flower garden. The entrance of a visitor has a curiously Spanish effect in rousing the begging instinct of the girls. "Every Spaniard is at heart a beggar," said a man who had spent most of his life in

Andalusia, and there is hard fact in the remark. The forewoman is nervously anxious for a tip, and all the girls who can manage it without being seen by one in authority stretch out their hands, sometimes pointing to the little bundles of humanity in the baskets at their feet. Woe to the man who goes to the factory without being inured to the charm of sparkling eyes. Though he enter heavily laden with cash he will require to borrow a cab fare, or walk back to his hotel in the blazing heat.

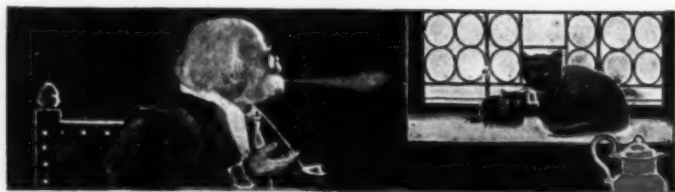
The sole difference in the various rooms is one of occupation. Everywhere the girls are skilful, but their most successful efforts are in the manufacture of cigars. Each worker has a tray of "interiors," some rolls of the outside leaf, a pair of big scissors, and a saucer of water. She rolls a selection of the shredded leaves into a column, snips it with the scissors to the proper length, and then deftly rolls the outer leaf round it, dipping the ends in water. There is a little manipulation, another snip, and the cigar is completed. The swiftness is really wonderful, when it is remembered how any carelessness would prevent the cigar from "drawing." Cigar makers work with bare fingers: the cigarette girls have something like a little thimble with which they turn down the ends. While there is nothing to disturb them the girls work diligently, but the advent of a visitor, a row at the far end of the room, or any trifling disturbance will raise a pandemonium which requires a strong-minded forewoman to control it.

When the factory closes, at about half-past six in the evening, the girls dress themselves in all the finery they have discarded while sitting at work. Mantillas, shawls, ribbons and flowers are brought from parcels by their side, and donned with great care. Then follows a strict personal search by the

forewomen and inspectors to see that no girl is carrying any tobacco away with her, and finally, in twos and threes, the cigarreras take their departure, and having traversed the quadrangle, join their friends and admirers who are waiting patiently on the heat-stricken pavement beyond.

To the mere man the Seville Tobacco Factory is undoubtedly very attractive. Nowhere in Seville can so many types of Spanish beauty be seen. It is not merely the glorious eyes, splendid complexions, and dainty figures that rouse admiration; it is that indescribable charm founded on natural elegance and grace. A pretty Andalusian girl can do nothing wrong, or, at least, can do nothing ungracefully. And when you have pleased her, any recognition is a recompense. Be it a smile, a bow, a kiss blown across on thumb and finger, the world seems brighter for it, and the claims of Seville to be the most charming city in Europe are amply vindicated.

Though such high praise is fairly due to the cigarrera, there can be naught save anathema for the goods she manufactures. The cigarettes are exceedingly disagreeable, rank and burning in taste, and as poor as possible in quality. They are cheap, and uncommon nasty. All Spanish cigars are bad; a sweeping assertion, but one justified by facts. The good brands from Havana seldom reach Spain, the English, French and American markets get the best. Occasionally good cigars can be got from the Custom House, or through the Custom House, but if the powers suspect an amateur the topmost layer will contain the smokable cigars—the others will be only fit for a man's bitterest enemies. So long as Government monopoly and protection continue to prevail, Spaniards must be content to smoke bad tobacco.





A FORTNIGHT ago we turned our faces northward, bent upon studying the Scottish villager on his native soil. A short survey revealed to us that the Kailyard School conspires to present an entirely fallacious view of him. He is unpicturesque, he is not humorous; he seems born but to "dree" his sad sordid life to its close.

For one thing the climate would subdue the spirits of the most volatile race on earth. Geographically Pittendrevie, whereon as a village free from other visitors we pitched our tent, is supposed to be situated in one of the driest parts of Scotland. That may be, yet in the past two weeks there have been only four dry days, and but two of these could be esteemed warm.

There is a "Commercial Hotel" and a "Tavern" in Pittendrevie, but neither of them has any accommodation for guests. After some inquiries, however, we discovered that Mrs. Tweedle sometimes let her rooms, and would receive us. Mrs. Tweedle's house stands near the centre of the one street of Pittendrevie, and therein we have two bedrooms and a sitting-room for fifteen shillings a week. It is true that the beds belong to the genus "box"—which being interpreted means that they are built into the wall—but luckily they have no doors, although the mark of the hinges thereof still remains; and that Mrs. Tweedle's knowledge of cookery is yet to be gained.

The back window of our parlour opens on to a garden running down to the margin of a lake, and from the front casement no doings on the highway can escape us.

After a fortnight our impression is that we have seen few smiles and heard

no laughter. Even the children seem staid, responsible parties, who, when they indulge in a game, play furtively as though aware that they waste precious time. The Scottish peasant labours hard, he takes no holidays, yet work he as diligently as he may he can never save enough to render him independent of parish relief when rheumatism seizes him, as, after his constant exposure and poor living, it early does.

"Butcher meat! A' never see butcher meat, except gaun past on its four legs," I once heard Jims Keppie, the cobbler, exclaim, and he doubtless spoke truth.

Within a dozen miles of Pittendrevie lie half as many golf courses; yet I do not believe there is a cleek, niblick, or putter within its bounds. There is no village festival, no fête of any kind, save the annual Sabbath school trip, when the children are jolted in hay-carts, lent by the farmers, to some chosen spot a few miles distant, where they run races if it is dry, or shelter in a barn if it is wet—and it usually is wet—have scones and milk, and come home tired out at night.

Once a kindly visitor gave a much-appreciated amateur concert in the Pittendrevie school-house. The entertainment was provided by his house-party, and, arranging matters on the metropolitan scheme, he allotted to two feeble performers the task of "playing the audience in," arguing, evidently, that the noise of the arrivals would drown their discords. Alas! for his plans. An hour before the stated time every available seat, including the window-ledges, was filled by a solemnly critical audience, and the two girls blundered, thumped and boggled in a silence which might have been felt, and certainly made their fingers more wooden than even Nature had.

What dear dead Stevenson terms "the tyranny of the Scottish Sabbath," still reigns supreme at Pittendrevie. Our good Mrs. Tweedle has been thrown

question agitates the world that is not the subject of exhaustive discussion in the village.

In Pittendrevie we do not say "Good



into a state of consternation by reading the newspaper announcements, that, owing to the repeal of a formerly strictly enforced rule, the members of the Edinburgh golf club might enjoy their favourite sport on Sundays.

"Oh! Mrs. Bright, mem," she said with a dolorous sigh, "I hev'na slept since I heard tell o't. I'm feared it brings a judgment on the hale countryside. Do ye no' think distruction might come upon us a' in consequence o' a sin like yon? It minds me o' the days o' Sodom and Gomorrah!"

The Scots working man lacks much of the pleasant superficial courtesy of his southern contemporary, but he is a deeper thinker. Compulsory education was in force in the North long before it reached England. So every man, even though he may be an aged pauper existing on an outdoor allowance of three shillings a week from the parish, subscribes for a weekly journal, and no

morning" or "Good evening." No set forms of salutation are acceptable. It is customary to criticise the weather as aught else. I noticed this especially one morning young Babs and I had walked over the links to a lonely beach whose only habitation was a salmon fisher's hut. It was Sunday, and the occupants of the cottage, who were enjoying their leisure seated on a bench in front of their dwelling, had watched our approach over quite a mile of flat country. As we neared I gave them a casual "Good morning." For an instant there was silence; then the spokesman, after taking a rapid glance to east and west, replied cautiously:

"Yes. It is a good morning." Later I discovered that my proper form of greeting would have been "Wat like?" interrogatively, or "Hoo d'ye think its lookin'," or something giving the addresser the opportunity of formulating an opinion.

Our letters are delivered by a spinster, rosy, trig and tidy. Punctuality itself is she. On the wettest morning her umbrella bobs past the windows at exactly the same moment, as her bloomer-hat does on the brightest. But this is the solitary instance of the advance of the woman movements in Pittendrevie. Man holds his position as lord of creation unquestioned in Pittendrevie, and rarely condescends to enter into discussion with the inferior sex.

When speaking of their dissipations as *nil*, I ought to have excepted the attending of funerals, which almost ranks as recreation.

The evening after our arrival a dignified *tap-tap* sounded at the front door. In Pittendrevie there are neither bells nor knockers, ordinary callers simply lift the latch and walk in, therefore a tap

"You are requested to attend the funeral of Robert Peden to be held here on Thursday next at two o'clock in the afternoon." The invitation delivered, the messenger retreated, and we heard his loud summons resounding at each house in succession, adown the quiet street.

Questioned, Mrs. Tweedle informed us that on the eve of a funeral it is usual for the Joiner, who acts as undertaker, to send round verbal invitations to all the houses. "Then you will attend the funeral, Mrs. Tweedle?" we said. "Keep me, mem! what for wad I dae that? But, I'm forgettin', strangers canna be expected to ken that woman buddies never gangs to burials in this country."

On Thursday we were lingering over our strawberries—hard and "nithered"



beokened a visit of importance. Mrs. Tweedle creaked through the "entry," as the hall is called, to open the door, and we heard a masculine voice announce in a loud tone without punctuation,

they were, but possessing enough of the true strawberry flavour to ensure their acceptance—when our hostess tip-toed into the room, and announced in a stage whisper that it was near the hour of the

ceremony, and if we "gaed" to the window we would see the folk "gatherin'."

The house of mourning was a modest

Then the Master of Ceremonies, in the person of the Pittendrevie Joiner, appeared in the doorway and beckoned them to attend the brief service to be



"but and ben" nearly opposite. Around its doorstep about a dozen men, all clad in suits of most respectable broadcloth and wearing tall hats, had assembled. Looking upon this well-dressed company, it was some moments before we realised that it was composed of the village cobbler, the smith, two road men (stone-breakers), sundry field labourers, and others of similar standing. They hung about looking conscious of the espionage which from the shelter of their doorways the female populace were exercising.

held before removing the body. After a delay, owing to the humility of each mourner causing him to strive to walk last, all had entered the grief-stricken dwelling. A few moments more and the sad little procession—the nearer relatives bearing the handsomely-decorated coffin—passed slowly along the streets towards the eminence whereon God's acre encircled the old kirk.

Women are kept out of sight during Scottish obsequies, but while the cortège was yet in view a little group of women

mourners filled the doorway, pressing forward with handkerchiefs half concealing their faces to take a last look.

There was something indescribably affecting in the evident desire to show all possible honour even to one of the humblest members of the community. And the fact that the minister had worn a thread-bare, almost green coat, was severely spoken about that evening among the women. It was deemed disrespectful to the deceased.

The minister and doctor do not rank in Pittendrevie as their Kailyard *confrères* appear to do. The minister is ignored, the good people knowing he is

of the Scot to seek medical advice, save when he is dying, that even with the circuit of two neighbouring villages, a medical can scarce earn "salt to his kail" at Pittendrevie.

Just now there is a change in the weather. The air is warm and sweet, the sky brilliantly blue, the red-tiled roofs sparkle in the sunlight. A sweet-briar under my window is sending out delicious fragrance. Young Babs has just rushed in to tell me that he has discovered a bush of ripe yellow gooseberries in Mrs. Tweedle's garden, and from the margin of the lake Mr. Babbington Bright is calling that he



probably there for the term of his natural life, dub him "a puir, fashionless crater," and let him alone. The doctor varies every few months; such the reluctance

has hired a boat. Will we go for a row?

Things are not always gloomy even in Pittendrevie.

I must here call down a blessing on the memory of Jane Austen, and also upon Messrs. Macmillan, who are reproducing her books in their admirable Illustrated Standard Novel Series, for their new edition of her *Sense and*

Sensibility, which, reaching me here on a hopelessly wet morning, magically changed the complexion of my day. Several of Mr. Hugh Thomson's delicate and dainty drawings adorn this article.

MURIEL BABINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

FASHION in the shape of novelty there is none in August, but the general hegira which takes place this month gives rise to the question, how do the present modes adapt themselves to the exigencies of holiday-making? At the seaside, on a yacht, on the Continent, and in Scotland, the first essential is not to be modishly, but to be usefully attired.

Fashion this season has been very Arcadian—that is, Arcadian after the manner of Watteau—and very dainty in its accoutrements; and many of these charming things, such as the lovely big white hats with feathers, the exquisite muslins, and printed gauzes, must be laid aside by those who wish to enjoy themselves after the hearty and vigorous manner of Englishwomen. At a French watering-place you may be as elaborate as you please, but, except in the matter of bathing—which, after all, is mostly an exhibition of novel bathing-gowns and chic *sorties de bain*—Frenchwomen are not given to exercise. At an English watering-place where cycling, boating, and walking are freely indulged in, the almost universal attire of the English girl is the blouse, coat and skirt, backed by the sailor hat. But although these are, for the most part, eminently neat and workmanlike, there is a uniformity about them that is rather difficult to combat. One new way of achieving variety at little cost is to have one of the new shirts with removable fronts. A plain grass-lawn shirt forms an excellent foundation for these. A front of spotted net, frilled with butter-coloured lace and finished off at either side with black velvet straps, looks well. The straps should end in smart bows on the shoulders, and disappear under a neat black velvet belt at the waist. A soft silk front, and two of muslin in pink and blue and heliotrope, would vary this shirt agreeably, and the ribbon on the sailor hat should match each front in turn.

Fawn is undoubtedly the best colour for the seaside, especially if the shore be either sandy or chalky, for neither sand or chalk show upon fawn as they do upon navy blue. A fawn skirt and coat—preferably double-breasted to keep out the evening breeze which, at the seaside, is often chilly—a couple of grass-lawn shirts with half-a-dozen fronts, and a few dainty muslin blouses for hot days, forms an excellent every-day equipment for a watering-place. These, and a cool black grenadine or canvas for evening, and either a pretty light shot alpaca or silk for Sundays, should suffice for ordinary modest requirements.

For yachting Redfern's gowns remain unequalled, and this year he has brought out a charming dark peacock blue as a variation from the regulation navy-blue, and this, with pointed pieces of white flannel let into the skirt, a pointed white flannel vest and a soft white silk belt held in place with a large gold anchor, is very pretty. For wear with such gowns he has charming rough white sailors with irregular beef-eater crowns, trimmed with peacock-blue satin ribbon. The plain band round and high bows at one side look well, and there are more elaborate ones with rosettes of blue satin ribbon round the crown, and high bows of blue and white silk behind. His dark red serge is also an excellent wearing material, and very becoming to many. A pretty red serge coat and skirt, with a vest of cream surah frilled with lace, and a rough cream straw hat with red satin ribbons, makes a very becoming costume.

For travelling in trains nothing equals alpaca. Dust and smuts glide off its glossy surface in the most marvellous manner. A very pretty costume consists of a coat and skirt of silvery grey alpaca, with a white shirt with a pale blue tie, gold sleeve links, and brooch. A soft cincture belt of blue surah and a white hat trimmed with pale blue and

* * * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowdrie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN

white silk ribbon go well with it, and the whole get-up is admirably cool both to look at and to wear; and surely nothing is more refreshing to the eyes than a cool-looking dress on a hot railway journey. For those travelling much from place to place nothing is more useful than a costume such as this with a few useful fronts, and a black and white striped

silk blouse for the evening. Silk blouses are far more profitable than cotton ones when travelling; they save troubling about laundresses and if of a neutral tint can be varied agreeably by different collars and ribbons. With a black and white silk one, a collar of Irish lace and cherry coloured ribbons at neck and waist, a soft frilled fichu of spotted net



AN AUTUMN COAT AND SKIRT

or frilled Puritan cuffs and collars of fine book muslin would all look equally well. For a grey alpaca such as we mentioned above a very pretty front could be made of grey chiffon strewn with steel sequins and mounted on a remnant of silvery brocade such as one might readily pick up at the sales.

For those who are going to spend

August in Scotland there is nothing like wool. Special monuments to Dr. Jaeger should be erected in the market-places of that damp but delightful country. The possibilities in the way of showers above and bogs beneath are inexhaustible in Scotland, but with a tailor-made costume of Harris tweed, fine Jaeger under garments, a stout umbrella and a heart

and lungs that can gallantly defy the weather, one may enjoy one's self thoroughly, notwithstanding. Some charming colours are used in homespun. I saw

itself admirably with a shirt of soft French blue with white collars and cuffs, and another tweed in blue grey, flecked with white, looked charming,



A BICYCLING COSTUME

one the other day that seemed to unite the tints of the heather with gleams of the golden brown, in which the bracken clothes itself in September. This united

with a grass lawn shirt embroidered with white, mounted on white silk and worn with Panama sailor trimmed with white satin ribbon. Silk stockings and French

shoes are no good in the Highlands. Tan leather shoes and tan cashmere shoes are most useful on a hillside, and always blend well with the Scottish tweeds.

is closed. Coats that can only be worn open are really only for summer and town wear. The other sketch is of a black and white striped silk gown. The



A BLACK AND WHITE FLANNEL DRESS

One of our illustrations gives an excellent example of an autumn coat and skirt. The sleeve, it will be noted, is very moderate in its fulness, and the coat

bodice is of white *crêpe de chine* prettily arranged in tucks about the yoke. The band of guipure lace across the front is outlined on either side by a narrow band



A CHECKED DRESS

of black velvet. The sleeve is tight, as it should be, and the probability is that the shoulder puffs with which we at present alleviate the tight sleeve will ere long be smoothed away also.

By far the most popular parasols this summer have been plain silk ones, and for all sorts of summer dresses white silk

is best. The Royal garden party held last month before the Princess Maud's wedding was a perfect study in parasols. One plain white silk one had a narrow band of black embroidery along the edge, another had all the inside wires ruffled in pink chiffon, a third had a complete lining of white silk strewn with tiny



A BICYCLING COSTUME

rosebuds. A very lovely white parasol was covered with white chiffon that was drawn into tight ruffings that were arranged to form a quaintly stiff geometrical device between the wires. A deep flounce of point lace completed it.

A very lovely dress worn at this garden party was of green chiné strewn

with rosebuds and a summer shower of irregular black spots. The bodice was of pale green chiffon very softly and gracefully folded about the figure, and a knot of small rosebuds formed the only trimming of the small white toque.

For cycling white and holland linen

coats look neat, and are more becoming than the plain unvarnished blouse. Nothing seems to equal the plain sailor or boat-shaped hat for cycling—anything that flaps looks untidy and unsuitable. A great variety of gloves are being made for cycling, but none seems better than the loose, soft ones of fine chamois leather, made

Biarritz wise, to draw on quickly without any buttons. They will both wear and wash well, and look not uncomely on the hand. A very pretty cycling costume consists of a white linen coat, a fawn skirt, and a soft white silk shirt. A white sailor hat and veil, chamois gloves, and tan shoes and stockings complete it.





CHRISTINE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRNE, RICHMOND



THE HOME COUNTIES.—IV. KENT

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPHE THIEDE

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WYCHERLEY was not quite old. She seemed always to be keeping one foot on the tail of her youth; the poor thing squeaked, but could not quite break away. In her conversation she would often drag you, all tremulous, with her into the confessional, where you found, to your disappointment, that she had no sins, only errors of diet. She was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out. Its place in her Erciston Square *salon* was taken by the world's understudies. Henry Burnage, who for years had made her *salon* a habit, would torture himself at times with the thought that he was only a fashionable man's understudy; but the torture did not persist, for his opinion of himself was high and on the whole stable. Of the understudies there were many; her rooms were full on Sunday evening. Mr. Wycherley would be seen there sometimes; he sat in corners, and was mildly disapproving; he made the money and Mrs. Wycherley spent it. Still, he acknowledged that his daughter Angela must have every chance, and the *salon* was in some sense a chance. More often Mr. Wycherley did not show himself. He liked to take a walk on Sunday evenings, and he frequently took it. He

had a dislike, not wholly irrational, to the *salon*. Reason was a strong point with him.

"Be rational, Jessica," he would frequently say to his wife. "I only ask you to be rational."

When he went his walk, she alluded to his headache. Nobody minded. He was not the attraction, neither was she, and they both knew it; but Angela wore pink, and understudies attract one another. Angela petted her papa a good deal; and, in return, he never mentioned anything in which he was seriously and commercially interested. In public she would sometimes talk to him with endearing facetiousness; this mildly puzzled him—he only dealt in the milder sensations—because in private she rarely tried to talk brightly to him.

Mrs. Wycherley's drawing-room was not in itself wonderful. The walls were covered with a paper that had a dado to it; she had ordered it some years ago herself, and she regretted it. She knew now that it had been premature, and that a paper-with-a-dado did not constitute art's last word with regard to wall-decoration. Mr. Wycherley did not think the times were yet ripe for it to be superseded. He had said so more than once. Mrs. Wycherley rather believed in what she called "those pretty trifles that make a room look bright"; so she concocted some flower-holders out of Japanese fans and some velvet that had been on the dress that she had worn when Maria was married. These things afterwards were transferred to a spare

and permanently unoccupied bedroom. It was thought that Angela had been responsible for their removal. Angela considered that the room was irredeemable, and thought that cheap attempts at redemption humiliated her.

It was late one evening. Mrs. Wycherley's guests had all gone; she had interviewed the hired man in the hall, paid him, swung back into the room again with a declaration that Jameson was invaluable, and now sat down in her rocking-chair, facing her daughter, fanning herself rather vehemently with a fan that had been mended.

"Oh, yes, Angela, you may say what you like, but there's never any need to tell Jameson anything. Why he goes on the job instead of taking a permanent place is more than I can imagine. He's just the picture of the perfect butler."

"All right, mamma, all right!" said Angela, rather irritably. "He does, but you needn't think that he deceives anybody."

"I don't wish that he should, dear; far from it. The queen herself may know that he's hired for the evening for all that I care. When one is entertaining a great number of people, one supplements one's staff. The very best people have to do it."

"Yes," drawled Angela, "but they have a staff to supplement. Ah, if we were only *quite* poor!"

"Angela, that is really wicked. If you dislike our means—our moderate means—you would dislike poverty still more. We do our best, and it's too ungrateful of you. Mind, I don't say that I am not fond of a little society myself——"

"Oh, mamma, dear! don't be intolerable!"

"I don't know what you mean. But I do know that it's chiefly for your sake that your father consents to these Sunday evenings. And you know that it's the dream of our lives to see you happily married—like Maria. Poverty would be to you Life's Greatest Curse."

"Mr. Burnage told me to-night that he thought families whose income just touched the four figures really had the hardest fight against vulgarity; but he added, from conjecture and a subsequent politeness, that all things were possible to genius. We have the fatal income without the genius, I fancy."

"Ah, Mr. Burnage is one of these rather clever young men. I don't under-

stand 'em. But he looks very well in a room. Angela, my dear, I must hunt myself up a little supper. I hadn't any. I dare not eat when I'm feeling nervous. It only means that I wake with a fluttering in my side and feel as if the angel of death had summoned me. I'll just go into the dining-room and see what I can rescue."

She returned in a minute with a champagne-bottle—still loyal to the third of its contents—and a plate and small tumbler. On the plate was a cold cutlet in aspic and a silver fork; on the portion of the plate which still remained untenanted were two chocolate *éclair*s. She was careful to keep the aspic clear of the *éclair*s until their turn came; she ate rather greedily. Angela looked genuinely distressed.

"Honesty is a poor word for Jameson," Mrs. Wycherley remarked as she filled her glass. "Any other man would have finished the bottle. You can trust him; that's what I feel so much about Jameson. As a tonic for the stomach I believe that there's nothing——"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" said Angela suddenly, "why do we keep on fighting? I used to love our parties once, but I'm getting to know things. We're ridiculous. We aren't quite what we want to be, and we are the more absurd because in some things we are so very near it. I don't think I want to marry. I used to; but I don't now. I certainly don't want to marry any of the underbred young men who come to this house and fall in love with me. I often wonder why I go on trying to be bright and amusing to them, and why I do my best to cover up the rough places and make things go smoothly, and cajole papa, and dress as well as I can. The hell—the awful hell of this London life!" And poor Angela buried her head in a recently-purchased cushion and began to sob a little.

"You distress me," said Mrs. Wycherley excitedly; "I can't bear to see you like this, Angela. I insist that you shall not sob. I cannot digest when my mind is disturbed. Poor Angela! do be comforted!"

Angela sat up and dried her eyes in silence. Her brief storm had passed.

"You're feeling low," Mrs. Wycherley continued decisively. "Now be guided by me, and take something. There are some of these *éclair*s still left, you may just as well have one; you know what

things with cream in them are like on the second day. And chocolate's sustaining—now do. And that," she said, suddenly breaking off as she heard a sound at the front door, "is your father's

a distinctly uncomfortable chair. "I went as far as Putney by an omnibus, just as I said I would, then I struck across the common—wonderful place!—round by the mill (thinking about Rich-



"I BELIEVE I'VE HAD AN ECLAIR TOO MANY"

latch-key. Don't let him come in and find you like this."

By the time that Mr. Wycherley had entered, Angela had composed herself. Mr. Wycherley was short and bald, with a slight tendency towards rotundity.

"I have had such a walk," he said, with enthusiastic satisfaction, as he took

mond, you know), and then off to the left into Wimbledon" (changed my mind, you see). From Wimbledon I took train to Waterloo, and walked to the club. I found Bodgers there, and we split a bottle of their old port. Bodgers would pay. I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves as much as I have."

"It's been a most successful evening," said Mrs. Wycherley.

"Do you like the new champagne, Jessica?"

"On the whole I think it an improvement."

"Sixpence a bottle cheaper—that's what it is. Be reasonable, Jessica, and don't pretend to know anything about anything. There kiss me, and good-night, Angela; it's time you were off to bed." His lips smacked on her forehead, hers brushed his cheek. "Sixpence a bottle cheaper," he murmured to himself again, and went off with a mild approach to hilarity.

Mrs. Wycherley turned once more to her daughter. She was feeling quite optimistic.

"I notice, Angela, that you talk a good deal to Henry Burnage."

"Do I? I'm glad you mentioned it, mamma. I won't do it in future. As a rule, I talk to anyone who isn't talking to anyone else."

"I haven't a word to say against your manner. It isn't the old-school, stately manner exactly,"

Angela leant forward, her elbows resting on her knees, her pretty face—she was not nearly as pretty as she looked—framed by her warm little hands. At this point she interrupted her mother:

"Dear mamma, I'm a flirt. When you can't be what you want to be, it's a kind of baby's consolation to be the thing you hate most. But you must not deceive yourself. It occasionally seems to me that Henry Burnage is less foolish

and rather better bred than the average here; but don't imagine that I love him. And he's not in the least in love with me."

"Well, he's been here off and on for years. He must be a good deal taken by us. I don't say that, as a rule, I would recommend a girl to marry a young commencing barrister. No, no! I'm not so unwise as that. But Mr. Burnage has means, independent means. I ask you to look at the way his rooms are furnished. You may call them what you like, but I call them gorgeous. And then he entertains—not so frequently as we do, nor on so large a scale."

"But so infinitely better," said Angela, fervently.

"There! you're defending him; what does that mean?"

"It does mean that I tolerate him, and it does not mean that I love him. I know what you want, and it couldn't be done. Why, if he kissed me, or if I thought even that he wanted to kiss me, I should go quite mad—mad with disgust."

"Oh, Angela, darling!" said Mrs. Wycherley. "You know that I wouldn't force you into anything. There, good-night! We must not sit up any longer, or what will your father say? You'll come directly, won't you?"

At the drawing-room door she paused a moment and looked almost beseechingly at her daughter. "Angela," she said, "I believe that I've had one *éclair* too many."

CHAPTER II.

IF Mr. Wycherley had taken his stroll over Wimbledon Common later in the evening, he would have had an opportunity to play the part of the Good Samaritan. There is no rôle which is more popular; the feelings of self-satisfaction and superiority help to make life enjoyable, and in consequence it is delightful to rescue. But to be rescued is quite another affair. The thing which is condemned as ingratitude is often a very natural resentment of one who has been placed compulsorily under an obligation. Most men, given a certain amount of sensitiveness, would sooner fall among thieves than among Good Samaritans.

The chance which Mr. Wycherley lost

was taken by Dr. Gabriel Lamb. The doctor was returning home rather late; it was already beginning to get dark. When he was within a few yards of the garden-gate of his own house, he noticed a young man lying in an awkward position on the grass by the roadside. Dr. Gabriel Lamb bent over him, found him half-conscious, and made a cursory examination of him.

The young man was clad in a well-cut tweed suit, worn to utter shabbiness. His boots were in holes. He was lying where he had fallen when he found that he could go no further; his hat was off, and had received from the fall a damage with which it was already familiar. His face was thin, and at present quite

colourless, but it had the tokens of refinement and strength.

Dr. Lamb's examination lasted less than a minute. "I shall be back directly," he said, and began to run towards his own house. He was a middle-aged man. His head, save for a fringe of reddish hair all round it, was bald; but he was very active. He dashed up the garden drive and into the house; here he gave one or two rapid orders to servants, and hurriedly prepared what he wanted. In a very few minutes he was out on the roadway again, with a glass in his hand, bending over the young man. The doctor's servant had accompanied him, and stood at a few yards distance, waiting.

The young man's eyes were half closed. When the doctor held the glass to his lips, he turned his head away impatiently.

"Drink it at once!" said the doctor sharply. "Do you want to die?"

The young man spoke in a faint whisper and with some difficulty.

"Not a beggar. I'm much obliged—very natural mistake of yours. I—I'd rather you left me alone."

"I won't, then. Whoever heard such nonsense? Any man who is taken suddenly ill accepts help from the first stranger who is not too much of a brute to give it him. It's no question of begging. Damn it!" he went on, getting furious, "you shall pay for the ha'porth of brandy if you like—but drink it."

The young man shook his head. "No money," he murmured, "that's why I'm—" The effort at explanation seemed to be too much for him, and he stopped.

"All right, then, I'll take your clothes, or you shall work for me; at any rate, I promise you that I will put you under no obligation which you cannot repay. I swear it. Now then."

The young man drank the contents of the glass; in a moment or two his eyes opened wider. He looked reflective. "That wasn't brandy," he said. His voice was already a shade stronger.

"Not brandy alone. There were other things in it. I'm a doctor, you know. Now do you see that house?" The young man raised himself into a sitting position, looked at it and nodded his head. "That's my house, and I'm going to take you there, with the help of my servant. Then you'll be put to bed. In a day or two you'll be all right. Now

you must place yourself entirely in my hands and trust to me. I'm not going to put you under any obligation. You shall work out your debt. You look like an educated man."

"Eton and Cambridge—but you couldn't believe it."

"I believe it entirely. Now then, you shall get up. Steady!—there, that's it! Now, slowly."

Supported—almost carried—by the doctor and his servant, the young man was taken into the house. It was a house which seemed to have an old quiet in it—a quiet that had long been there. The colours in the interior were low; it was lit softly and without glare; one's footsteps were not heard on the thick carpets. The house was of red brick, but the red had been softened and shaded by time, and the walls were partly covered with ivy. At the back of the house there was a modern addition, which Dr. Lamb had erected for his own purposes. It was a long, low building, and had a separate entrance into the garden.

The young man found himself in a large and very comfortable bedroom. At one end of the room there was a door into a bath-room, at the other end the room communicated with a dressing-room and a small study. Here the doctor's servant did for him all that a valet could do for a man. Soon he was lying in bed, refreshed by a bath, soothed by the luxuriousness that he had missed so much and for so long, dreamily wondering whether it could be all true. He had suffered very much, and this sudden change for the better seemed so strange. He thought half-amusedly that the doctor had done a foolish thing; he had taken into his house a man of whom he knew nothing, except that he had found him, a mere vagrant, shabby and fainting from exhaustion and want of food. But the young man reflected that in the course of his life he had frequently been trusted like this—on sight. Certainly, in some way or other he must repay the doctor. How, he could not imagine. It did not matter—the doctor had promised to find a way for him. But the doctor's kindness and trust were, he felt, beyond repayment. He began to wonder if they would bring him something to eat; he hoped so. The valet had left the lamp and the candles by his bedside alight, so it seemed certain that he would return. That valet had treated him with the

utmost respect, as an honoured guest and not as a relieved vagabond. If he ever got any money, he would remember the man. Presently the door opened,

was eating (he was ordered to eat slowly) the doctor sat down by the bedside and began to talk to him. At first he was merely medical, then he said :



"BENDING OVER THE YOUNG MAN"

and the doctor and the servant entered. The servant carried a small tray on which were a cup of chocolate and two sandwiches, made of toast and some kind of meat-jelly. While the young man

"My name, you know, is Lamb. I'm Dr. Gabriel Lamb. May I ask what your name is?"

"Mine is Claudius Sandell. I really don't know how to thank you."

"Not a word, not a word, if you please."

"Words would certainly be of very little good. I hope that I have not been keeping you from any other patients." The doctor smiled. "Oh, I don't practise," he said. "It was lucky for you—and I think it lucky for me also—that you chose a Sunday evening for your collapse. I only walk on Sunday evenings—chiefly because it is not church. Ah, yes—quite true—there is church also on Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon, and on certain occasions in the week! My wife—to whom I hope soon to introduce you—attends every service; she also stays for the after-meetings. You must not, by the way, think that I am an unbeliever. I am not; at one time I always went to church on Sunday evenings, and there was much in it that I enjoyed. But the curate's banalities, the superstitiousness of the people, and the perfectly evil singing of the choir vexed me. Then it occurred to me that if I went for a walk on Sunday evening instead, I could get the service without the church. I could have the sunset and the aspirations, the longings for the far-away that it produces." He stopped abruptly, and noticed that the servant was listening with rather a puzzled face. He turned to him. "Wait outside, Francis," he said. When the man had retired, the doctor began to pace the room, and went on talking. Under his very thick sandy eyebrows and long lashes his grey eyes grew luminous. "Sometimes it's in the spring. Damn it! there's nothing like a spring evening. I'm in earnest about it. The poetry of it is so strenuous and yet so quiet; so full of fresh life, and yet so full of the old peace that still passes all understanding. But it's always as the service of God that I take my Sunday evening walk. I love the lime-trees—trees of the Pentecost—with their leaves turning to tongues of fire as they shake under the strokes of wind and sunlight. I love the cold purity of the sky on winter evenings that get dark so soon. How all the stars look at one! The heavens declare the glory of God. Ah! I'm talking far too much!"

Claudius was watching him with keen interest. "No, no," he said, "go on, I'm beginning to understand."

"That really is all—only on Sunday evenings do I walk, because it is not

church but is service. The rest of my time is given to work."

"To work, doctor, but you said that you did not practise."

"Quite so, I do not, although when I was a younger man I had a practise for a time. It did not content me. One night I was rung up by a woman; I went downstairs and found her hysterical on the door-steps. She pulled herself together and prayed me to come at once to see her son who was dying. She lived about a mile off. We ran a good deal; she was distressed and I was sympathetic. When we got there I found that the boy was not dying but was slightly bilious. Then I asked myself if that kind of thing was science as I loved it—if it really assisted the great cause of humanity for which alone I live. I gave up my practise. I study the individual man only when he is likely to throw light on the aggregate. I never work on behalf of the individual. But I tire you."

"No, I am not tired."

"Pardon me, but you are. It is merely the effect of the restorative that makes you feel strong, and that effect will pass off; you are very much run down and you need rest. You would perhaps like something more to eat; I shall not give it you. To-morrow you shall be better treated. Good-night, Mr. Sandell, good night!"

When he got to the door, he paused a moment and said: "Do the clothes you were wearing fit you perfectly?"

"Very fairly—it's about all you can say for them. I have got thinner since they were made."

"That's all right. A tailor can make others from them, I suppose: it will save you the bother of measurements. Good-night, again."

Before Claudius could answer the doctor had gone. In the passage outside the room Dr. Lamb was detained for a minute by the valet.

"Excuse me, sir, but I've seen this Mr. Sandell before."

"Where?"

"At Cambridge. I was a gyp at Trinity, sir, you remember, before I came to you. This Mr. Sandell was really there; it's quite true what he said."

"Don't make that mistake again," said Dr. Lamb, somewhat impressively. "When I told you a few minutes ago that Mr. Sandell was my guest, it

ceased to be necessary for you to give him a character for truthfulness, or sobriety, or early rising, or anything else. You will sleep in the dressing-room in case Mr. Sandell should want you during the night. If he is unable to sleep or turns faint again, you know what to do, but he won't. I shall want you to go to town to-morrow for me; you must go early, I will give you your orders immediately after breakfast."

As Dr. Lamb was coming down the stairs, a carriage drove up to the door. Mrs. Lamb had come back from the after-meeting. She placed on the hall table two or three devotional books: amongst them was her Bible, fastened by an elastic band, and bulged with sheets of written notes. She was rather a short

woman with dark hair and plain anæmic face and ecstatic eyes; she looked very young, twenty years younger than the doctor. "I'm late," she said to him, "but I've been happy—so happy. We had Mr. Catcome as usual—Elijah and the believer's hope."

Dr. Lamb looked at his wife and said nothing; then he smiled slightly. When he smiled his thin lips showed rather large white teeth. She saw the smile, and a nervous expression came into her face; she appeared to be slightly afraid of her husband.

They went into the dining-room. At a small table supper was laid, and they both sat down. Mrs. Lamb said grace audibly, while her husband stared pensively at a mayonnaise.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. LAMB'S want of tact was so pronounced that it even overcame her fear of her husband, and she still spoke about the service of the church and the great good that she had received from it; he listened politely with attention, occasionally looking up from his plate at her, almost inquisitively. At each glance from under the thick sandy eyebrows, and at each slight smile that showed the big white teeth, she faltered. The glance and smile had a kind of reserved meaning in them; they forced her into the exasperating belief that she was being treated with superiority. She was half-inclined to lose her temper—did, indeed, for one moment cut the chicken-wing on her plate as if it had been an enemy—but commanded herself. She was not a very clever woman, emotional, half-fanatical, with the pathetic want to be good.

Dr. Lamb said very little until supper was over, and his few remarks to his wife were common-place enough. As she rose from the table he said:

"I've told them to take the coffee to my room to-night. I can't talk comfortably in these big rooms, and I've got some news for you. Will you come, Hilda?"

"Yes, dear, in one minute."

He held open the door for her, she passed into the hall. He stood a moment reflective; his brows were slightly wrinkled. He did not like the substitution of a late cold supper for dinner at the usual time; but it marked Sunday for

Hilda. He did not like Hilda to sit down to an evening meal in an afternoon dress, with her hat on; but it marked Sunday for her. This interested him slightly; he wondered how her observation of Sunday would work out when her day came. There had been signs lately (he had noted them all as they came) that her day was very near.

He crossed the hall and went down a corridor to the two rooms which constituted the addition that he had made to the house. The first of these rooms was furnished as a study; the walls were covered with books, most of them books of the advanced scientist, some of them books that even an advanced scientist would have classed as heterodox, the work of charlatans. It was brightly lighted; on a side table the coffee and liqueurs had been placed all ready. At one end of the room was a door leading into the laboratory. The doctor opened the door and looked in; the laboratory was in darkness, but he reached his hand upward to a button in the wall and switched on the electric light. The lamps reflected themselves on polished mahogany cases and on the bell-glass that protected a large microscope from the dust. There was rather an unpleasant smell in the room. Shelves and cabinets were ranged all round the walls; in one corner stood a lead-covered table; on another table stood two or three bottles and a measuring glass. The doctor put the bottles back in their places on the shelves and washed the

glass at a square stone basin. He had used the things in preparing the restorative. Then he switched off the electric light and went back into the study again, closing the door behind him. Here he sat down, poured out his coffee, tilted a little glass of Cognac into it, lit a cigarette and began to think.

He really had a very great deal to think about that night.

He was interrupted, however, almost immediately by the entrance of his wife. She had changed her dress and was wearing a loose, black tea-gown. It suited her fairly well, and her pale face had now a pretty tinge of colour in it. Dr. Lamb looked at her critically.

"You've changed," he began.

"Yes, I saw you weren't liking the other."

"Ah!" said Dr. Lamb, "that's good of you. It's the curse of the individual that such trifles should matter to him. There's nothing so small in the impulses of collected humanity, the aggregate. Mankind," he continued, speaking more to himself than to her, "is so great, and isolated man's so small."

"You had something to tell me," Hilda said, timidly.

"Ah, yes." He told her how he had found Claudius Sandell, and taken him into the house. It was his intention to keep him for a few days—perhaps weeks—to provide him with clothes, and so on. "He says that he must repay me—cannot bear the obligation—is very strong on that point."

"Gabriel, this is one of the queerest things you have done. Of course, it is very kind of you, and I must say that many professing Christians would have been quite content just to have given the man a copper—or a sixpence."

"He would not have taken it; and in that condition it would have been no good to him if he had taken it."

"No? It was so silly of him not to want to be helped; I rather like him for that. Quite dark hair, you said—and tall, I imagine him. Well, I hope it will turn out all right. But you have done almost more than you need. The best suite of rooms in the house, and in every way the treatment of an honoured guest!"

"Quite so. Apart from the fact that a gentleman cannot very well take advantage of another gentleman's poverty in order to humiliate him, there are

reasons. You will oblige me by treating him exactly as I have done—as an honoured guest."

"I will do anything to please you," she said humbly.

"And I must confess that I like you better in this docile mood than in the mood which it has replaced. When you came back to the house to-night, you addressed me as if I were an atheist, which was incorrect of you—as I have frequently explained. You also spoke to me about the curate and Elijah, and the believer's hope, and you are quite aware that I do not discuss such subjects with you. Your God is the projection of the curate upon the average feminine intelligence; you believe in your heart that your God wrote the whole Bible in English and got it published by Bagster. I cannot share your conception or your view; but I am not an atheist. I love God, that is the reason why I love and serve to the uttermost His humanity, and would sacrifice any unit of it in the cause of the aggregate. Now this must be the last time. I leave you your intellectual freedom and you may go to church, but you shall not talk church."

"Gabriel, did you love me when you married me?"

Her downcast eyes were raised and looked full at his.

"I am a man of like passions to others."

"You made me happy, you know. It was a life of sordid drudgery at home—papa was always overworked and mamma was always tired, and there was that trouble with my sister Matilda. You gave me all that money could give. And then"—she gasped and caught her breath—"our child!"

"Well, go on!"

"Now I don't know whether you love me or not—I don't even know whether I love you, because I am afraid of you so. But I know that there's a change. You used even to go to church with me. You were not always locked up in the laboratory. Even now you are good to me; you give me more money than I can spend; you give me presents; you are considerate for me and do things to please me. But I'm shut out of your real life. Oh, Gabriel, I hate science."

"You should not do that, dear," said the doctor blandly. "My interest in you is largely scientific."

"Don't!" she said, pathetically, not

irritably. "Don't look at me as if I were a specimen. Don't be just interested in me. I'm a woman. It wasn't for the money and comfort that I married you. I loved you. You loved me once, Gabriel; science did not stand first; you used to make concessions to me."

"I am making concessions now."

"By listening to me politely? Yes, you regard all the smaller conventionalities."

"I do. I have no pretence to transcend humanity. My contempt for the individual includes my individual self. I try to regard all the smaller conventionalities, and to some of them I am really attached. I get vexed at trifles. I am particular about some quite unimportant things. For that reason I prefer the conventional dinner to the Sunday supper, which is one of my concessions to you; to which you sit down, perspiring and religious, in a hat. And I despise myself for ever thinking about such light things, when I realise the greatness of the work before me. Do I love you? My dear Hilda, I do not even love myself. My point of view has been changed by—"

"Don't talk," she broke in passionately, bursting into tears, "don't go on talking! It doesn't comfort me. Love me again, Gabriel! Love me! Else I shall hate you."

"Excessive emotion," said the doctor, "is not good for you, and will probably hasten your day. You must go to bed at once."

She rose like a whipped child. "I'm sorry," she said, in a low, husky voice; "I forgot, I know you don't like scenes, and I'm wanting to try very hard to please you in everything. I'm going: good-night, dear."

The doctor raised one of her hands and kissed it, and opened the door for her. She passed out. Half-way up the broad staircase that led to her room she paused a moment thinking. What had

he meant by "hasten her day?" He had said once before that "her day would come." She knew instinctively that it would be useless to ask him, and put the question by with a kind of despair. In her room she stood before the glass surveying herself. The colour on her cheeks was slightly disordered. She took a sponge and washed it all off. She made up her mind not to use it again. It was of no good for her to try and make herself look pretty any more; and, even if rouge had given her beauty, that would not have made her husband love her again. "Love!" she whispered to herself, panting. Then she remembered that it was wicked to use rouge. She had but just come from church, and had painted her face like a bad woman: it was wicked of her. She knelt and prayed God to forgive her. Then she rose, and took a candle and stepped across the passage to another room. It had been her baby's nursery. She unlocked the door and entered.

The room was neatly kept. A little cradle stood in one corner, bedecked and empty. She walked over to it, and rocked it a little. Then she opened a drawer and turned over piles of tiny clothes that were not wanted now. "My little baby," she whispered. Her eyes were strained and aching and dry. But she cried again in bed that night.

It was long before Dr. Lamb came to bed. He had not been working in his laboratory; he had been thinking about Claudius Sandell. The doctor had not had much opportunity to observe him; but, nevertheless, he summed him up: a man whose pride was greater than his instinct of self-preservation, a truthful man.

The doctor thought for a long time. "Oh, I shall use him—I shall certainly use him," he said to himself at last. "A great find; he will quite repay me."

Upstairs Claudius Sandell slept peacefully.



The Fiction of the Future.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG.



HAT will be the fiction of the immediate future? This question was put to us the other day by an excellent correspondent, who occasionally manufactured a more or less successful novel, and who, therefore, was perhaps pardonably anxious that his new works should be in full accord with the present stream of tendencies. Unfortunately, at that time we were unable to answer that question. In the first

place, editorship and prophecy are not (necessarily, we mean) interchangeable or even convertible terms. In the second, critics of the chief rank are not themselves, we were astounded to find, agreed on this important subject. Thus one will declare that we have reached an epoch in which pure romance will flourish to a remarkable degree. Another will state, with equal fervour, that we are about to witness an astounding revival of the popularity of the historical novel, whereas a third will argue, with convincing illustration, that we shall soon be faced by a flood of stories devoted to a close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not from woman's, standpoint.

"You can only interpret the future by the past," says a familiar maxim, but on turning in the face of this confusion to the latest works of the great masters themselves, we did not, unfortunately, find any indication sufficient to warrant a positive assertion to our correspondent. Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance, has

passed "where the rest is silence," and the magic of romance has lost its most potent wizard. Rudyard Kipling has given us two magnificent volumes of jungle stories, but, although they are magnificent, they have not the great human qualities nor the all-pervading genius of *Plain Tales* or *The Light that Failed*. Dr. Conan Doyle has wandered from the golden bye-paths of the popular detective story to powerful studies of the braggart Gascon, and through those to a morbidly clever psychological study of a prodigious charlatan, and then again to his first love the historical novel itself. Consequently, we doubt whether the author of *The White Company* and *The Refugees* is quite sure of the future himself. Stanley Weyman, we admit, remains true to his early ideals, but even he, we found, has deserted his favourite period; and at last we were in our extremity compelled to appeal to some of our most famous novelists themselves, telling them frankly the difficulties we had found beset the whole business. As a result, here are the views of the future of the great makers of fiction themselves.

Mr. H. G. WELLS writes: "I do not see that the fiction of the immediate future can be anything very different from the fiction of the immediate past. No epidemic threatens the Society of Authors—unhappily the aspirant may think—and novelists are born, not made, and need a certain time to grow. The constellations will remain as they are, Meredith and Hardy still shining stars of the first magnitude. Meredith like his own Sirius, and Hardy as I fancy like Aldebaran, Kipling, Barrie, Anstey, Conan Doyle, and about them all the lesser lights. There are no revolutions in fiction, only the slow changes worked by death and the development of new writers. No one can prophesy what the new writers will write until they have written it. I suppose most of us younger men are more or less consciously looking

for new standpoints. There is Mr. Morley Roberts, for instance, who seems to have concentrated upon a primitive—a palæolithic brutality, and Mr. Marriott Watson, who in his *Dick Ryder* has dealt realistically and humanely with the highwayman, hitherto monopolised and, to my mind, spoilt by romance. Mr. Conrad has found a wonderful world in the Dutch East Indies. Then Mr. Kenneth Graham has struck an absolutely new vein in his *Golden Age*, and Mr. Stephen Crane another in his *Red Badge of Courage*, and Mr. Le Gallienne is making a novel of that not unpleasing rococo sentimentality of his. But I cannot find any tendency in common here, any justification for such a generalization as you



MR. H. G. WELLS

From a photograph by Frank Dickens, Soane Street

demand. Mr. Crane seems to me to have illuminated emotional psychology with an imagination like a box of Bengal lights, and in mental and physical science there certainly exists a wealth of material for imaginative treatment unused such as no other province of human interest affords. As education becomes less linguistic and more scientific, this province will, I think, be worked more and more, and 'scientific romance' will to some extent replace historical romance. But as I myself have tried to work this vein a little, this opinion may be after all only a paraphrase of the cobbler's, 'nothing like leather.'

"In another direction there may be a tendency to development. I believe 'there are inducements' for a funny novel-

ist—an antidote to the earlier teachings of Mr. George Gissing. Since most people have to be poor and shabby, it seems to me a wholesome enterprise to develop the humour, interest, and adventures of poverty, to make it seem very good fun on the whole. We want novels of the English lower and middle classes in the spirit of Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. It is a dog's life, of course, to be a jester. If in a novel you fail to terrify or depress or excite, or melt, or move your readers or reviewers, you suffer no great harm; but if you try to make them laugh and fail—Heaven help you! The virulent abuse once dealt out to Mr. Barry Pain still lingers in my memory, and nothing was bad enough for the New Humorists! They are all scotched or killed now, I know, and there is, saving Mr. J. M. Barrie, no laughter left in fiction. Yet in the gloom I have descried, like the phosphorescent gleams of matches being struck, the *Clever Wife* of Mr. Pett Ridge and the *Stolen Bishop* of Charles C. Rothwell. Let me mingle my metaphors. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Pett Ridge is a snowdrop, and the spring I hope for is coming.

"And since the above was written I hear Mr. Barry Pain has a novel in hand. That is good news. It is sure to be good reading, and perhaps it will be very delightful reading indeed. And if it is about poor people—as I hope it will be—then clearly this half-hearted prophecy of mine is already more than justified."

These are the views of Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE: "I am naturally somewhat diffident in the matter of pronouncing an opinion as to the character of the novel which in the immediate future is likely to obtain the largest amount of popularity. In the first place, it would be a cause of great regret to me if I were the means of inducing any writer to adopt a particular course the pursuit of which might have a disastrous result so far as the sales of his book are concerned. In the second place, I feel certain that I should be much more grieved if I should find the wind taken out of my own sales by the publication of a novel by an author who might pay me the disastrous compliment of accepting my opinion as to the nature of the coming fiction. If any writer has strong convictions regarding the tendency of public taste, we may take it for granted

that that writer will act up to them in his next book. It appears to me, however, that one has only to make out a list of the most successful works of fiction of the past year or two in order to become aware of the enormous difficulty of pronouncing an opinion on the

any interpretation bearing upon the future? Does it point definitely in any direction? I certainly think it does not. The only thing that seems quite beyond doubt is that no book in which humour predominates has a chance of a large sale in England in these days. We take our fiction seriously, or not at all."



MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE
From a photograph by Russell and Sons

question of the tendency of the taste of our readers. One or two historical romances have been eminently successful; but several, equally well written, and on apparently more popular lines, have had only the most feeble sale. One or two strikingly commonplace stories with a suggestion of religion in them have gone off freely; but probably a hundred which might be similarly described remain on the shelves of their publishers. Two or three novels dealing with the caprices of sex have sold by the ten thousand, but numbers have been total failures. Three novels in a kind of Scotch dialect have been conspicuous successes, but how many others equally unreadable south of the Tweed have been stillborn? What conclusion can anyone come to when face to face with these facts? Must not one conclude that the public will not buy one class of fiction to the total exclusion of another? The books that had the largest sale during the past year and a-half were *Trilby*, *The Manxman*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, *Jude the Obscure*, and perhaps one of Mr. Stanley Weyman's romances. Is this list susceptible of

Mr. E. W. HORNUNG says: "I hope that the fiction of the immediate future will afford a broader and a fairer field than ever, and less favour than ever for this or that particular school. No; the romance, ancient or modern, is not likely to oust the analytical novel, nor *vice versa*. Not only are there ample room and an equal demand for both, but we have a wonderful equality of productive talent upon either side. While this is so, we may still witness the simultaneous triumphs of a George Eliot and a Charles Reade, a Madame Sarah Grand and a Mr. Stanley Weyman. Obviously the one thing needful is that a book should be good of its kind. The wine matters less than the brand; and good romantic burgundy, fine analytical hock, and dry, epigrammatic champagne as a pleasing addition to either, are



MR. E. W. HORNUNG
From a photograph by Elliot and Fry

pretty certain of their friends, and plenty of them, even in the immediate future."

MR. WALTER RAYMOND is all for what is pleasantest in fiction, as you might expect from what you have read of his work: "It gives me pleasure to

respond to your invitation to express my opinion upon the immediate future of English fiction. That the reader longs for something which will soothe his jaded nerves and leave him happier when he has read it, there is no doubt. Life was never so difficult, and ruthless analysis of human misery gives him no rest. Besides, in his heart, even the pessimist perceives that there are some things not so bad after all, that the sun shines occasionally, and even here there should be not more than five months' winter in the year. But relief will not be found, as some predict, in pure romance. This century has sacrificed the dearest beliefs and the most cherished ideals to fact.



MR. WALTER RAYMOND
From a photograph by Debenham and Smith, Southampton

Its strongest impulse is a passion for reality and truth. It is in vain to propose an excursion into fairy-land. But let it not be forgotten that, whatever may be destroyed, there is always the fresh air, the eternal hills and the green fields.

"The perception of this is at the bottom of the popularity both here and in America which has of late attended the Idyll. The life it draws, however simple, is real, and people are glad to believe in it. Romance, to-day, could be no more than a recreation; but idyllic art with no startling incident, with no sorrow that does not soften or cannot be forgotten in sleep, is rest. We get away from the distraction of half-formed ideas and lie

under the oak trees or sit by the hearth in company with simple souls. We know we are superior, and we like that. The atmosphere is pure; the peat or the wood fire smells quaint; and we like that. We had forgotten this old world, and so it has the freshness of novelty, and for a moment we forget the new world and are thankful. But it is not the record of old customs and modes of thought which gives the real value to the Idyll. It is the restoring quality of genuine simplicity. Therefore, this branch will, for the present, continue to flourish and produce leaves of incredible greenness.

"The same may be said of the story of adventure. Until the Anglo-Saxon has lost his pith he must delight in danger, and the nerve which carries a man over it. There has never been a time when the English people did not love adventure, and never a time when it was more desirable that they should do so. Many do not want to bother about new ideas. They would rather accept them a little late upon authority, and in the meantime ride bicycles. They turn from what is morbid because they are in health. They are impatient with analysis, as if knowing by instinct that it must undermine the will. To them the Idyll is tame. They do not catch the subtle tenderness, and they resent the lack of incident. They also want the fresh air, but for excitement, not for rest. Like the Idyll, therefore, the book of adventure supplies an immediate want, and may be expected to increase in popularity. But between them I fancy there is this distinction, that the inspiration of the Idyll is a longing for simplicity, and the other may be largely written to demand.

"The thing most clear to me is that we have not yet had realism. The deepest note of present-day fiction is one of appalling pity. Earnest writers have treated saddest themes with absolute fearlessness. They give us the truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as that goes; but in respect of life they do not give us the whole truth. They show us a sore through a microscope, which shuts off from our view the strength and beauty of the living organism. The book invades the sanctity of the villa residence—the British matron shrieks. The advancing flood of humanity is making her gather up her respectable skirt. But it is not for her we need fear. She is well-nourished and will take no

harm. It is the hopelessness begotten of this unrelieved pity which for the moment stifles aspiration and paralyses endeavour. Yet life itself is not so cruel as the latter-day novelist. I look, therefore, for a Messiah who, seeing modern life in true perspective, shall give us a finer realism in which human happiness and misery shall stand in just proportion. Then we shall see that where there is dark shadow there must also be bright light. I do not apprehend 'a period of close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not woman's, standpoint.' Men will not write it. Women can't."

Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN says: "As a thorough believer in the folly of prophesying till after the event, I should be sorry to commit myself to any very definite declaration as to what will be the fiction of the immediate future; but still I have certain notions which may answer for replies to your questions.

"I do not believe that the present movements tend toward any special end. Neither do I think that we have reached the beginning of an epoch in which pure romance will flourish to a remarkable degree. Nor that the stream of tendencies sets in the direction of the historical novel or works of adventure in far-off countries. Lastly, to take your questions *seriatim*, my belief is negative as to the possibility of our having again a period of close analysis of some of the great sex problems from man's, and not woman's, standpoint. My little literary creed may be dogmatic, but I base it upon thirty years of reading, writing, and observation, which have taught me how little these questions are governed by laws. The great god, Chance, rules, and it is the unexpected which happens, or our enterprising publishers would soon make fortunes. Let me ask, What grounds have we for prognosticating the direction in which the wind of popular taste will blow, when it is always liable to be turned aside by a lucky puff? Try by reference to arrange the successful books of the past thirty or forty years into definite lines, and how soon will the task be given up when it is seen how diverse are the works which have held the public attention for the time being—the vigorous and true, the pitiful and weak. Just a few at random: *Pickwick*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Caxtons*, *The*

Woman in White, *Lady Audley's Secret*, *Mary Barton*, *Verdant Green*, *Adam Bede*, *John Halifax*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Lorna Doone*, *John Inglesant*, *Called Back*, *A Window in Thrums*, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, and *Trilby*. Here is a mixture of works which have all, to use the cant term, 'caught on,' and each in turn been the talk of the town. Surely when the public taste exhibits such elasticity, I am right in saying that the novel of the future will be decided by chance.

"Upon the last of your questions I feel strongly. My opinion is asked, and I give it for what it is worth. I look upon the 'sex problem,' so called, as being as great a sham as the rotten mock-philosophic thread upon which that series of literary beads, the *Rougon Macquar* novels, are strung. In brief, as a cant term to serve as a blind, an excuse for making 'filthy lucre,' and flooding the country with a class of literature worse in its tendencies than much of the coarse and brutal writings for the circulation of which men have repented in gaol. Let me, however, in conclusion, venture upon one approach to a belief in the future. I do not think that we shall have a period of close analysis of 'the great sex problem from man's standpoint.' After what we have seen during the last few years from feminine pens, I venture to say that any man of wholesome natural tendencies would think more than twice before he stirred up the unpleasantness of such a theme. The great 'sex problem' should surely be the prerogative of the unsexed."

These are the views of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS. "I am disposed to think that chance largely governs literary movements in so far as fiction is concerned. When a really strong novel appears a hundred more or less like to it speedily follow—if the strong book has made a market success. Thus the *Heavenly Twins* was instantly followed by a flood of novels on similar lines, and Weyman's romances set a hundred pens to work, because they were successful. Any sudden, startling production which grips the fiction-reading world will start a temporary fashion, no matter whether it is concerned with bush-ranging or ethics, social problems or the phenomenal discovery of crime. As a rule the stronger a novel's 'purpose'

the weaker its art; and the greatest fiction has always been occupied with the springs of humanity's actions, not those petty problems arising from the tiresome but vital conventions of human society. I think the best stories are those which depend on no chance

fiction of the immediate future will be of all sorts, flavours and qualities, as fiction is now and always has been. If you ask as to the great fiction of the future, that is another thing, dependent wholly on the men who are to produce it. If they arise, and as they arise, they will give expression to their divers individualities, each in his own class of work, be it pure romance, or the historical novel, or what it will, regardless of what are called 'movements' or 'tendencies.' These 'movements' are not, as many seem to suppose, mysterious cosmic forces, working from without, and carrying with them all the genius and talent applied in the arts. They are not, indeed, causes, but effects. A great success in art begets emulation and imitation, and the result is called a 'movement,' or a 'tendency.' Or the public taste, in its caprice, makes a demand which some class of commercial fiction is produced to supply, and that is also called a 'movement.' In the first case the nature of the 'movement' depends wholly on the particular qualities of the work of the man that causes and



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

question of the hour in which they were born. I fail to note any great and overwhelming tendency at present, though as minor movements I seem to detect the influence of Meredith and of Hardy on young writers. The effect of the former author appears in a vicious striving at brilliance in dialogue and uncouth and affected attempts to play the fool with our mother tongue after the manner of Meredith; while Hardy's followers, while lacking his splendid insight, echo and imitate that personal idiosyncrasy of consistent pessimism which makes it impossible to say of the greatest living English novelist that he sees life whole. There exists much joy in the world. That it is allotted after a perverse fashion puzzling to human notions of justice none can doubt, but even marriage ends happily sometimes. To approach even a human institution with obvious bias lacks dignity in a story-teller. He should rise above personal feelings and look at the world from outside as Shakespeare did."

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON writes: "The



MR. ARTHUR MORRISON
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, Kensington

leads it—a matter impossible to be foretold. And in the second case it depends on the current of popular fancy, a thing the direction whereof few or none (certainly not I) can prophesy or account for."

Mr. GABRIEL SETOUN writes: "You ask a question that is not easy to answer. Any answer, indeed, must be of the nature of a guess, and the probability is that every guess will be wrong. There are fashions in fiction as



MR. GABRIEL SETOUN
From a photograph by W. Crouke, Edinburgh

in dress; and who shall tell from the vogue to-day what is to be in demand to-morrow? One thing is certain. The novels that have lived, and will live, are the novels of character, be they romances pure and simple, or social, political, or psychological studies. A story must be human if it is to appeal to humanity, and the characters must play their parts as human beings, to be appreciated of men and women. Carlyle has remarked that Homer interests us now not because he wrote of what passed beyond his native Greece, and two centuries before he was born, but because he wrote of what passed in God's world and in the heart of man. And what is true of poetry is equally true of fiction. But the fear of the commonplace is the beginning of sensationalism. The historical romance appears to be the favourite of the moment; but if it is to live, it will not be by virtue of any archaic turn of speech or inevitable anachronism, but because its characters are men and women of like passions with ourselves. What will be the fashion or craze next year or next century, I do not know and cannot guess."

These are the views of Mr. F. W. ROBINSON: "The whole subject is interesting, and requires much study. I do not believe in any fashion or boom of a successful novel. To my mind well-written fiction will always sell, whether it be domestic, realistic, or romantic. As for the sewage series—that will always be with us, and, alas! always be remunerative to the dirty minds who work for it."

Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS writes: "I do not know that I have given much thought to the present tendencies of fiction. But I certainly do not think there is any great opening for analysis of sex questions at this time. Speaking for myself only, I may say that my thoughts run rather to the wider social questions of economics and to far-off adventure. Perhaps in these rather reactionary days both may smack of romance; but socialism will have its turn, and with it



MR. MORLEY ROBERTS
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis

perhaps imperialism as well. Romance pure and simple seems to me not characteristic of this age."

Mr. BERTRAM MITFORD writes: "In the matter of the fiction of the immediate future it is not easy to predict whither the present movements tend, if only that fiction is very like fashion, inasmuch as it is mainly run by the ornamental sex, who probably constitute

eighteen-twentieths of its readers. And these eighteen-twentieths are strangely like sheep in their eagerness to tread upon each other's heels in order to enter some new ('literary') pasture, for the sole and simple reason that others are crowding in before them. In the immediate and remote future, even as now, some chance production of the day will become the fashion; and the more idiotic its subject, and slovenly and untrue to life its construction, the more will those eighteen-twentieths enthuse upon it, because 'everybody does.'

"As to the novel of adventure in far countries, I believe it is with us 'to stay.' By this I do not mean the fairy-tale style of adventure, consisting mainly

for a strong plot based upon real human struggles and passions, real human sufferings and successes, thrown out by a dark and lurid background of warfare and peril, will always appeal to the reader of fiction of whatever age or sex, and, indeed, to a considerable number who otherwise would read no fiction at all. And this holds good of the historical novel, although the production of the latter—its merits as such, perforce, largely resting on skilful and elaborate research, as against the advantages of actual experience and observation—must, it seems to me, be limited to a somewhat close circle. But while the sex problem or the 'revolted daughters' will crop up from time to time and become the fashion, the novel of adventure will be subject to no such ephemeral vicissitudes. It is here to stay.

"This brings us to the sex problem from man's, not woman's, standpoint. Here is a subject on which prophecy is extremely hazardous, if only that it is such a difficult one to handle delicately and competently. Yet, thus handled, it is one which may well bear its part in the fiction of the future. The writer who should treat it exhaustively and with knowledge, yet with such unflagging care as to avoid any ground for imputation of coarseness, will, it is safe to say, have struck new ground. There have been attempts and to spare; but the sex problem (male), as setting forth the swinish wallowings of bestial rustics or the squalid horrors of hideous slum-life, though 'up-to-date' and true to life, is not a 'problem' at all. Dealt with, however, from the point of view of the man of birth and culture as distinct from the mere human biped above-mentioned, and set forth by a skilful hand, it should find its place in the fiction of the future, and bear part in that unconscious education which well-written romance, of whatever kind, undoubtedly conveys. And it has now a fair field. The Young Person is no longer a drag on the wheel. She has almost ceased to exist. The Young Person of our day wants to know, and, in point of fact, contrives to know. At the risk of propounding, to some old-world souls, a damnable heresy, there seems no especial reason why she should not know. The fiction of the immediate future will take no great account of the Young Person."



MR. BERTRAM MITFORD
From a photograph by Mende'ssohn

of washings from the *Arabian Nights* and similar puerilities, but the good, sound, stirring romance, with its scenes laid among real localities and real peoples, even though the identity of such be at times thinly disguised. I believe that the interest now taken by the people of this country in our colonial possessions and the opening-up of far-off lands has never been equalled, nor has it even yet attained its fullest dimensions. Under such stimulation the novel of adventure will, in my opinion, hold its own in the fiction of the immediate future, and that to a remarkable degree. I wish to emphasise the term novel of adventure as distinct from the mere tale of adventure—

Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON writes: "Your question is not very easy to answer. During the last twenty years the growth of fiction has been so liberal and so various, that he would be a bold man who would certify to its future with any confidence. After the period of Thackeray and Dickens we fell upon a time of the sensational, when little but mystery and murder—Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon—would serve our interest. But since then there have been few regions which the imagination and the fancy have not explored. Some of these forms assumed by the novel have been merely temporary; but among them all I think that two great tendencies have been discernible. There



MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

is the almost aboriginal division into romance and realism. Romance, I imagine, we shall have always with us. The very name marks the source and fountain of the novel. But I am disposed to think that, whereas nothing may prejudice the popularity of this form of fiction, we shall see in the future a clearer and a more general bias towards the novel of realism. By realism I do not mean Zolaism. But I believe that by degrees the public and the publishers will present novelists with the liberty of their art; and that correspondence with conventions which at present hampers and restricts the writer who desires to deal openly and sympathetically with human life, will not be im-

posed upon him by the force of general opinion. The fear of the young person is still upon us, but when once this fear is recognised as groundless, and the young person is either ignored or treated as a reasonable human creature, with aims, emotions, and capacities with ourselves, English fiction will be free to develop upon natural lines. And it is surely natural that novels should keep in consonance and pitch with human nature."

Finally, for a change, here are the views of an editor, Mr. F. H. FISHER, of the *Literary World*: "I am as much at sea as to the future, immediate or remote, of fiction as I am as to the ultimate rate of interest that Consols will yield. Mr. St. Loe Strachey, if I remember aright, puts the latter at five-eighths per cent., or twelve shillings and sixpence, just before the abdication of the heir to the British Crown and the proclamation of a Republic. As the yield has diminished a half per cent. since 1888, it does not require a mathematical genius to work out the sum that would give the exact date when twelve and sixpence will be the annual yield—on the not altogether unjustifiable assumption of a similar continuous decline in the rate of interest in the future—and the period is unpleasantly near. The connection between the yield from Consols and the fiction of the future is so obvious as hardly to need explanation. The least intelligent person must have seen how steady has been the growth of pessimism among the moneyed classes since 1888, and the moneyed classes chiefly count among the patrons of fiction. It is true the free libraries also count for something, but not for much. Free librarians at present buy the books that have a vogue among the well-to-do, and will probably continue to do so as long as the well-to-do can afford to buy novels in any number. But, clearly, there must come a time when the comparatively well-to-do will be so very little above the mere artisan in the possession of income that none but a small body of millionaires will be in a position to lay out even six shillings a year on novels. Just think, six shillings, with Consols yielding five-eighths per cent. per annum, will represent (allowing sixpence for income-tax) six months' interest on one hundred

pounds; and please remember the immense difficulty there will be in hoarding one hundred pounds in those days. No man will be able to save enough to retire on, or leave a fortune to his family. Supposing, however, that the moneyed classes can still pay the piper (and therefore can and will set the tune), my idea is that the woes of the so-called leisured class will largely figure in fiction. This

is, I am aware, a shifty answer to your interesting and important question; but if I attempted more I should make my note into a bulky essay, which you would scarcely appreciate. All I will say is that the present movement of Consols tends towards pessimism, and fiction may almost be said to follow Consols as trade follows the flag."

TO HIM.

A MERRY marriage morn, good sir,
 A joyous marriage tide,
 Who found my love, and cheated her
 With mocking from my side.
 For every loyal word you said,
 For every honest deed,
 So many blessings on your head
 To help you in your need.

For that you wrought no act of shame
 And raised no traitor hand,
 Mayhap God's angels love your name,
 Set on your brow no brand.
 Mayhap the God who knows these things
 Will answer this my prayer,
 And make each wedding bell that rings
 Your measure of despair.

For all the wrong you brought to me
 May love and joy increase,
 And may you rest contentedly
 And know the Devil's peace.
 May marriage song and dulcimer
 Sound you no evil note—
 The Hittite's curse on you, good sir,
 My dagger in your throat!

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

A MALIGNANT WOMAN.

"I THINK she was one of the most fascinating, and withal the most cruel, heartless, and malignant women that it was ever my fortune to meet," said Smurthwaite, with a rasp in his voice quite foreign to him.

I could see that the memory of the woman disturbed him. We had been talking about the characteristics of the sexes, and I had upheld with some enthusiasm the superior character of the average woman as contrasted with that of the average man. In the main Smurthwaite had agreed, but he had laid it down as an axiom that, when a woman is bad, she is generally worse than any man, and instanced the case of a Mrs. Brereton—a name that was quite unfamiliar to me, but which Smurthwaite seemed to think I ought somehow to have remembered.

"There's a case for you," he added, with some heat, "which you can do a little cheap moralising over. A youthful enthusiasm like yours will be able to evolve as many contradictory theories from the character of a woman like that as there are days in the year, and each theory will appear to you for the moment the correct one."

I protested with some heat that I knew more of women than he thought.

"Ah! my dear boy," he added, pityingly, "when you have lived as long as I have, I think you will come to the same conclusion as that to which I have been driven, that the longer a man lives, and the more women he studies, the more it will be forced upon him that the only knowledge he has gained is knowledge of his own ignorance."

"Tell me the story," I said, "and let me judge for myself."

"I forgot," he said, "the matter caused very little public remark at the time, and it is now so many years ago that, even if you had heard of it, it would have been only as a child. I took the trouble at the time to prepare what the French call a 'dossier' of the woman's past history." Going to his cupboard, he produced a small bundle of papers tied with tape.

"First of all, I must tell you," he said, "that when I knew her she was, or was supposed to be, a widow, of about thirty years of age, without encumbrances, tall, and graceful, with quantities of wavy golden hair parted in the middle, almost perfect features, and a small but sensuous mouth with full, red lips: lips, though, that under the influence of rage I have seen drawn tight like the steel edges of a reticule. Her eyes were of a curious

greeny brown, very striking, and, I must admit, attractive at a first glance. She had a magnificent colour; at times, indeed, a little too much colour. Dressed in the height of fashion and possessing quiet, ladylike manners, she was a most attractive creature except when, as I said before, she was under the influence of passion, or, as sometimes happened, of drink. Then she was as foul-mouthed a virago as I ever met in the lowest walks of life, and I have been brought in contact a good deal with the lowest classes.

"Well, to return to her history—she was, I believe, a chance child, and was born in a little fishing village not far from Grimsby. Her mother had been a domestic servant in a large mansion in Lincolnshire, and left her employment shortly before the birth of her child, after which she returned to service, leaving the child to be brought up by her grandparents, who were poor fisher folk. Whether her putative father took her education upon himself, or how it was, I do not know, but I traced her at the age of sixteen to a small boarding school in Devonshire, where she acted as governess-pupil. Here she seems to have remained until she was about twenty, and picked up such education as she possessed, and apparently mended her pronunciation. Her ability and cleverness—superficial, it is true, but real notwithstanding—stood her in good stead, and people who knew her at that time considered her a well-bred girl. Whether or not it was at that time the demon of unrest and wickedness seized her, I do not know, but, whatever her temptation was, she suddenly disappeared from Devonshire, and, two years later, came to London as the wife of a Mr. Urmiston, a Scotsman. They lived in pretty good style. In a year, however, he died, and Mrs. Urmiston was reduced to great poverty. I had some difficulty in tracing her subsequent movements, but after some trouble I traced her as half companion, half maid, to an elderly lady living in the country. Her account of herself to this lady was that she was a married woman, whose husband had deserted her and gone to Australia, and was, she believed, alive. In this way she worked upon the sympathies of her employer, and for some three years held a position of considerable comfort with a minimum of occupation. Her mistress

lived in a dower-house with a large park round it, and, having gone to London for a few days and returned somewhat unexpectedly, she found her companion riding one of her horses, while a man, whom she introduced as her husband, was riding another. This led to Mrs. Urmiston's immediate dismissal. Who the man was, where he came from, and what became of him afterwards, I never could learn; but two years later Mrs. Urmiston was once more in London living in a fashionable boarding-house in the West End.

"I had a great friend at this time, one Brereton, a rich retired merchant, a bachelor without any near relation, living at Hornsey. Meeting him one night at a club to which we both belonged, he told me that he was engaged to be married to a widow. He spoke in rather uncertain, hesitating accents about her when I made inquiries—more for politeness' sake than for any other reason—as to who she was. He told me he had met her casually at Gloucester Road Station laden with parcels, with which he had assisted her, and thus got into conversation. He was extremely taken by her appearance. The acquaintance thus made had soon ripened into a stronger feeling, so far as he was concerned, and he had proposed to her.

"He was a mild, retiring man, and spoke in a nervous manner of his love for this beautiful stranger. In vain I impressed upon the wisdom and necessity of making full inquiries into her past and antecedents. He got angry with me, and told me he thought it would be an insult to such a noble and pure woman as she was to even hint at a desire to know more of her past than she chose to tell him. That, I found, was very little. Before the marriage, however, on one or two occasions he told me that on going to call on her at the boarding-house, she had sent a message that she was unable to see him, as she was not well; and it was a matter of surprise to him that on the occasions when they did meet it was always owing to previous arrangement.

"The marriage was delayed some two or three months, and during this time Brereton, who had made me his confidant, used often to come to my chambers to tell me all his thoughts and feelings on the subject of his projected marriage. Once he admitted he had

found Mrs. Urmiston very flushed, and she then said that this was occasioned by her having taken a glass of brandy for neuralgia. I again implored my friend to make certain that he was not wrecking his life by contracting a marriage with a woman of whom he knew nothing; but he was deaf to my entreaties.

"I attended the wedding, which took

missing. In a moment I saw her temper rise; she caught the page-boy by the shoulder, and, giving him a shaking, told him to run up to her room and fetch it down. The beautiful blushing bride of three hours before had shown herself a virago. Brereton saw it, looked at me, and his face blanched.

"Contrary to my expectations, I heard nothing from him during the honeymoon, but on his return, instead of inviting me to his house, he came to see me. I noticed in a moment how altered he was and how aged in one short month. He admitted to me then how foolish and wrong-headed he had been in not following my advice. He told me that his wife was liable to the most violent fits of passion, and that these almost always occurred when she had



"HE TOLD ME HE WAS ENGAGED"

place very quietly in a West End church, and I had my first evidence of Mrs. Brereton's character even before the married couple had left the hotel for their honeymoon. I noticed how frequently she had her wineglass replenished, and before the wedding breakfast was over—only we three were present—her face began to flush. As the luggage was being put up on the carriage, a bonnet box of Mrs. Brereton's was

been indulging too freely in intoxicants. He had endeavoured to dissuade her from the use of them, but her excuse was that she suffered from neuralgia and was obliged to take brandy to relieve the pain. He added that he would not ask me to his house, as, Mrs. Brereton had taken a violent dislike to me, and objected to my coming.

"So far as I was concerned, the dislike was mutual. It would be a waste of



"I SAW HER TEMPER RISE"



"I THEN SEARCHED IN A BUREAU"

time to tell you what a hell upon earth poor Brereton's life became. Hardly a week passed but I was the recipient of his melancholy confidences. Violent scenes were the rule, and not the exception, with that ill-assorted couple, and after an exceptional outbreak when she had assaulted him, I advised Brereton to take proceedings for a judicial separation. But I could not persuade him, poor fellow, with his shy, retiring disposition, and his dislike to publicity; nor would he even allow me to write and threaten her with proceedings if her manner towards him did not alter.

"Up to this point I had only thought her an abandoned, drunken woman, but I had no idea of what depths of infamy lay behind. Notwithstanding her fits of drunkenness, I had frequent occasion to find out how extremely clever she was in business matters, as more than once she had accompanied her husband on his visits to my office in connection with his investments. Her shrewd remarks and acute reasoning and thorough knowledge of the matters in hand proved to me what an extremely able woman she was.

"This condition of affairs lasted for nearly three years. Poor Brereton became the wreck of his former self, and I was not surprised to learn from a confidential message I had from one of his servants that he was ill and wanted to see me. Strange to say he had never

made his will since his marriage, and as marriage puts an end to any existing will, I knew that if he died he would be practically intestate. I therefore lost no time in hurrying to his house in Hornsey, only to be told that he was too unwell to see me. I left, however, determining to make an effort to see him on the morrow and to take with me a doctor, as I was afraid to trust him in Mrs. Brereton's hands.

"From the servant who came to see me, I learned that his wife was his constant nurse and attendant, and that she declined to allow anyone else to nurse him, and had not even called in a doctor; that he had gradually become ill, but had only taken to his bed about a week before he had sent for me.

"On the following day, when I went with Dr. Pearson, a personal friend; to call on Brereton, I found that he and his wife had left. He had been taken away in an invalid carriage by his wife to go to the seaside, as she said, and the address to which all letters were to be forwarded would be sent by Mrs. Brereton as soon as they had settled upon lodgings.

"Leaving instructions with the servants that the moment they learned the address they were to let me know, I left, feeling very dissatisfied with the result of my visit.

"A week later I saw in the *Field* an announcement that Mr. Brereton had chartered the sailing cutter *Lotos*, 105

tons, and left for Madeira. A terrible thought struck me the moment I read this announcement, and once more I hurried to Hornsey and told the servants to let me search all the papers belonging to my client. I spent a whole day in the search, but amongst a pile of papers—old receipted bills, income tax and rate papers, business correspondence, prospectuses and other papers—I failed to find anything that would give me a clue to what I was searching for. There

written in a nervous, shaky hand, which I recognised, however, as that of my friend:

"Dear S.,—I am in my wife's power; God help me! I believe she is slowly poisoning me, and I have not the strength to fight against her. If I can manage to get one of the servants to take this to you, pray bring a doctor and force your way into the house to me. But my wife watches me like a cat, and for the last four days I have not seen a soul but her,



'YOU POISONED YOUR HUSBAND, YOU KNOW'

was no correspondence whatever between husband and wife—a fact which a moment's thought made quite intelligible, as, so far as I knew, they had never been separated during the three years of their married life. I then searched in a bureau standing in Mr. Brereton's bedroom. It was an old-fashioned affair with a sloping front which let down and formed a writing-table; drawers and pigeon-holes occupied the upper part. In one of these drawers I came across the following,

and I have not the strength to walk. If this letter should not reach you till after my death, please have my body examined. No more.

E. J. B.

"At last my worst fears were confirmed, and I realised that this diabolical woman had been gradually poisoning her husband, and in order to destroy the slightest chance of discovery, had taken him for a sea voyage and completed her work in such a manner that suspicion would alone, even when backed by her

husband's letter in the absence of his body, be sufficient to bring her to justice.

The yacht *Lotos* duly arrived at Madeira, and reported that Mr. Brereton, who was travelling there for his health, had died on the voyage and been buried at sea.

"In due course Mrs. Brereton returned with the *Lotos* to England, and was not long in finding her way to my office. I had anticipated her visit, and had laid a plan to entrap her into an admission of her guilt. The moment she saw me she asked me by what authority I had been to her house and rummaged all through her late husband's private papers.

"I told her it was on the implied authority I possessed as his solicitor.

"And let me ask you, Mrs. Brereton, a question, now that we are alone. What poison did you use to compass your husband's death?"

"I expected to see her turn pale, but she remained as cool as ever—much cooler, indeed, than I was.

"Poison?" she asked, in apparent surprise. "What do you mean, sir?"

"What I said; poison. You poisoned your husband, you know, and I have got proof of it."

"Well," she said, quite calmly, "you can produce whatever proof you have, and take such steps as you like at your own convenience, but in the meantime I have come to ask you to hand me over, as administratrix of my husband's estate, all his papers and documents."

"I confess I was completely taken aback. She seemed to make so light of the charge—as if it was just an ordinary spiteful remark she expected me to make. I handed over the papers, and that was the last interview I had with her. Under her husband's intestacy she became entitled to half his property, bringing in an income of over £4,000 a year, and that she enjoys to-day. The rest went to distant relatives. I consulted eminent counsel at the time, but was advised that no criminal proceedings would be of any avail under the circumstances; so I was obliged to let the matter rest, knowing full well that another murderess was at large. And at large she remains to this day, a little stouter, a little more flushed; and, if possible, a little more painted than she was in the days when I knew her. I see her sometimes driving in the Park. There is the story; make what you can of it."



Can Volunteering be made Popular?

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

IN a book published about two years ago Mr. Spenser Wilkinson declared that "our Volunteer force is a sham." This definite and uncompromising opinion referred apparently to both the number and

efficiency of the force, and the words were probably an outcome of the zeal that exceeds even great knowledge. But amidst the warlike rumours and alarms with which we have recently been confronted, many people—including the least aggressive of Englishmen—must have been asking themselves whether the Volunteer force is all that it should be, as the alternative to the hateful conscription, on the one hand, and an adequate security from the despotic militarism of the Continent, on the other. The Parliamentary Committee which inquired into the whole subject in 1878 came to the conclusion that things were fairly satisfactory, whilst that which, in 1894, examined the legal condition and status of our citizen soldiers did not report in favour of any drastic changes. But Parliamentary Committees are often thought to reflect too faithfully the traditional optimism

of the official mind. Moreover, much has happened even since the investigation of 1894, and still more since the wider and more important one of nearly twenty years ago.

The broad, elementary facts are re-

assuring to the friends of the Volunteer system. They would seem to give little countenance to those who, out of distrust in our auxiliary means of defence, have talked plainly of conscription in England. In the first year of its establishment, 1860, the Volunteer force numbered about 120,000 men. It increased rapidly every year until 1869, when the number was close upon 195,000. Then there came a falling off, which lasted for two or three years, the number in 1873 slightly exceeding 170,000. In the following year the figures again mounted, and for the last twenty years the increase has been steadily



COLONEL RODNEY WILDE
From a photograph by C. E. Fry

maintained. The only intermission of any importance was in 1889-90, when the number—then 224,000—fell off by about 3,000. Last year the number on the rolls was 231,704, and if this figure be compared with that of ten years ago it will be found that the



COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY

Volunteer force has grown more rapidly than the population. It is quite true that in the meantime foreign armies have grown even more rapidly, and this it is which alarms Mr. Spenser Wilkinson and others who have no faith in the Volunteer system as a means of national defence. But the true comparison is really between the number of disciplined soldiers in England and the proportion of those in Continental Europe, which, by any naval mischance, might perhaps be disembarked on our shores.

There would seem, indeed, to be a general consensus of opinion that the number of the Volunteers is sufficient, and that the present rate of increase is highly satisfactory. The Committee of 1878 recommended that the maximum establishment should be 250,000, and last year the authorised establishment was 260,968. Colonel Howard Vincent, than whom no member of Parliament has taken a livelier interest in the subject, and who, from his practical experience as well as knowledge, is always one of the first to be consulted on a Volunteer question, writes to me as follows on this point: "In my opinion the present condition of the Volunteer force is all that can be desired. It not only keeps its numbers, but increases them." Colonel Lytton Bulwer, whom I consulted as the commander of a regiment in the typical agricultural district of Dereham, Norfolk, is of opinion that the present numbers are sufficient, "provided there is a provision made to enable retired and useful members to re-join their battalions in case of imminent danger." On the other hand, Colonel Rodney Wilde, the well-known commander of the Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, has the same feeling in his mind when, in reply to my question, he says: "In peace, yes; otherwise, no. Numbers must be governed by circumstances. It would appear that, as the ranks are not in all cases full, the present establishment is as large as is required to provide for the training of those who wish to serve in peace time. Doubtless, in the event of war, or even of the probability of war, a large number would at once offer themselves for enlistment—it has always been so."

These opinions have reference, of course, to the rank and file. The tone is not quite so cheerful with regard to officers. Thus Lord Aberdare, who has

for many years taken great interest in the movement, when asked whether he considered its present position satisfactory, laconically replied: "Yes, as to rank and file; no, as to officers." Colonel Bulwer is of the same mind in saying that, whilst "they could enlist any number of the working-class in the ranks if the Battalion funds would admit of clothing them," there is a deficiency of suitable men for commissions. Colonel Bulwer adds: "A small allowance when at camp, to meet the ordinary expenses, would, no doubt, induce some to seek commissions, but the young man of the present day seems more inclined to join cycle clubs or to loaf about, and does not possess that patriotic spirit which fired those who came forward when the Volunteer force was first formed." Colonel Wilde, who has served in his regiment since 1861, observing that "the higher classes are not now in the ranks, and do not find a sufficient number for officers," believes that "they can be attracted only by being satisfied with the status given to a commission, or when service is looked upon as a duty to their position, and, really speaking, is 'the proper thing to do.' Volunteering can never be made attractive to those who have no inclination for 'soldiering'—training at the public schools is of very great value in forming a spirit for military exercises and work."

Sir Edward S. Hill, M.P., K.C.B., Colonel of the 1st Glamorgan Artillery Volunteers, considers that little can be done to improve the force, "unless, indeed, the ballot were enforced for the militia with exemptions to Volunteers, in which case all difficulties, especially as to officers, would be solved." On this subject of officers Colonel Stebbing, the well-known commander of the Docks and Custom House Corps, declares that "a large number of the vacancies have been filled up, and no doubt by the end of the year more will have joined, the expense of uniforms not now being so great, as the Crown assists in the first outlay." Colonel Stebbing, however, lays great stress on what he describes as the "serious drawback" which officers suffer when their regiments go into camp. "The Crown makes to them only the same allowance as to the men; at Aldershot it is 2s. per day per man. Officers' mess expenses come to much more, and

it would be reasonable for them to ask for the same allowance as militia officers receive, namely, 10s. per day. At present camp expenses fall heavily upon subalterns who want training and experience. Without efficient officers men get contemptuous, and one works on the other."

According to the official returns, there is now but a very small margin of "non-efficiency" in the ranks. In 1895 the "efficients" increased to 97.09 per cent. of the whole force, the number of "non-efficients" being only 6,742. The term efficiency is after all, however, only a relative one, and although, all things considered, the present condition of the volunteers is fairly satisfactory on this

score, experts have no difficulty in suggesting ways in which it could be improved. Thus both Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., and Colonel Stebbing are of opinion that better accommodation is needed by many corps. To the statement, "There is nothing that I am aware of very specially wanted at the present time," the hon. member for Sheffield makes three exceptions:—"First, drill grounds; secondly, ranges; and, thirdly, accommodation in military camps, so as to make the taking in of the volunteers at Easter, Whitsuntide, and the Bank Holiday week of August not a matter of favour, not a matter of moving out Regular troops or crowding them up too much together, but a matter which could be arranged without the smallest difficulty."

Colonel Stebbing points out that regiments not up to their proper strength could in many cases be popularised by having head-quarters and drill-halls. "This," he adds, "much helps recruiting, and

accounts for the strength of many other corps. It helps on social gatherings and clubs in connection with the corps."

Regarding the subject from a more general point of view, Lord Aberdare writes:—"I think the best means of popularising Volunteer service among all classes would be to endeavour in every possible way to equal the Regular service in efficiency, general appearance, and 'turn-out.'" This tallies with a recommendation that General Grenfell has more than once made in favour of a closer association between the Volunteers and the Army. It is at present through the adjutant in a Volunteer corps that such asso-

ciation is principally maintained, and Colonel Stebbing points out that the value of the adjutant has been improved by abrogating the rule, "Once a Volunteer adjutant, always one." An adjutant now serves for five years with a corps, and he will accordingly try to get a very good record during that time, as a help to promotion in the Regular Service."

In respect to suggestions for further financial assistance from the Treasury, it has to be remembered that the ex-

penditure of the Government on the Volunteers has largely increased of recent years. In 1888, for instance, it was little more than half-a-million, whereas the estimates last year reached £824,000. As an alternative to a further increase, however, in the millions spent upon the Army, the general public would doubtless prefer that additional thousands should be devoted to the development of a volunteer system which has already earned such excellent testimonials.



SIR EDWARD HILL, K.C.B., M.P.
From a photograph by Walery



From Generation to Generation

THE HOUSE OF GROSVENOR.



WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL



THE FIRST EARL GROSVENOR



THE SECOND EARL GROSVENOR:
FIRST MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER



THE FIRST LORD EBURY: THIRD SON
OF FIRST MARQUIS



THE SECOND MARQUIS



WIFE OF THE SECOND MARQUIS



THE THIRD MARQUIS: PRESENT DUKE



SECOND WIFE OF THE PRESENT DUKE
From a photograph by G. W. Webster, Chester



FIRST WIFE OF THE PRESENT DUKE

Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE WOLF AND THE STORK.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



CHAPTER I.

I DETEST hotels. I have in them always a sense of being in a menagerie. Whether it be that persons in a crowd revert to primitive conditions, or that their collective atmosphere somehow betrays the lower origin, I cannot say. I only know that individuals who at home would be refined enough and decent members of society, suggest a zoo when massed together in hotel. As will doubtless have long since become apparent, I am no amiable person, nor do I think I can be suspected of loving, no matter what scientific interest it pleases me to take in my fellow-man. Therefore I avoid a crowd: therefore I am no frequenter of hotels. Chance took me, however, one summer to a holiday resort in Scotland, a place where men pursue the sport of golf and women prosecute the sport of man. It was but a moderate-sized hotel, and, having been fortunate enough to secure a pleasant suite of rooms, I could retreat into my lair whensoever the gambollings or growlings of my fellow-brutes threatened to disturb my composure.

Saturday being the day of my arrival, the next day was Sunday and unconscionably dull. To relieve the tedium somewhat I dined with the menagerie. At the table next to mine there sat a girl who reminded me of nothing so much as a little white rabbit—she was so blonde of colouring, so mentally and physically fluffy. With her was her mother—a person of sagacious stork-like aspect whose bland eye and beaky profile surveyed the scene from the height of a neck characteristically long

and adroit of movement. That eye detecting me seated lonely at my bachelor table, she by a deft manœuvre changed places with her daughter, so that Miss Bunny of the dimpling cheek and downy hair faced me in all her charm.

"Why am I to sit this side, mother?" I heard her whisper. She glanced sidelong from beneath her lashes toward a neighbouring table.

"There is such a draught, my darling," Mrs. Stork returned, responding to her daughter's question. Then answering her glance, "Sir Alfred left this morning."

Mistress Bunny sent one little sigh in the train of the departed Alfred, then apparently dismissed him. A moment later she had lifted a demure engaging glance at me from out of the folds of her serviette.

My vanity was little flattered to discover this inspection followed by a disappointed droop at the corners of her mouth. Plainly I was no welcome substitute for the absent Alfred. Possibly I was twice as old.

Two evenings later Miss Bunny sat again in the draught. For Sir Alfred's table was once more occupied. A young, good-looking man sat there—a stranger, apparently, for the Storks made no show of recognising him. I had thought the evening chilly, but Mrs. Stork to all appearance thought otherwise, for she leaned forward and loosened a pink lace scarf the girl wore round her shoulders—loosened it till it left her soft little throat and shoulders bared.

"You look so heated, dear Dolly," she exclaimed, tenderly.

"Yes, mother darling," the girl responded with a shiver.

The eye of Mrs. Stork, suffused by the gentlest solicitude, sought mine. I

noticed then that my long-necked neighbour was exceptionally smart. And she wore a new and very fine cap. It occurred to me that Mr. Stork had in all probability been gathered to his feathered fathers.

At times, as you know, I am subject to strange impressions. The aura I have mentioned as surrounding houses reveals itself to me as surrounding persons. Dinner was over, and I was engaged on my filberts when suddenly my surface chilled as though a wind passed over it. My hair lifted. The phenomenon known as goose-skin shivered through me. At the same time I was conscious of an eerie high-pitched wailing. I looked round quickly. All the doors were closed. There was no opened window whence draught or sound might enter. All that had happened was that the young man at the next table had left his place and was just about to make his exit by the swinging door. He must have passed behind me at the moment I had heard that wailing.

I observed him later in the smoke-room. There was nothing about him to warrant the uncanny or unwonted. He was a well-grown, fresh-faced youngster of about twenty-four. He had the manner and bearing of a youth of breeding. He sat apart with a somewhat reserved air, smoking and watching a game of billiards. It was a close game, and most of the men in the room were following it with interest. A few bets even were exchanged.

Once I noticed the young man, at a moment when all eyes were bent on a crucial stroke, suddenly flash a swift glance round the room, and discovering

no eye upon him, fling up his head and break into a short, rough laugh. I was sitting near, and it struck on my ear with a jar of savagery. An instant later his face was composed, his looks were on the game, his lips were set about his cigarette. One or two persons turned round sharply in his direction, as though they also had heard and wondered. He



"BREAK INTO A SHORT, ROUGH LAUGH"

met their eyes quietly, and with his air of reserve. But I was not deceived. "That young man, for all his fresh-facedness, is meditating a mischief," I decided. The recollection of my impression came back. I felt uncomfortable, for if ever a laugh threatened murder that laugh of his did.

In the course of the evening I addressed some commonplace to him. Was he a golfer? He answered pleasantly. He

had an agreeable voice; his eyes were of an engaging blue; his well-cut features lightened as he talked. I thought his adversary, whosoever he might be, must have treated him badly indeed to rouse such rancour in a youth so well favoured. Some love affair, possibly.

Yet was he not inconsolable, for by ten o'clock next day he had succumbed to the charms of Miss Bunny. I met him with his case of clubs as I went up the hotel steps. "Bitten with the fever?" I interrogated. "Not badly, sir," he answered. "Only lady sitting at table next me—lady with long neck dropped her knitting. Awfully civil when I picked it up. Asked me to show her girl how to make a tee."

A soft little voice at my side insinuated sibilantly.

"I'm ready now, Mr. Carvill. Mother has bought me a new driver. Don't you think it sweetly pretty with that band of blue leather on it?"

He turned and looked down at the

narrow little face with its prominent pink lips and white teeth. He ran a cool eye over her features and smartly-clad form. His slight moustache lifted as though he smiled. He turned and went down the steps. At the foot he dropped a pace behind, his eyes appraising her the while he adjusted a strap of his clubs. Then he glanced round with that same look I had seen the previous evening. Nobody being at hand he lifted up his head—and laughed. The jar of it came grating on the air. My skin rose in pin points. I heard a muffled wailing.

Then they disappeared round the corner, a couple of comely young persons chattering in the sunlight.

I passed into the house and into the drawing-room. At a window half concealed behind a curtain Mrs. Stork craned her long neck. Every line of her betokened exultation. Complacent satisfaction played about her beak. Hearing me she turned. She made two steps in my direction. I fled precipitately.

CHAPTER II.

THAT night young Carvill sat at the Stork table. Little Miss Bunny dimpled and frisked, lifting shy silly glances to him from beneath her pale lashes. She wore no scarf at all that evening, and she shivered in her sleeveless frock. Mrs. Stork's cap was wondrous fine.

Carvill accepted their attentions with a kind of absent nonchalance. He seemed out of sorts, being pale and self-absorbed. But I noticed his glances linger with a curious stare on the undulant curve of the girl's white throat. Once meeting his look she blushed and fluttered, shielding her eyes with her pale-fringed lids. I thought the youth forgetful of his breeding. Mrs. Stork's blandishments were not improving—as they were not calculated to improve—his manners. I noticed that he drank a good deal of wine.

In the smoke-room later he was hilarious, not to say uproarious. I thought if little Miss Bunny could have heard him talk, his fresh, young, handsome face would have lost some of its charm for her. I wondered whether, had she heard certain views of his, Mrs. Stork would have trusted poor little Bunny of the brain of thistledown so much in his company. But nobody

made it his business to acquaint either mother or daughter with the opinions of this avowed young prodigal.

Miss Bunny started off next morning to complete her education in that matter of a tee. Mrs. Stork stood in the hotel portico, her be-ribboned and rosetted cranium bobbing with a fatuous contentment on her long neck.

"Such a very nice young man," I heard her remark to an acquaintance. The acquaintance nodded.

"Who is he?" she asked.

I caught complacent whisperings.

"Very good connections—wealthy squire—eldest son."

The lady nodded again, interested. Then she glanced somewhat wistfully in the direction of a daughter of her own—a person hopelessly plain of face, who stood brandishing her clubs and talking loudly of some marvellous stroke she had made.

"Do you think so much golf-playing improves girls' looks?" she questioned anxiously.

"My girl Dolly doesn't play much," Mrs. Stork returned, with that air of condescension adopted by the mother of beauty to the mother whose ducklings are but plain. "In fact she hasn't got



"CARVILL SAT AT THE STORK TABLE"

further than learning to make a tee—whatever a tee may be."

"I think it's that waggly way they swing their sticks before they knock the ball. That's either a tee or a bunker. They do give such queer names in golf. But really I don't fancy modern girls have the complexions girls had when they worked samplers."

I was on the point of rising. It was impossible to appreciate Chamberlain's discomfiture at the hands of wily old Kruger during this sort of thing. But

at that moment Mrs. Stork extended her wings and swooped upon me.

"Pardon, my lord," she began, with the lofty air inseparable from her long neck, "but may I borrow your *Times* a moment? I am solicitous about my friend Sir Alfred Baxendale, who is yachting in the Mediterranean. I will return it to you immediately."

I delivered it to her.

"Pray do not trouble to return it, madam," I said; "I provide myself with it solely for the pleasure of presenting it

to the first person who does me the honour of asking for it."

I bowed and rose. Then I repaired to my room and raged. I had read two lines of an exciting despatch, and these were merely prefatory. It would be hours before a paper would be available in the reading-room. Not twenty minutes later a note on scented crocodile paper, my *Times* and a popular novel were brought to me. The note ran thus: "Mrs. (I forget the name, but I fancy it was not Stork) presents her compliments to Lord Syfret, and thanks him extremely for the *Times*. She begs at the same time to lend him a copy of *East Lynne*, which he may not have read, and which may serve to amuse him in this very dull hotel."

I returned the volume with thanks, assuring Mrs. Stork that I never read novels. I gave orders that should any lady under whatsoever pretext attempt to make her way into my rooms she was to be inexorably repulsed. Then I breathed once more and dined that evening by myself. Later I strolled in the gardens. There was a bench whence I could hear the sea break while I smoked. The night was dark, and I had sat some minutes before I perceived the red glow of another cigar a few yards from me. In the dark I distinguished an undefined mass. Then a silly little voice exclaimed:

"I like a man to be awfully good-looking, Mr. Carvill."

Mr. Carvill took two puffs at his cigar. Then he said, indifferently:

"Ah!"

After a pause the silly voice remarked again:

"Don't you like good-looking girls, Mr. Carvill?"

"I prefer 'em decent-looking," Carvill admitted without enthusiasm.

"I suppose you like dark girls best?"

"O, I like 'em all colours. It's a change, you know."

There was a longer pause. Then the voice this time depressed was heard again:

"That's a good-looking girl who sits at the table in the left hand window, don't you think—the girl with rather a red nose?"

"Is her nose red? Good figure. Wears white hats."

"Well, they were once white. But the sea does spoil things so dreadfully. You would never think I've only worn that blue hat I wore this morning once before, now would you?"

Perhaps Mr. Carvill was not listening. Anyhow he answered "No," which was certainly not the answer poor little Bunny was seeking. She was silent for quite an appreciable time.

Then she started again bravely:

"I did so like that heather coat you wore this morning, Mr. Carvill."

Mr. Carvill took out his cigar and yawned. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed. The bench gave a sudden lurch. There was a flutter of skirts as though she had started up, and a smothered little cry.

"O, you said you'd never do it again," she panted. "You know—O, you know how it frightens me. Let me go. O, let me go."

He smothered an imprecation. Apparently he took her by the shoulders and forced her down on to the bench again.

"I told you," he protested savagely, "it's only a habit. For Heaven's sake don't keep on about it so. I did theatricals once and had to laugh like that and caught the trick."

"Let me go. *Let me go*," she insisted. "Mr. Carvill, you are hurting my arm."

His voice changed. A red glow made a hissing curve in the darkness, as he threw his cigar away.

"I'm awfully sorry," he apologised. "Horribly rude of me. I forgot. I get savage when it's noticed."

Plainly Miss Bunny was frightened.

"I want to go in," she whimpered.

"You won't mention it. Promise you won't mention it."

"I promise. No, don't you come. Good-night."

"Good-night. I say, mayn't I, though—just one? I did last night, you know."

But Bunny's white skirts had rustled away in the darkness.

He resumed his seat and lighted another cigar. He puffed it slowly into condition. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the hotel steps next morning Mrs. Stork watched them start. Little Bunny wore a new frock and a serious air that suited its pink frills and flounces ill. She glanced once with beseeching eyes into her mother's face, and then, with a curious sidelong apprehension, at the fresh-coloured profile above her.

The storkine visage smiled with a smile that granite might have envied for its obduracy. Poor little Bunny, seeing it, shuddered, and shouldered her club with the band of blue leather about it. She tripped along beside him, stealing frightened glances up at him so long as they were visible. Then Mrs. Stork turned and ascended the steps, still smiling.

She had gained the doorway when her glance caught me. She coughed, and retraced her way as though seeking something. Finally, with an absent air, she sidled across and sat down at the opposite end of the verandah. I had made up my mind the previous evening. The opportunity presented. I am not wholly devoid of heroism, as my conduct on this occasion shows. I walked over to where she sat. I bowed and extended my *Times*.

"Your friend Sir Alfred Baxendale arrived at Nice last evening," I began. "Perhaps you would like to see for yourself."

She fairly blushed. She lifted and flapped her wings and hopped to her long legs.

"How excessively good of you," she simpered. "Really, how can I thank you."

I sat down as far from her as my powers of vocalisation and the subject at my tongue's end made advisable.

"Your daughter seems fond of golf," I said.

"Devoted," she answered.

"She is a pretty little girl."

Her own and her maternal instincts struggled. Her own had the victory.

"She is not seventeen," she murmured, adding in low tones, "I was myself but a child when I married my late husband."

"Ah!" I answered, abstractedly.

There was a pause, during which the stork's eyes fathomed mine, seeking avidly an answer to the question as to whether my interest in Dolly were conjugal or merely step-fatherly.

To keep to the subject of Dolly, for though my intentions were neither the one nor the other, it was of Dolly I desired to speak. "An only child?" I suggested.

Mrs. Stork nodded. That my interest should extend to other members of the family pointed rather in a step-paternal direction.

"An only daughter," she assented, evasively.

I concluded that Dolly had possibly some half-dozen brothers. But I concealed my suspicion, while Mistress Stork stole a plump, complacent hand to her head and settled her cap ribbons. Then she cast down her eyes and waited.

"You know Mr. Carvill?"

It was not a question she expected. She re-arranged her views. An interest in Carvill suggested jealousy on my part, in which case—Mrs. Stork raised her lids and looked directly into my eyes. Once more she was merely maternal.

"O, yes," she said, less sweetly. "He has been here for nearly a week. We have seen a great deal of him. Such a very nice young man we think him."

"Ah!" I said.

She stole a sharp glance toward me. Plainly this was jealousy. I thought the storkine vanity ruffled. But if not mother, why not daughter?

"My Dolly has quite taken to him," she insinuated tentatively.

"You will pardon me," I answered.

"He who does not confine himself to his own affairs generally makes a fool of himself; but I should like to say a word about this same young Carvill. Ladies"—here I bowed with my best air—"ladies are proverbially single-minded. But is it altogether wise to allow Miss Dolly to spend so much time in the company of a stranger?"

"It is so good of you to advise me," she murmured. "I need always somebody to advise me," she added in a flutter. The step-paternal theory was working uppermost again.

"I am interested in young people," I asserted, distantly.

"It is so good of you," she murmured a second time. "But Mr. Carvill has been so well brought up, Lord Syfret."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I agreed;

"I am speaking on general principles. To tell the truth, the boy has a rough way." I was recalling the previous evening. "He is a little strange."

"If there were anybody else," she said, "Dolly feels so lonely. She is such a loving child. She must attach herself to somebody. Now if an older man—someone more responsible—someone I could trust implicitly——"

"The girls here are good golfers and seem friendly with one another," I interrupted. Mrs. Stork bridled her long neck. She stared at me somewhat coldly. But she still maintained her smiling front.

"Dolly is timid with girls," she said. "and the girls here are mere hoydens. To tell the truth, Lord Syfret, Dolly—little puss—prefers masculine society. She is so fond of intellectual and progressive thought."

I mentally reviewed poor little Bunny's cranial development. I remembered her loose little lips and prominent teeth.

"Indeed," I responded, without a smile.

"Yet she is nothing of a blue," she added, in a hurry.

"I am sure of it," I said.

"Perhaps you play golf, Lord Syfret?" Mrs. Stork suggested, with a sudden change of front.

"Heaven forbid!"

"Or croquet?" Dolly said, yesterday——"

"Nor croquet, madam."

Mrs. Stork became all at once dignified. It began possibly to dawn upon her that my interest was without intention. But she made one more effort.

"You are like me," she said, insinuatingly. "You are above the trivialities of life. All that you need to complete your happiness is quiet and congenial companionship——"

"You are right, madam," I assented, "the most quiet and congenial of all companionships—the company of books."

She rose. "Lord Syfret," she said with dignity, and not without acrimony, "I thank you extremely for your kind consideration. My belief in human nature would be greatly strengthened, could I but think you had spoken from some other than mere personal motives. However, despite your evident hostility—quite unfounded—against dear Mr. Carvill, I shall be careful not to breathe a word to the poor young man of your unwarranted—may I say unworthy—suspicions. The boy is so sensitive, so generous—he would be cut to the heart, indeed, if he knew what an implacable secret enemy he has. Your *Times*, Lord Syfret, and *Good-morning!*"

I dined that evening in my room alone.

CHAPTER IV.

"MR. CARBLE says, 'Damn you!' and why didn't you get his knife properly ground?" the waiter inquired of the porter as I crossed the hall the next morning.

"Tell Mr. Carble damn him, and his knife can't be ground not any sharper than it is," the porter rejoined, in a tone of suppressed exasperation. "The fuss he's made about that knife of his nobody wouldn't believe. It's been at the cutler's three times already. If he wants it done any better, he'd best set to and do it himself."

"That's what he seems to think. He was sharpening away at it on his strop like mad when I come down. He says he'll put a hedge on it to raise Cain."

At this juncture they perceived me. The conversation ceased abruptly.

Carvill passed some minutes later with his clubs. From a glance of his I

had met the previous evening, I was aware that Mrs. Stork had faithfully reported my remarks. I reflected that again before I died I had rendered myself ridiculous. For Miss Bunny and Carvill had spent the whole evening together, and had risen early in order to go round the links before breakfast.

This morning he was all smiles. Seeing his fresh young face beaming friendly upon me, I experienced some discomfiture. I never regret, or I might have regretted my lack of discretion.

"Golfing again," I exclaimed, returning his salute.

"Golfing again," he assented, cheerily. He was a youth of contradictions. The night before the smoke-room had fairly resounded with his uproarious and iniquitous doctrine. This morning he was boyish and fresh-skinned.



"EVE WAS THE FIRST OF YOU"

Mrs. Stork came out as usual to see them off. She bowed to me with an air of majestic forbearance.

"Everybody has gone over to North Berwick to see Balfour play, they tell me," she gurgled, "so you two will have the golf course to yourselves."

"Mother," I heard little Bunny whisper, agitatedly, "what has he got a big knife in his pocket for?"

Mrs. Stork laughed and frowned together. She patted the girl's pale cheek.

"Little, little mammy's silly," she exclaimed. "Why, the knife of course is to— to cut the tee with."

"O, but how stupid. You can't cut

tees, mother. O! I don't want to go with him. I don't want to go with him."

There was no smile now on Mrs. Stork's face. Granite again might have envied her.

"I shall take you home to-morrow, then," she said, in tones that whipped.

The girl put a faltering face up.

"No, no," she whispered, with a little sob, "not that, mother dear. I'll—I'll go with him."

She went.

At the corner where the path turned out of sight I saw him pat his pocket. Then he lifted up his head—and laughed.

CHAPTER V.

AT lunch the coffee-room was empty. There had been an exodus, indeed, to see Mr. Balfour play.

I had just sat down to my table and was grumbling about something or another—in hotels the man who grumbles loudest is the man best served—when Mrs. Stork entered alone. The triumph in the eye she cast on me was complacent to fatuity. Had she belonged to a different class she would have set her elbows on her hips and hurled a "yah!" at me.

Instead of this she beckoned a waiter and asked him loudly, "Have you seen Miss—the name scarcely sounded like 'Stork'—and Mr. Carvill?"

"No, ma'am," the answer was, "not since they went out after breakfast."

"Not since they went out after breakfast," Mrs. Stork reiterated for my benefit.

She ordered champagne. Then she set the full-stop of her eye upon me with an eloquence denied to speech. "If this don't mean business, my lord," said that eye of hers, "I'll just thank you to tell me what it does mean."

At the moment I should have been thankful if I could. The conviction that I could not, spoilt the flavour of my lobster. My appetite was gone. I thought I would try a stroll across the golf-links.

"Heavens! sir, where are you going in such a hurry?" a rasping voice demanded. I had run full tilt into somebody entering as I left.

I did not waste breath in answering. I picked up the two heaviest-looking

sticks the hat-stand held. One I kept for myself, the other I put into the hands of the hall-porter.

"You are to come with me," I said.

"Your lordship," he protested, "it's as much as my place is worth."

"Leave that to me. I have something for you."

Perhaps my manner impressed him, for without further ado he grasped the stick and strode after me. He was a powerful fellow I was pleased to note.

"Is it Mr. Carble, your lordship?" he puffed. He was scarcely in condition for the pace we were making.

"I am anxious about a lady who went out with him this morning."

"Not been back since?"

"No."

The man whistled apprehensively.

"Looks bad," he said. "His man was saying only last night he didn't like the looks of him. He's got a brother in an asylum. Can't really get on any faster, my lord."

The links were a desert of sand, with here and there bunkers, and furze clumps, and artificial water-courses, which did duty for "burns." The ground was of the roughest, up hills and down dales of miniature size, with here and there smooth stretches of grass for "putting greens." There was not a soul in sight. But with that irregular formation we might at any moment come upon them in some dip of ground, or behind some sand-hill. We kept our eyes about us, and our weapons in the background. Our sudden appearance might by some

horrible mischance precipitate matters. If indeed—— We hurried on.

If luck had not been on our side that mischance would have happened.

We were striding up a furze bank when I heard him laugh. There was no restraint or repression in it now. It rasped out terrible and long. It gashed the silent air. He had flung off the mask. God grant we were not too late!

I turned and caught the man behind me by the shoulder. I forced him to his knees. We crept up silently amid the furze. Arrived at the top we came in sight of them. They were some distance below us on a ledge in the sandy side of the slope. It would be impossible for us to approach without being seen. It would be impossible to reach them without giving him some minutes' start, for the ground was rugged and soft, and there was a hollow we must dip into and scale again before we could get to them.

Poor little Bunny sat huddled together facing the point where we crouched and the situation with distended eyes. Carvill stood over her, his profile to us, but keeping a furtive and continuous watch about him. One end of a razor strop was between his teeth, the other was in his left hand.

Along its stretched surface he slipped the sharp blade of a murderous-looking knife. I cursed the fate of circumstance. We could not advance a foot without discovering ourselves. And the slightest thing might set his knife at her throat.

"You'll never have a chance now of telling about my laugh," he said.

His speech was hindered by the ring of the strop between his teeth, but the words came clearly up the bank.

"No," she assented helplessly, her eyes fixed fascinated on him.

"It's you women who do all the mischief in the world," he went on, argumentatively. "You've got to be got rid of."

She made no answer other than an inarticulate moan.

He turned on her savagely, brandishing his knife.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said yes," she cried meekly.

"So, as I said, I'm going to cut your throat the moment I get this damned knife sharp enough." Then, "What did you say?" he demanded again, brandishing the blade.

I measured the distance between us, I rose on my knees; but I feared. The slightest thing might set him on her.

"I said yes," she said meekly again.

Then, whether from sheer silliness or instinctive design, the poor little creature added feebly, "It will spoil my new frock, you know, Mr. Carvill."

I heard the big man beside me draw breath into his chest with a sob like a child's. I put my hand in warning on his shoulder. Carvill stopped sharpening his knife.

"Confound it! I never thought of that," he said.

Little Bunny had some sense after all. She saw her advantage, and made capital.

"It's so very light," she continued, looking guilelessly into his face; "it will show every stain."

"Confound it," he broke out violently, "I never thought of that. Why didn't you put on a darker one?"

"I will to-morrow," she assented, eagerly. "We can come again to-morrow. I will wear my old blue serge. That will not matter a bit."

Her voice broke. I could see by her terrible pallor the horror she was striving with.

"No," he objected. "It's going to be done now. You're not to be trusted. And by to-morrow there have got to be a thousand women less in the world. It's they do all the mischief."

But there was an air of discomfiture about him. In the ill-balance of his unhinged mind the thought of the spoiled frock affected him unpleasantly.

He sharpened his knife with an air which, though dogged, had an element of irresolution about it. He muttered to himself. Once he clenched his fist and shook it toward high heaven, the while the pupils of her eyes distended on him till their china blueness was a blackened horror.

Then he proceeded to strengthen his position by argument.

"You tell lies—all you women do," he blustered. "You deserve anything. You do nothing but deceive and cheat a man."

"But I don't," she pleaded, "I never tell big lies, Mr. Carvill, only little fibs sometimes that don't hurt anybody. Really I never do, Mr. Carvill."

Her voice half broke again.

"It's a lie, it's a lie, it's a lie," he shouted frenziedly. "I'm not going to be talked out of it. If *you* don't, other

women do, and you've got to die with the rest. You take a chap's money and you want diamonds and anything you can get. You're so confounded greedy." She stretched two trembling palms to him, palms as pink and impotent as flower-petals.

"I am not really greedy," she pro-

going to be talked out of it. I only wish there was edge enough on this confounded blade, and you'd see how little effect your talking has."

"Eve was the first of you," he began again. "She was a woman, and brought all the trouble into the world. You can't deny that."



"A MINUTE LATER HE CRIED OUT AND FELL"

tested. "Really, Mr. Carvill, I am not. I only thought you might not mind me having that golf ball. You have so many. And I didn't really expect you to give me the gloves—not if you don't want to. You're wrong if you think I am greedy."

He stuffed his fingers into his ears.

"I'm not listening. I can't hear a word you say," he said. He shuffled with his feet and hummed. "I'm not

"No," she said hopelessly. "I can't deny that, because it's in the Bible."

"Well then," he shouted, "that clinches it, and you've got to be killed for it."

She took refuge in her former plea.

"It will spoil my new frock," she cried out, piteously.

"Well, hang it, why didn't you put on some other," he vociferated.

Suddenly he broke out laughing.

"Why," he cried, "you can take it off. What a little fool you are. Of course you can take it off."

Her face fell dismally. The loose lips twitched with a grievous helplessness. And all the while we lay there afraid almost of breathing, lest we should set him on her.

"Yes, I could take it off," she faltered.

He passed his nail across the knife-edge. He flung the strop away.

"Then hang it, why don't you?" he shouted. "I'm ready now, and a precious lot I've got to do before morning."

The poor little thing made one heroic effort. She cast her eyes down shyly. I believe she actually blushed, though how her bloodless cheeks accomplished it Heaven only knows.

"O, Mr. Carvill, I should be ashamed to take my frock off with you here," she stammered modestly.

Again he was taken aback.

"I never thought of that," he said, nonplussed. "Curse it, why do you make such a fuss. I shall never have done to-night."

Her hand, resting on the sand beside her, flung up a feathery spray to the tremble of her fingers.

"If you were to go up the bank—" she faltered, with a pretty timidity, pointing directly where we lay.

("I thought, from the first, she'd caught sight of us," the porter gulped in my ear, "bless her plucky little heart and spare her.")

"If you were to go up the bank," she repeated, tremulously, "I could—I

could——" She could say no more. Now Heaven grant she do not break down. It must have been fear rather than courage that sustained her, for breath and strength were spent.

I gathered myself for a rush. In any case there could be but one ending. He strode in front of her and stood there glaring. If she had cried out or shown the slightest fear he would have killed her then. But she showed no fear. Her large eyes rested on him vacantly.

"Swear you won't run away?"

Poor little creature. She had not breath enough to swear. But she nodded. "And you won't call anyone?"

Her lips motioned "No."

He turned with an impatient oath and came clambering up the bank.

"A chap can't be a beastly cad," he muttered.

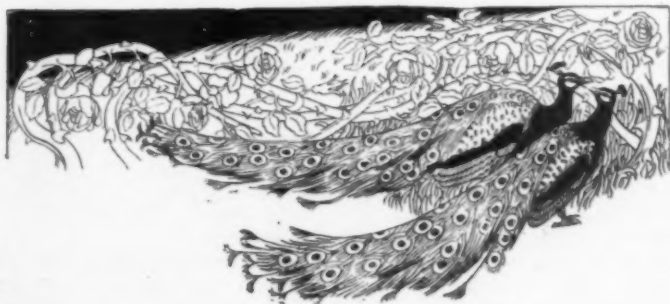
A minute later he cried out and fell. The porter's stick and muscles had effected that. We took his knife from him and secured him as well as we were able.

Then I leapt down the slope. Poor little girl! She was sitting wan and pallid, her trembling fingers fumbling at the buttons of her half-unfastened bodice.

"I saw you all the time," she whispered, "but I didn't think it would be any use."

She caught my hand clingly. "Lord Syfret," she entreated with a little sob, "don't ever tell mother I hadn't time to fasten up my frock."

Then she slipped down from her sitting posture, and lay in a faint amid the sand.





WRITTEN BY A. BERESFORD RYLEY. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.



At the present moment the star of the French school may not outshine all competitors in the heaven of art, yet Paris now stands almost without rival as a teaching centre. Its popularity among students of painting and sculpture, students of every denomination and nationality, is due mainly to the academies of Julian, Colarossi, and

others. In the old days the aspirant had either to place himself under some master, or to gain admittance by means of a series of examinations in drawing, anatomy, architecture, &c., to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where the Government provided free education. The Beaux Arts closed its doors to women, though they have since gained admission, while it admitted foreigners, who were debarred, however, from the competitions. One of the drawbacks of this Institution was the fact that the individuality of the student was to a great extent merged in that of the professor, and his artistic instincts were directed, more or less, along an academically narrow track, whence it was difficult to deviate: thus,

there was great risk of the pupil becoming a mere copyist. These objections do not exist in the free academies, because no attempt is made by the professors to influence the students in their way of working, each enjoying complete liberty of style. The corrections are framed, as far as possible, on the particular lines the pupil may have adopted, though insistence is naturally made on the salient points of drawing and colour. The British reader, who has not crossed the threshold of a public studio, may derive some interest from an account of the inner life of a Paris *atelier*, and as there is but little difference in the arrangements of these studios, one of M. Julian's may be taken as an example.

L'Academie Julian consists of nine different *ateliers*, five devoted to men and four to women, where are some eight hundred pupils, whereof about one third are foreigners. The student is allowed to choose on entering the professors whose instruction he desires, and he accordingly joins that *atelier* whereof they have the control. The most extensive and most interesting of the men's studios is that in the Rue Dragon. It is a large oblong room divided into three parts or "sides," as they are called, respectively presided over by MM. Bougereau and Ferrier, MM. Baschet and Schommer, while a third is occupied by a sculpture class under the guidance of M. Puech. On a raised platform models of both sexes are posing for the nude and tightly packed groups of embryo-painters are endeavouring to catch modulations of form and light,



"JULIAN'S"

while in a distant corner of the room the emulators of Praxiteles, in blouses which have lost their pristine whiteness, are working at small clay figures. The atmosphere is so oppressively hot that many of these wooers of Art are perched coatless on their stools; a few are chatting, others singing, some whistling, the majority silent—until the entrance of a stranger, who commonly receives a welcome, universal and vociferous, tempered with a gentle admonition not to disturb the model, and with an occasional suggestion that he should "stand drinks all round." High up on the walls, safe from the dangers of palette scrapings, are stretched a regular array of prize canvases—Academies, torses and portraits—bearing such signatures as those of Bramtôt, Doucet, Baschet, Paul Peel, Jack and many others, who have already inscribed their names on Fame's roll. Above these, like camp followers, is a little host of caricatures of past and present students. The groups or "sides" are presided over by a *massier* who is chosen by the vote of his fellow-workers, on account of his merit and his popularity. His functions—strictly honorary, and usually thankless—consists in choosing the model, and arranging the weekly places, in acting as treasurer of the fund provided by the small varnishing fees paid by each pupil on his entrance, and in sundry other duties of a monitorial nature. The present *massier* of M. Baschet's "side," a handsome young American, is the first foreigner that has been elected to that post.

The models are chosen on Monday morning, when the studio wears an animated aspect, for, in addition to the usual complement of pupils, there are many models of both sexes waiting to be booked for the immediate present or distant future. Various poses suggested by the *massier* are interpreted by the model, and the choice is decided by vote. The choosing of places, a matter of no little importance, is determined by a weekly *croquis*, whose subject is given by the professor, who classifies the competitors according to merit—thus number one follows the *massier* in the selection of position for his easel, and so on. For those who do not compete, arrangement of places is effected in alphabetical order, a fresh letter being fixed with each week. The working day is divided into two

parts, from eight in the morning till noon, and from one till five o'clock. The first half is the more popular, though a few work all day. The model—who maintains the same pose throughout the week—sits from eight till five with a fifteen minutes' rest every hour, and a break of an hour at noon. During these rests there is a universal movement in the studio, and you then note the varying characteristics of the motley crowd.

Every nationality is represented, though of *la légion étrangère* the British and American form a huge predominance. An anthropologist would revel in the types that catch the eye; here a would-be Bohemian, with unkempt locks and straggling beard, dressed in corduroys and flannel shirt, is chatting gaily with a clean-shaven and close-cropped "dude," whom Fifth Avenue has stamped with its own peculiar mark; and there a fierce-moustached Hungarian, a prize-man from Buda Pesth, is attacking in turn a little rat-eyed Russian, and a balloon-faced German, who have combined together, in spite of French opinion, to "slate" his master. In the centre of the room, surrounded by an excited band of Frenchmen, a broad-shouldered Briton is expatiating in execrable French on the advantage of *la boxe*; while at his side a Scotsman is giving a practical demonstration of the merits of golf. The ages of the students vary from sixteen to sixty, many taking to art late in life simply as an amusement, while others of artistic temperament have slaved for many years in the uncongenial atmosphere of business in order to be in a position to pay for a few years' training in a profession more adapted to their tastes. One of the most popular men at Julian's is a Scotsman, who, having made his money as a merchant in India, entered the studio with the weight of sixty years on his shoulders, though his jovial face and airy gait seem to have defied the ravages of time. The rowdiness once characteristic of such a gathering exists no longer, though at times the imp of mischief is in the ascendant, and a model's back is occasionally substituted for clean canvas, or a light ladder is quietly allowed to fall on the unsuspecting head of a guileless foreigner. On New Year's Day a Glasgow man delighted a wondering audience with the intricacies of a sword dance on the model's table, which per-

formance was succeeded by a procession through the street, the aforesaid Scot heading the *cortège* with the bag-pipes.

The process of initiation each new student had formerly to undergo, which consisted in kindling a small fire under his stool or anointing him with varnish or any other similar unguent, is now a relic of the past. On his admission to the sacred rites of the studio "the fresher" has to invite his artistic brethren to a modest feast dedicated to Bacchus, the dedication taking place at a neighbouring café. Curious and interesting is the friendly intercourse that exists between the models and the students, and in the intervals they stroll round in their *peignoirs*, chat with their particular friends, and sometimes stop before an easel to make some chaffing remark. On Monday mornings a popular model receives quite an ovation as she arrives and shakes hands with every one in the studio. There are about seven hundred models in Paris, the women being as a rule French and the men Italian. The most famous model was Sarah Brown, the heroine of the *Bal de Quat'z Arts*, whose disappearance was mysterious as her parentage and nationality. She sat for the most famous artists of Paris: she was the model for Carolus Duran's Luxembourg picture. Quite apart from her beauty, she possessed an uncommon gift of oratory, a withering power of repartee, and an intimate knowledge of argot, in addition to a no mean critical capacity. She had a wonderful influence over the students, whom she frequently harangued, and in her visits to the Salon she rivalled Sarah Bernhardt in the number of her admiring followers. It was through her that the *Emeute des Etudiants* took place in '93, when the trams and omnibuses in the Boulevard Michel were overturned and the Kiosks fired, and when at one time the Quartier Latin seemed threatened with a juvenile revolution.

The masters visit each *atelier* twice a week to make corrections. Sitting before each easel the Professor points out mistakes in drawing and colour, and gives general criticism and advice, now

and again effecting some alteration with brush or pencil. The duration of the visit depends greatly on the deserts of the student, a hard-worker receiving a Benjamin's portion. The majority of the workers adhere to Academic paths; but a few wander among the misty groves of impressionism, some adopting the *genre* of Manet or of Bésnard, others attempting the mosaic style of Martin,



"COLAROSSII's"

while one American contents himself with the employment of only three colours: these productions are not as a rule subjected to the professor. In a large studio like this the progress of the pupil is influenced almost as much by watching the "strong" workers as by professorial instruction.

In the winter term there are five monthly *concours* (the Académie two *torses*, one portrait) for prizes of a hundred and fifty and a hundred francs, for which about a hundred men and half that number of women, selected by the



AT PLAY

professors, compete. There is a similar competition for the School of Sculpture, the work being done in clay. In addition there are medals and other prizes awarded at the discretion of the professors. That the system of securing good work by honest competition is eminently successful may be demonstrated by the fact that since '79 pupils of Julian's academy have gained the Prix de Rome nine times, to say nothing of medals and awards each year from the Beaux Arts and the Salon.

The arrangements of the ladies *ateliers*—almost conventual in their rigorous exclusion of the male sex, are, otherwise, the same as the men's—they have the same professors and working hours, and even compete with the stronger sex in the *concours*, where they are often successful, especially in portraiture. Marie Bashkirtseff was one of M. Julian's most promising pupils.

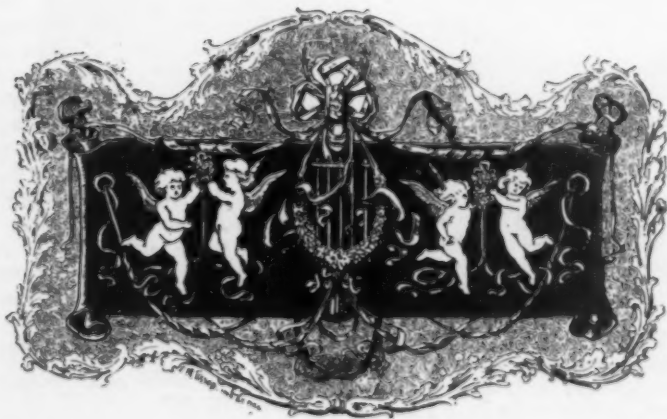
M. Colarossi's *ateliers* are almost the same as Julian's, though at the former

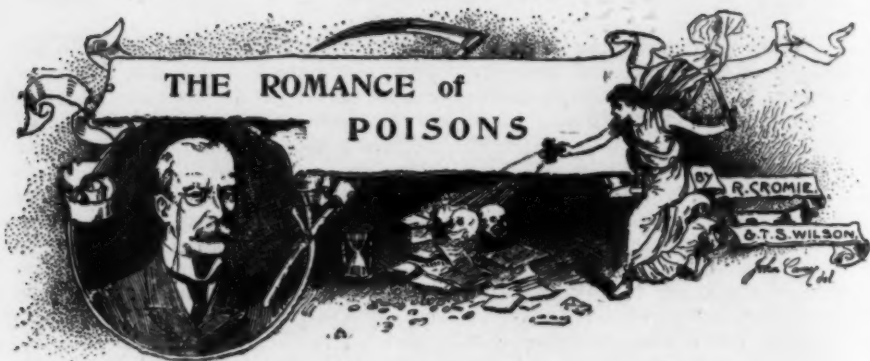
Académie a speciality is made of drawing from the nude, and the classes are so held as to afford opportunities to those occupied during the day, for in addition to the ordinary *cours* of painting and sculpture, there are two evening classes from seven till ten, one for men and women together, the other for women alone. Perhaps the great attractions of Colarossi's is the *cours de croquis* every day from half-past four till half-past six, when the model gives different poses of twenty-five minutes each, and it is wonderful what an excellent sketch can, with practice, be done in a time so short. On Sunday there is a whole day costume class.

Of the private *ateliers* of Paris—and they are reckoned by scores—space prevents mention of all save two—those of M. Bougereau, one of the professors at Julian's, and M. Castaigne, occupying a similar position at Colarossi's. M. Bougereau, one of the fathers of the Academic School, and the finest draughtsman in Europe, kindly received the artist and the writer of this article in his two-roomed studio in the Rue Notre Dame-

des-Champs. On entering the larger and more lofty of the apartments attention was at once attracted by a large canvas representing a Bacchanial festival, done in '84, the composition whereof is in M. Bougereau's best style; and his last completed picture, lying on an easel, is a group of women with a Cupid in their midst—at the side of this is a half-finished Crucifixion—while scattered about the room are various canvases with the bare outlines of figures. In the smaller room the Professor was engaged before a model, giving the finishing touches to his Salon picture—a nymph on the sea shore. In course of conversation, M. Bougereau gave it as his opinion that the Impressionist School has had its day, since its followers, with but meagre power of drawing and lack of colour-harmony, are producing work contrary to the canons of Art and at the same time displeasing to the eye. Finally we found M. Castaigne, the

famous "black-and-white" artist, in his pretty little studio in the Rue des Fourneaux, working at his latest contributions to the *Century*, with the fortunes whereof he has been intimately associated for some time past. Certainly, no artist has produced more striking effects or more delicate tones capable of reproduction in monochrome than M. Castaigne. In discussing the present standard of Art in Paris, he deplored the fact that the majority of young artists attempted to paint before they had learned to draw, and that on this account they were debarred from the success they might otherwise have attained. Of this there can be no doubt. The ways of Art, stony and precipitous, require courage and perseverance, qualities not singularly characteristic of the younger generations of painters, who, to be successful, must love "glory more than money, Art more than glory, and Nature more than Art."





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE DANCE OF DEATH

WILLIAM TUDOR FORBES, senior lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars, ran lightly up the staircase of the officers' quarters in the cavalry barracks at Torchester. Walking along the corridor, he came to Captain Aubrey Ffolliott's door, at which he stopped and knocked.

"Come in!"

Forbes walked into the room, and, taking a letter from his pocket, handed it to Ffolliott.

"Read that. It's from George Henry. What are you going to do in the matter?"

George Henry was the eldest son and heir of a local landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Torchester. His father, who had succeeded to an estate impoverished by the excesses and extravagances of a long line of aristocratic ancestors, had made it the special business of his life to redeem the property from the mountain of mortgages which burdened it. By denying himself all the luxuries and most of the comforts of civilised life, he had paid off many of the mortgages, and he hoped to leave the estate to his heir free of debt. In the meantime, George only had a very small allowance for one in his position, so small that he often regretted his father's persistence in his economic policy. He would have preferred a little more ready money in the present, and, as for the future—well, if it could not take care of itself so much the worse for it. This view, however, was carefully suppressed, for George was afraid of the old man. The letter which the senior

subaltern handed to Ffolliott read as follows:

"Langholme,
22nd May, 189—

"Dear Forbes,—I have got myself into a pretty mess. I ran up to town the other day on some lawyer's business for my father. Our mutual friend, Ffolliott, travelled by the same train. We went to see the 'New Barmaid,' and after supper adjourned to the 'Spitfire' club, which, as I suppose you know, is only another name for a select gambling shop. You know, old fellow, that cards are my besetting sin—you remember Oxford—well, the long and the short of it is, that I owe Ffolliott a lot more than I can afford to pay at the present moment. What to do I don't know. If I make a clean breast of it to the governor it will get his back up. Do you think Ffolliott would wait for six months? I can let him have my life assurance policy as security. Then my year's allowance will come in handy. Will you sound him on the subject, and let me know the result.

"Yours ever, GEORGE HENRY.

"P.S.—I'll never touch a card as long as I live.—G. H."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Forbes enquired when Ffolliott had read the letter.

"Do? Henry must pay up, of course. A man should not pay unless he is prepared to pay."

"How much does he owe you?"

"Only five hundred pounds: a mere trifle to a man with Henry's prospects."

"But, stop a bit, Ffolliott, George is a



"READ THAT, IT IS FROM GEORGE HENRY"

very great friend of mine—an old school chum—and I know his circumstances. His father keeps him awfully close. The money is good enough, and why not give him time. It will ruin him if his father gets hold of this card business."

But it did not suit Captain Ffolliott to wait. As a matter of fact he himself wanted the money badly. It would just stop a hole. His own creditors were pressing; more than pressing, they were clamorous.

"Look here, Forbes, a debt of honour is a debt of honour, and must be paid. I am afraid I can hold out no hope of giving your friend an indefinite period of time to discharge his liability. He can apply to the Jews. He can raise money on a post-obit easily enough."

Which being interpreted signified that George Henry might go to the Jews—or the devil—for the consideration which it was plain he need not expect from his friend. Perhaps it served him right. The way of the gambler is hard.

Lieutenant Forbes lost his temper, about the worst thing a man can lose when in a position of difficulty—either for himself or his friend.

"I am sorry I showed you the letter," he said coldly. "I might have known better. And I may as well tell you straight that I think it a very fishy transaction on your part to take a mere boy into a gambling club; induce him to play for high stakes; and then leave him in the lurch, or rather chuck him bodily into the lurch—to elaborate the phrase."

"Your opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me," Ffolliott said with equal coldness. His voice, indeed, was studiously calm; but his eyes were ugly.

"I wonder what the regiment would think?" Forbes continued. "You are nearly twice Henry's age. You will be held responsible if 'the boy gets into trouble.'"

This was the crucial point. Ffolliott was near the age limit. His majority, however, was almost due, and if he could get through the present financial crisis in his career all would be well. If he could not he would be obliged to retire—without much credit. Once or twice, if not oftener, there comes a time in every man's life when he must fight for his own hand irrespective of the personality of his opponent. Such a time had come to Ffolliott. He must have young Henry's money or surrender his own life—that is, his reputation. He decided without difficulty to surrender George Henry's. He arose from his chair and, speaking in an ex-cathedra voice, said:

"You are impertinent, Mr. Forbes; I take no insolence from you or any man in the regiment, or out of it. Let your friend come here and arrange his own affairs. I do not require and shall not permit your interference. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," Forbes answered very quietly. "Later on you will understand me." With which ambiguous remark he banged the door, and strode off down the corridor to his own room, there to write a hurried note to George Henry. This was shortly afterwards despatched to that unhappy youth by a mounted orderly. It was neither grateful nor comforting to the recipient.

Two days afterwards Captain Ffolliott walked down to the County Club, where he met Henry by appointment. They adjourned to a lawyer's office, and Henry assigned absolutely his life-policy for £2,000 to his creditor as security for the debt of £500: the policy to be re-assigned on payment of the debt.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was chatting with an old army friend (Colonel Thomson, commanding 22nd Hussars), in the smoking-room of the United Service Club. The conversation was interrupted by an attendant, who informed the specialist that he was wanted at the telephone.

"Well, good-bye, Thomson," he said, shaking hands with his friend. "I shall hardly see you again for some time; you go back to Torchester to-night, don't you?"

"Yes; I am sorry to say I do. Could have done with another week in town very well. But my second in command goes on leave to-morrow, so I must get back. You won't forget the regimental ball, Hedford?"

"Balls are not very much in my line," Hedford replied with a smile. "I'd much rather you would let me off."

"Oh, you must turn up," Colonel Thomson said. "The Duke has promised to come, and it is just possible the Prince will honour us. Besides, you will meet quite a number of old Indian cronies. Torchester's full of them. You will come! That's right! Good-bye, Hedford. So glad to have met you again."

Hedford went to the telephone, and found he was particularly wanted at the office of the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company by Mr. Montague Scott, the manager.

"Another mystery, I suppose," the famous toxicologist muttered, as the cab in which he was seated bowled rapidly along Piccadilly. "I am getting sick of

this business. I feel half-inclined to give it up. What's more, I feel wholly inclined. I will give it up—after this case."

But when the manager of the "Royal Standard" had explained the latest "case" to him, he forgot his weariness, and was as anxious as ever to solve the mystery.

"What aroused your suspicions?" the specialist inquired after he had listened to a brief precis of the salient facts on which he had been invited to give his opinion. "For my part I can see nothing wrong."

"And there may be nothing wrong," Mr. Montague Scott replied. "But the fact remains that the deceased, George Henry, only transferred his policy to Captain Ffolliott two months ago. The interment will not take place until Thursday. What we want you to do is to go down to Langholme, and make an examination of the body in company with Dr. McCullagh, who is our medical officer in Torchester, and also the Langholme family doctor."

The result of the consultation, which lasted long and was very earnest, was that Hedford went down to Torchester, looked-up Dr. McCullagh, and in his company paid a visit to the chamber of death.

"Apoplexy, I think you said?" Hedford inquired.

"Yes. There can be no doubt about it whatever," Dr. McCullagh answered. He was quite unconscious when I was called in to see him, and never rallied. Surgeon-Major Brown, who was present at the tennis-match, had the poor fellow carried into the tent before I arrived.

Everything was done for him that could be done."

The old doctor sighed rather unprofessionally as he removed the covering from the face of the dead.

There was nothing in the appearance of the body to suggest that death had



"MERELY AN ABRASION OF THE SKIN?"

taken place from any other cause than apoplexy. The usual symptoms were present. Hedford made a careful examination, but discovered nothing suspicious. The relatives would never consent to a post-mortem, and it would even savour of cruelty to suggest it. As the specialist was about to replace the covering, his practised eye detected a slight discoloration on the sole of the left foot.

"What is that?" he said, stooping down to examine it minutely. "Merely an abrasion of the skin?"

Dr. McCullagh smiled sarcastically, for he did not relish the interference of the specialist. Then he said: "Only an ordinary blister. Poor George had played several sets, and was winning easily in the final, when he was struck down. The day was abnormally hot. Over-excitement and extreme heat accounts for the apoplexy—and friction of tennis-shoe for the blister," he added with some asperity.

McCullagh was of the old school. He decried all specialists. He also felt aggrieved, as has been indicated, that the manager of the "Royal Standard" had thought it necessary to send down Colonel Hedford to make an examination. Such a thing as foul play had not even been hinted at. Was his own certificate of death not enough? As the old doctor drove Colonel Hedford back to Torchester he pointed out the places of local interest on the way, and conversed in amiable generalities without once alluding to the object of the specialist's visit. This was the only evidence of wounded dignity which he permitted himself to show.

"The cavalry barracks," McCullagh said, pointing with his whip to a gateway flanked on either hand by two old Russian cannon which had been captured at Sevastopol.

As the sentry at the gates turned in his short walk, the bayonet on his rifle flashed in the sunlight, and his scarlet tunic stood out from the dull background of the grey old gates. Hedford noticed this once familiar sight and then remembered his promise, reluctantly given, to attend the regimental ball of the 22nd Hussars. He was glad now that he had accepted Colonel Thomson's invitation. But he did not wait for the ball to make the acquaintance of the officers. He put up at the Royal Hotel and dined at the mess of the 22nd several times before the occurrence of that great event which was to be honoured by the presence of Royalty, and which was exciting much commotion in local society. The ladies, indeed, fairly fluttered with excitement at the delightful prospect. It was not every day they had the chance of having a Royal Prince for a partner, or even, as in this instance, the ghost of a chance.

During the fortnight which preceded the ball Colonel Hedford became very intimate with Lieutenant Forbes. The young officer felt so flattered by the

friendship of a man so much older than himself, and one so widely distinguished that he introduced the specialist to his whole circle of acquaintances—including Miss Helen Douglas, of the Priory. Miss Douglas had been a school-fellow of Ethel Hamilton's, and still corresponded with that fast rising, or already risen, young actress. She met Colonel Hedford, therefore, more as an old friend than a new acquaintance, and on his side the Colonel admired Miss Douglas "on sight." She was well read, well mannered, sensible and unaffected. He soon respected her as well as admired her.

Colonel Hedford was not alone in his admiration of Miss Douglas. Ffolliott and Forbes were both rivals for her affections. It seemed to be a close contest between them. In Hedford's opinion the chances were about equal. Both men had resolved to end their suspense on the night of the dance. Forbes, however, did not wait for it. He drove to the Priory the day before, and when he returned he was engaged to Miss Douglas. Honestly delighted with his triumph, he confided his secret to the junior lieutenant, Charlie Graham, and by the time the mess bugle went it was a secret no longer. Forbes pretended to be annoyed, but his pretence was considered poor.

The magnificent band of the 22nd Hussars rang out deliciously on the still night air as Surgeon-Colonel Hedford stepped from his cab. The Torchester Exhibition Hall was effectively decorated, and the arrangements for electric lighting of the hall and grounds were so successful as to call for a favourable comment from the Prince himself—and he has had some experience in the matter of illuminations. In the large conservatory the light had been subdued to that dim degree which lends potency to religious functions and charm to sentimental indulgence. It was refreshing to the eyes after the glare and glitter of the ball-room, not to speak of its further advantages. Outside in the Botanical Gardens crafty electrical contrivances had been wrought: the pattern of the flower beds was traced out in lines of shimmering fire; the stems of the great trees were wound about with spirals of coloured lamps, and thousands of Chinese lanterns were festooned in long lines of flame across the broad lawn. As the



"WITH COLONEL THOMSON'S HANDSOME WIFE ON HIS ARM"

Torchester Telegraph put it next morning, "The fairy scene irresistibly reminded one of a page in the *Arabian Nights*."

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford strolled into the conservatory with Colonel Thomson's handsome wife on his arm. She had

danced with the Prince, then with a few minor dignitaries, and lastly with her old friend Hedford.

"Let us sit here," Mrs. Thomson said, indicating a comfortable seat designed apparently for the accommodation of two persons only. They sat for some

time chatting about old friends and new faces. Captain Ffolliott passed without observing them. He was evidently in search of a missing partner.

"Good gracious, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson exclaimed. "Did you see the look on Captain Ffolliott's face? He seems hard hit. Willie Forbes has cut him out, you know, with Miss Douglas. Look, there they are! What a handsome couple they make, and as good as they are good looking! Isn't she charming?"

Hedford watched them with the critical air of a man who looks on at the game of life from an objective standpoint.

"Time is slipping by, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson went on in a confidential voice, "and if you don't bestir yourself it will leave you behind."

"Quite so," Hedford answered. "It has left me."

"Not at all! You don't look a day older than when I saw you last; and that was ten years ago."

"Let me take you back to the ball-room," Hedford said, rising from his seat, and cutting this incorrigible match-maker short. She was encroaching upon a subject which he had always held that every individual should manage or mismanage for himself or herself without the good advice of the 'man in the street.' Besides, the subject was a sore one. He was not now quite sure that a life devoted to a hobby or even to a science is necessarily the happiest or best form of life, and he wanted to think the matter over quietly by himself.

"I see you want to shirk further discussion on the subject," Mrs. Thomson replied with resignation as she placed her arm within Hedford's. "But let me give you a woman's advice. Don't have so low an opinion of yourself so far as women are concerned. That was always a fault of yours, so my husband says, and he is right."

Hedford made no reply to this. He was thinking of a young girl who was just then winning golden opinions on the stage, who had as a child often climbed his knee and lavished affectionate and usually sticky caresses on him who—

"Look at Mr. Forbes and Miss Douglas, Colonel Hedford," Mrs. Thomson said, suddenly, tapping him on the arm with her fan.

As the young officer and his partner swept past him, the specialist caught sight of Captain Ffolliott standing at the door of the conservatory a few paces away. His face was livid with the exception of a crimson spot on either cheek. He was evidently labouring under strong excitement. A merciless expression was in his eyes. Hedford watched him curiously. So did Mrs. Thomson.

"A good officer, Robert says, but a bad man. He is greatly disliked in the regiment," the Colonel's wife said in a low voice. "I am perfectly delighted that Helen Douglas refused him. They say he is drowned in debt."

Just then Lieutenant Forbes and his partner came sweeping round the room again. It was Forbes' first dance. He had been actively employed as one of the committee, and his duties had kept him from dancing with his *fiancée* till then. As the pair came gliding towards the Colonel's wife and Hedford, the specialist noticed that their movements became slower and more languid. Forbes stopped suddenly. His face was distorted with agony. He placed his left hand on his heart. Then he fell with a heavy thud on the polished floor, dragging his partner with him in his fall.

Hedford sprang to the rescue.

"Stand back!" he cried. "Give them air."

Miss Douglas fainted. Forbes was either dead or dying.

Surgeon-Major Browne and Dr. McCullagh hurried up from the card-room.

"Take her away at once," Hedford ordered. "Don't let her see him when she returns to consciousness."

Miss Douglas was carried into the ladies' dressing-room and attended by Dr. McCullagh.

"Heart disease or apoplexy," Surgeon-Major Browne said as he removed his hand from Forbes' heart.

"Neither," whispered the specialist in the Surgeon-Major's ear.

"Then you know what it is?"

"I believe I do."

"What is it?"

"Poison!"

"Good Heaven!"

"Keep it quiet. Don't let them know. Get him into the ante-room at once."

The man, or his dead body, was removed to the ante-room, and the

place quickly cleared of all but Hedford, the Surgeon-Major, and Colonel Thomson. An ambulance had been sent for. The specialist's first proceeding was a curious one. He pulled off Forbes' shoes. Off came one shining patent-

McCullagh—who at that moment entered the room—by the arm, he pointed to a well-marked abrasion of the skin visible on the sole of the left foot and said: "A mere blister! What do you think of it?"



"HE FELL WITH A HEAVY THUD"

leather boot; then the other. Then Hedford drew the scarlet silk sock quickly back from the right foot. His face fell. But there was still the left sock to come off. It soon followed the other. Hedford could not suppress an exclamation of triumph, and seizing Dr.

The old doctor shook his head and looked helplessly at the specialist.

Hedford called for brandy, and nearly half-a-pint of it was got down Forbes' throat. The body was treated as that of a drowning patient until the arrival of the ambulance. Ten minutes later it

was placed in bed in the Torchester Royal Hospital, which was close at hand. Hedford took command, and, after two hours' hard work, the patient breathed again. But he only breathed, and no more. He was not out of danger, but Hedford had strong hopes.

The next day at twelve o'clock Surgeon-Colonel Hedford had a long interview with Colonel Thomson, the result of which was that Captain Ffolliott was detailed for special duty with a musketry squad at the rifle range. This kept him absent from his quarters for some hours. While he was away Colonel Thomson, Surgeon-Colonel Hedford and Surgeon-Major Browne paid a visit to his room. They did not like the duty, but they could not help themselves; they had to go through with it. Hedford found what he expected. Then he and Surgeon-Major Browne retired to the laboratory attached to the A. M. D., where they met Dr. McCullagh by appointment. The laboratory was a primitive one, the Government grant being too small to provide the necessary equipment and adjuncts. But it served the specialist's purpose. Dr. McCullagh had driven out to the Henrys' place at Langholme that morning, and, after a private interview with the old butler—whom he bound over to secrecy—he obtained from him a small parcel. It contained a tennis-shoe, which had belonged to George Henry, deceased. Hedford had also a parcel with him. Its contents were a patent-leather boot and a red silk sock. These were the property of Lieutenant Forbes.

A general consultation now took place, and many theories were ventilated and some discussed. When Surgeon-Colonel Hedford thought that enough time had been wasted to qualify the interview for rank as an official inquiry, he arose and said, coldly:

"My duty is to give Captain Ffolliott into custody on a charge of wilfully murdering George Henry, and also of attempting to murder Mr. William Tudor Forbes, senior lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars."

"Can you prove these charges?" Colonel Thomson inquired, nervously. "Otherwise I should not make them."

"Then for God's sake explain. Come, John Hedford, we are old friends. You know that I will see justice done!"

"The explanation is simple enough,"

the toxicologist replied, gravely. "I found in Ffolliott's room a deadly poison."

"What poison?" Colonel Thomson interrupted.

"Curare, or at least a preparation of it combined with prussic acid and a poison extracted from the bodies of certain venomous ants. This combined poison is used by the natives of British Guiana and Central America to tip their arrows with. It is readily absorbed, and is fatal in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred."

But how could Ffolliott become possessed of such a poison? the Colonel asked in strong excitement.

"He has a brother in Central America," Surgeon-Major Browne put in, "who is a doctor in the Government service, and was home here about a year ago. Ffolliott may have obtained the poison from him, innocently enough, so far as he was concerned."

"I find traces of the Curare combination in this tennis shoe, which was worn by poor Henry at the Tournament. Ffolliott was in the Pavilion dressing-room that day," Hedford continued.

"But what motive?"

"In the first place, he held an assignment of Henry's life policy for £2,000. In the second, he is deeply in debt. The motive, if not ample, is sufficient. Then this sock which I removed from Forbes' foot last night contains enough poison to kill ten men. It is also impregnated with a preparation of a strong acid, which, in conjunction with the perspiration produced by the exercise of dancing or tennis playing, would cause an excoriation of the cuticle and so admit the poison to the blood vessels."

"But how could he place it in Forbes' shoe?" Colonel Thomson broke in, hoping against hope.

"Easily enough. Their rooms are close together, and Ffolliott was seen coming out of Forbes' room just before the latter went in to dress."

"That will do," the Colonel of the 22nd said, decisively. "You need go no farther. There is a possible motive in this case, which we shall not discuss."

The consultation was adjourned.

Two hours after, Colonel Thomson visited Captain Ffolliott in his room. The visit lasted only a few minutes, and must have been unsatisfactory to the visitor, for he returned

from it with a puzzled look. During the afternoon, however, the Captain's servant heard the report of fire-arms in his master's apartment, and on rushing in he found Ffolliott lying dead, shot through the heart with a still smoking revolver in his right hand.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

This result did not quite fit in with Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's idea of what was due to justice, but, being a military man himself—albeit a non-combatant—he could quite understand Colonel Thomson's desire to preserve the honour of the 22nd Hussars, and consequently appreciated the rather

meagre nature of the evidence given at the inquest.

Colonel Hedford saved the "Royal Standard" two thousand pounds. He also saved Lieutenant Forbes' life, thereby earning his very sincere gratitude and afterwards that of his wife. Forbes left the army shortly after his marriage, and the specialist is a welcome guest at "The Priory." Mr. and Mrs. Forbes are on his special list of friends—a list which lengthens as the years go by.

There is no recognised antidote to Curare poisoning. But Hedford knows one, and in that book of his which is now approaching completion he will give it to the world.





THE NEW SCHOOL

From a photograph by Poulton and Son, Lee, S.E.

John Ridd's School.

WRITTEN BY F. J. SNELL.

IT was remarked by old Fuller, speaking of Exeter College, Oxford, "This college consisteth chiefly of Cornish and Devonshire men, the gentry of which latter, Queen Elizabeth used to say, were courtiers by their birth. And as these western men do bear away the belt for might and sleight in wrestling, so the scholars here have always acquitted themselves with credit in *palazstra literaria*."

Of such natural courtiers and doughty men of learning Blundell's School can claim a never-failing succession; but it may be doubted whether the combined talents of both orders have brought the institution such notice as the presence within its walls of simple John Ridd, of Exmoor. We have elected, therefore, to christen our sketch "John Ridd's School," assured that most readers will be at no loss to understand our meaning.

The founder, Peter Blundell, presents a notable instance of thrift and perseverance, and had he lived in more modern days, could scarcely have escaped canonisation at the hands of Dr. Smiles. He is first heard of as an errand-boy, and

afterwards as an ostler at one of the Tiverton inns. The west of England was then the chief seat of the woollen trade, and Tiverton, on the banks of the Exe, an important mart. It has been

said, though the statement is difficult to credit, that the profits on kerseys amounted in some cases to the high figure of a cent. per cent.

No wonder, then, if the ostler was tempted to speculate. Having saved a small sum, he invested it in a kersey which he delivered to a trusty carrier, with a request that he would dispose of it for him in "famous London town." The carrier was very obliging, made a good market of his commodity, paid over the cash,

and charged nothing for the carriage! By and bye Blundell was able to buy kerseys enough to load a horse. Then he migrated to town himself. He continued to prosper, but after some years returned to Devonshire and set up as a manufacturer. His last years were spent in London, where he died May 9, 1601, and was buried in the Church of St. Michael Royal. This was one of the many City churches destroyed



PETER BLUNDELL



MR. A. L. FRANCIS: HEADMASTER
From a photograph by C. Vandyk

in the Great Fire, and any monument it may have contained of Peter Blundell perished in the holocaust.

Like many another man who has got on in the world, Blundell appears to have been keenly alive to differences of education, and, as he had no children, he resolved to devote a part of his large fortune to the foundation of a school in his native town. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the old man was fond of quoting the words of William of Wykeham, addressed to Edward III., "Though I am not myself a scholar, I will be the means of making more scholars than any scholar in England." With this object before him, Blundell passed a green old age in building, not castles in the air, but—let us call them—castles of the imagination. Before he died, he had mapped it all out. He wished his school—a "fair school"—to be reared upon or near the

river Exe or Lowman. Besides the school proper, there was to be a hall, and buttery, and kitchen, a "convenient" garden, and woodyard, and a "fit" house. His thoughts even extended to a "great fair chimney, with an oven," which he desired to have set up in the kitchen. The whole was to be enclosed with a "strong wall," and there was to be but one exit, a "fair strong gate," the original of that gate against whose iron bars little John Ridd—he was little then—was to lean, with six or seven small companions, some seventy years later. The actual foundation took place in 1604, and tradition has it that all the timber employed in the building was Spanish chestnut from the wreck of the Armada.

On a careful retrospect of the school's career we have come to the conclusion that it embraces three periods specially important and characteristic. These periods roughly coincide with three great head-masterships—that of the Rev. William Rayner (1698-1730), of Dr.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Richards (1797-1823), and of the Rev. Henry Sanders (1834-1846).

In a forgotten poem by a forgotten poetaster—Kiddell—appears a favourable, though, in all conscience, terribly

'shire, Cornwall, and Dorset;" or if we feel any surprise, it is that so many exalted persons should have deigned to profit by the charity of Peter Blundell, and the good offices of his fellow-citizens. How-



THE PORTER'S LODGE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

laboured description of the first-named divine:—

*Skilled in all tongues, see Rayner treads
the stage,
Severe his virtue—awful in his age;
While others follow all the musty rules
Of barb'rous monks and dull phlegmatic
fools,
From ev'ry weed, lo! Rayner clears the
ground,
And in his grammar all the man is
found.*

It was this enlightened personage who was called upon to deal, in their incipency, with the vagrom fancies of that idle, foolish, but splendidly romantic character, Bampfylde Moore Carew. Carew, so his biographer informs us, came to Blundell's when he was twelve—consequently, in the year 1705, or the following. Son of the Rev. Theodore Carew, Rector of Bickleigh, Tiverton, and scion of one of the oldest county families, we are not surprised to learn that he formed the acquaintance of "young gentlemen of the first rank in Somersetshire, Devon-

ever, the fact that they did so is eloquent testimony to the position the school had attained in general esteem. Whether the other "young gentlemen" corrupted Carew, or he them, it is somewhat late to inquire. Certain it is, however, that, to avoid the consequences of divers rash experiments, repeated a century later by another famous Blundellian, Carew and Tom Coleman turned gypsies, and the former, to the great scandal of his family and connections, masqueraded through life as the King of the Beggars!

Among the links connecting the school with the annals of national art, is a "Ticket for the Tiverton School-feast," engraved by Hogarth. The only remaining copies of this ticket are dated 1740, but by that time the artist was a successful portrait-painter, and so, one might conjecture, not likely to undertake work of this class. It has been suggested, therefore, that the engraving was originally designed for the anniversary of 1725, when Hogarth, who as a young man worked a good deal in copper, would have been more ready to accept the commission.

Kiddell did not survive to the mastership of Dr. Richards (1797-1823), or his powers of sarcasm, though neither small nor restrained, would have been sorely taxed to convey the full amount of his reprobation. For Richards was a pedagogue, the traditions of whose severities might justly procure him a niche in history side by side with the famous master of Westminster, while his manifold economies remind us of a more humble member of the same useful profession—Squeers. In plain English, the boarders were regaled with a roll and a little milk for breakfast, "tea" the same, and supper there was none. At dinner the joints were sliced by an old woman plying her fingers and knuckles as industriously as her carving-knife; and of the meat it is said that, when served, it was in a state "not always agreeable to the olfactory organs!" Such a luxury as a bath-room was undreamt of, and each morning the boys performed their ablutions at a pump. The most arctic temperature was endured with no attempt at alleviation, and occasionally all writing

tions, it is no wonder that the terms "Spartan" and "Draconian" were freely applied to the discipline which then prevailed. All this, however, did not prevent the school from enjoying a large measure of popularity, and it may fairly be questioned whether, so long as it remained on the old site, its numbers ever stood higher. Nor must we omit to mention that of these a great part were "young gentlemen of the first rank," who swarmed in the Doctor's abode like bees in a hive.

Glimpses of the life these boys led are still obtainable, though naturally growing more faint with the passage of years. First and foremost of their recreations were the pugilistic art and wrestling. Apart from this there were such favourite recreations as orchard excursions, when a duck or fowl might happen to be killed; badger-baiting, getting within the gates, and keeping sundry donkeys for equestrian exercises on Saturday and Sunday, the animals being turned out towards Cullompton Common on Monday morning.



THE OLD SCHOOL

exercises had to be suspended because the ink was frozen. At other times the sleet would force its way through the unceiled roof, and dripping on the boys' copy-books, play havoc with their calligraphy.

As the master's personal habits were in full accord with the external condi-

The mode of travelling, also, adopted by or for the "young gentlemen" calls for illustration. Some, doubtless, were despatched by the stage-coach; others arrived in a still more interesting fashion. Four brothers Scobell, for example, rode from Sancreed to Tiverton on ponies, chaperoned by the family coachman.

Sancreed is in Cornwall, and the journey was accomplished in three stages. The first night they halted at Bodmin, the second at Crockernwell, while the third found them arrived at their destination. Each boy carried his own wardrobe in saddle-bags. After resting a day or two, the servant went home with the ponies tied head to tail, and at the end of the quarter the lads were fetched in like manner as they came.

Early in 1809, when he had just com-

describing in vivid colours the unheard-of proceedings of Russell and his partner Bovey. Richards was very indignant. He sent for Bovey and expelled him on the spot. Russell would certainly have followed, but he cleverly pleaded that he was no longer accountable, as Bovey had stolen the hounds and sent them home to his father at Pear Tree.

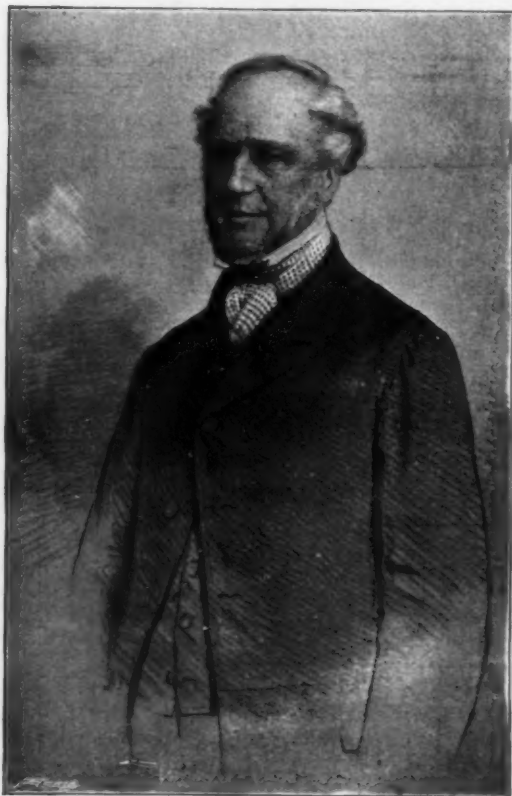
Mr. Sanders' régime (1834-46) is deserving of remembrance, if only on account of his distinguished pupils. Two of them, at least, are possessors of names universally known and respected—Frederick Temple and Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Mr. Blackmore's contemporaries cannot recall much of his school-life. Concerning Temple, on the other hand, some curious reminiscences have been handed down; we cannot say whether they are all authentic.

His lordship, it is said, boarded with a maltster—a very worthy man, we believe—in a back street, footing it home to Culmstock, a distance of nine miles, every Saturday, and returning by the same inexpensive method on the following Monday. Major Temple, we suppose, believed in pedestrianism. It certainly seems to have answered in the case of the Bishop.

On one occasion Temple was seen fighting in the "Ironing-Box" (*vide Lorna Doone*) with a boy afterwards landlord of the "White Horse"—a very old Tiverton inn, at whose sign the Cavaliers once hanged an obstreperous Puritan miller. Possibly, if Temple could have foreseen his antagonist's des-

tined career, he might have hit harder, unless, as we suspect, the Bishop's zeal for temperance dates from a more recent period.

We have not the good fortune to be acquainted with his lordship's present views on the ethics of school fights, but former masters at Blundell's—Dr. Dicken, for instance—accepted them as matters of course, and never dreamt of interfering. As a survivor has explained it, "Boys were boys then, and men were men."



LORD PALMERSTON

pleted his fourteenth year, there came to Blundell's, from Plympton School, a boy destined to become known, first in Devonshire and then in the princely home at Sandringham, as the finest specimen of hunting parson the county has ever produced: the Rev. John Russell. It would be pleasant to relate at large Jack Russell's adventures as a youthful master of hounds, but the narration would take too long. Suffice it to say that some "friend to good discipline," informed of the little game, wrote to Dr. Richards,

Blackmore, unlike Temple, was a regular boarder, and therefore if we wish to know how the novelist spent his days in the "forties," we must seek him in Mr. Sanders' establishment of that date. On the whole the same severe regimen was maintained as in Richards' time, but

and made up slops of tea, coffee and cocoa, besides indulging in a little amateur cooking. The favourite dish, however, was fried potatoes and bacon, for which the scholars repaired to Mrs. Folland, a sympathetic dame and a first-rate cook, at the lodge. Her husband

94 Pr S at 1859

My dear Hole

I send you the
inclosed as suggested
by the witer of the
note. Perhaps you
will give the ticket to
the Master of the
School

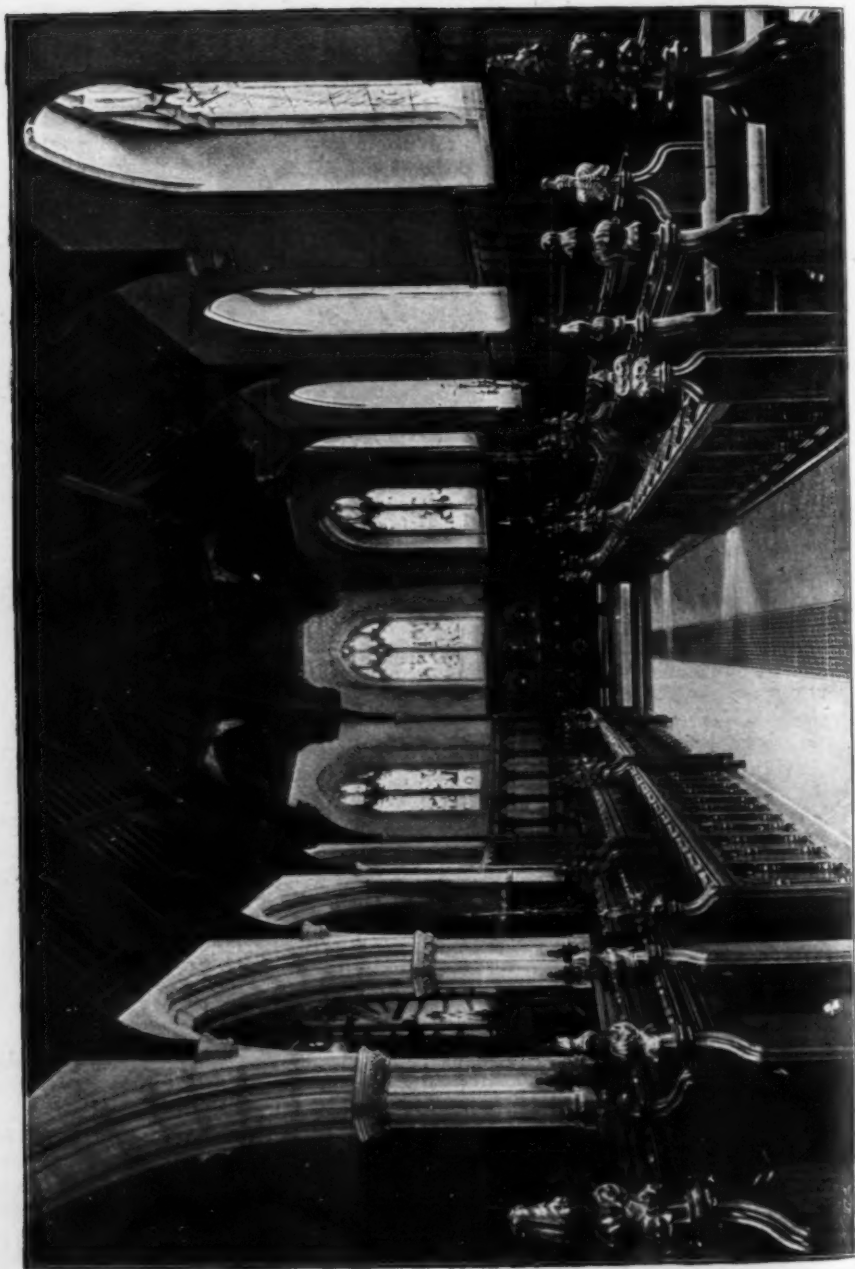
Yrs sincerely
Palmerston

A LETTER OF LORD PALMERSTON'S

after twelve or fourteen years certain innovations had crept in. We hear of mysterious "drinking-parties"—by which term, apparently, are meant small coteries of boys who clubbed together for a more liberal diet obtained at their own expense. By permission of the monitors a boy out of each set went into the kitchen

was the veritable Cop of *Lorna Doone*, and was so named because, as porter, he wore copper boots at flood-time.

The curriculum at this time consisted chiefly in learning by heart Wordsworth's Greek Grammar and its companion the Eton Latin Grammar, and in forging Latin verses. The latter was a task of



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON AND SON, LEE, U.S.A.



PORCH OF THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE

daily recurrence, and, for the bulk of the scholars, a grim caricature of a child's puzzle. To ease their labours books of "tags" that had been handed down from generation to generation were anxiously exploited, and "Sas" must have smiled sometimes as he encountered "old friends with new faces" surreptitiously presenting themselves to his gaze. At rare intervals, however, the school produced a genius capable of writing not only one original set but four or five on the same theme, and naturally these were god-sends to idle, stupid, and possibly tyrannical school-fellows. A boy nicknamed "the Doctor" was a fine hand at this kind of thing, and he more than redeemed his early promise by the suc-

cesses he achieved in the great world. At Oxford he won the Newdigate, and for many years he was a brilliant leader-writer on *The Times*. He was Abraham Hayward.

For all its noble history, however, it was found that, in competition with new or renovated schools, Blundell's was being gradually beaten, and in 1881 the institution was removed to a healthy site about a mile distant. The effects of the change were soon visible. The numbers, which necessarily vary somewhat from term to term, rose in ten years from seventy-five to two hundred and eighty, and now the school, with its chapel, its library, its playing-fields, and its five courts, is one of the best in England.



Billy McCabe's Motor Car.

WRITTEN BY LUKE SHARP. ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL.



GRATEFULLY to the disappointment of everybody interested in rapid road locomotion, the House of Commons failed to pass the Motor Car Bill. Many companies had been organised in Britain for the making of road locomotives, and now people wondered what was to become of these organisations, which were, as a usual thing, largely over-capitalised. It was said that the Commons would be sure to pass the Bill next Session, but the same remark had been made the Session before.

It was at this period that the eyes of the world became gradually turned on Billy McCabe, who was at first called the British Edison; though after a while people began to term Edison the American McCabe, which went to show that Billy was getting on in the world. Nobody was so much disappointed at the inaction of the House of Commons as Billy, and it is doubtful if anyone used more reprehensible language on the subject than he did. Billy was not the man to sit calmly under this injustice, and he held, quite sensibly, that it was ridiculous a country like Britain should have a law compelling a motor car to go at four miles an hour, preceded by a tired-looking man with a red flag.

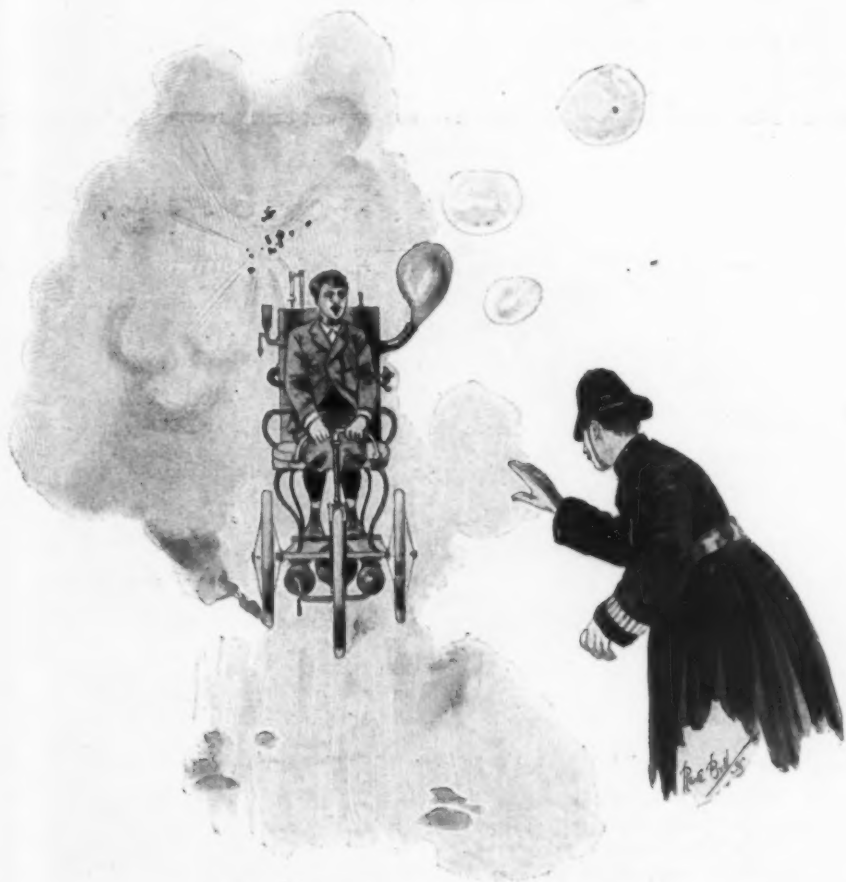
Billy had invented a motor car himself on an entirely new principle, and he had been waiting patiently for the House of Commons to pass its motor car enactment so that he might float his company, and compete with the other organisations already in the field for the patronage of those who wished to run along the country roads as swiftly as if they were in a railway train. Billy's car differed from all others then in the market. It was extremely light, being made of a composition of steel and aluminium or something of that sort.

It did not depend for its motive power on either electricity or petroleum. It was simplicity itself. In a strong reservoir it generated the new acetylene gas, which is easily made by dropping a lozenge of carbide of calcium into a little water. Not being a practical chemist I am not quite certain the substance is carbide of calcium; it may be carbide of sodium, but anyhow it is carbide of something, and this substance can be made into little tablets which, when dissolved in water, produce the acetylene gas. There was a strong reservoir holding some water into which was dropped automatically lozenge after lozenge as the gas generated was used in the engine, and so pumped off into the empty air. Billy had a good deal of trouble at first with his motor car because he insisted on smoking while running it, and the acetylene gas being tremendously explosive, Billy found himself blown into the next parish on frequent occasions, so he was compelled to give up the use of tobacco while riding on his car. He thought at first of calling it the anti-tobacco motor and floating it as a company which would reform smokers, but finally he hit on an invention which allowed a man to smoke in comfort while he sat on the car. He concocted an arrangement by which the discharged gas, having done its work, passed through a box containing a soapy mixture, so that the gas came off in great bubbles and floated along by the roadside. This was the germ of his next marvellous warlike invention by means of which the gas enclosed itself in little globules that shot off into the air, floating in space for a while, and exploding with fearful force, when the bubble touched a tree or the earth. This device, as everybody knows, has changed modern warfare completely, just as Billy's car has changed modern locomotion. Edison came out, immediately after Billy's discovery was announced, and claimed that he had invented the

same thing twenty-five years ago; but Billy got his patents all right, and that is the main thing in a commercial and contentious world.

I was intimately acquainted with Billy, and I beg to state here that it is not true, as historians have asserted, that McCabe set out deliberately with his motor to defy the great British Empire.

excuse. He said it might be a great invention or it might not, but that he was defying the law by not having a man with a red flag in front of his motor. Billy explained that it was impossible to have the man there, because the motor was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and few men unless they are in extremely good condition can cover that



"SO BILLY WAS CAUGHT BY A CONSTABLE"

Nothing was further from Billy's thoughts, he being a most peaceable citizen. He merely took out his motor to show the public how easily it might be guided through even crowded streets; but the law takes no account of good intentions, knowing, perhaps, to what purpose they are put in paving the lower regions. So Billy was caught by a constable out in Middlesex and haled before a magistrate. The magistrate would listen to no

distance in sixty minutes. The magistrate retorted that this made the case all the worse, for he was running at ten times the legal speed. Thereupon he fined Billy forty shillings and costs, and threatened to send the inventor to prison if ever he appeared before him again.

Angry as Billy had been before, he now became wild. He said he didn't mind the forty shillings fine or even the costs, but the contemptuous language of

the magistrate regarding his new motor car proved the last straw on the motor's aluminium back. Billy left the magistrate's presence without a stain on his character, but at the same time he swore loudly that he would let the British Empire know what it was to run up against a full-bodied motor car that would go forty miles an hour at ordinary speed or eighty miles if you hurried it. For two or three weeks nobody saw anything of Billy, and when he did come out they did not recognise his motor car. Then began his celebrated excursion trips to Scotland: there and back for three-pence. He started up through Middle-

People thought a cyclone was coming, and took to fields and forests. Various ineffectual attempts were made to stop Billy in his breaking of the law, but he went clear through to the north of Scotland, shattering a few hills in the Highlands with his bombs, merely to let them know he was in the neighbourhood. When Billy had got as far north as the roads go, he turned his car round and made back for London at simply incredible speed. The telegraph, which was quicker than an acetylene motor car, warned the authorities of its approach, but even though the yeomanry were called out they could do absolutely



"A THIN POLICEMAN ON A DERBY WINNER"

sex by the same road on which he had been arrested before, and now when the policeman endeavoured to stop him, they were compelled to get an ambulance and carry the officer to the nearest hospital. No one who had seen the motor car before would now have recognised it, for it was built like an iron-clad, covered with triple-plated nickel steel of his own invention, through which no bullet could penetrate, and it was surmounted by a conning-tower in which Billy himself sat and guided the machine. On approaching a town Billy would press a button and the machine would begin to fire out acetylene bombs that simply paralysed the whole neighbourhood.

nothing to stop Billy McCabe on his mad career.

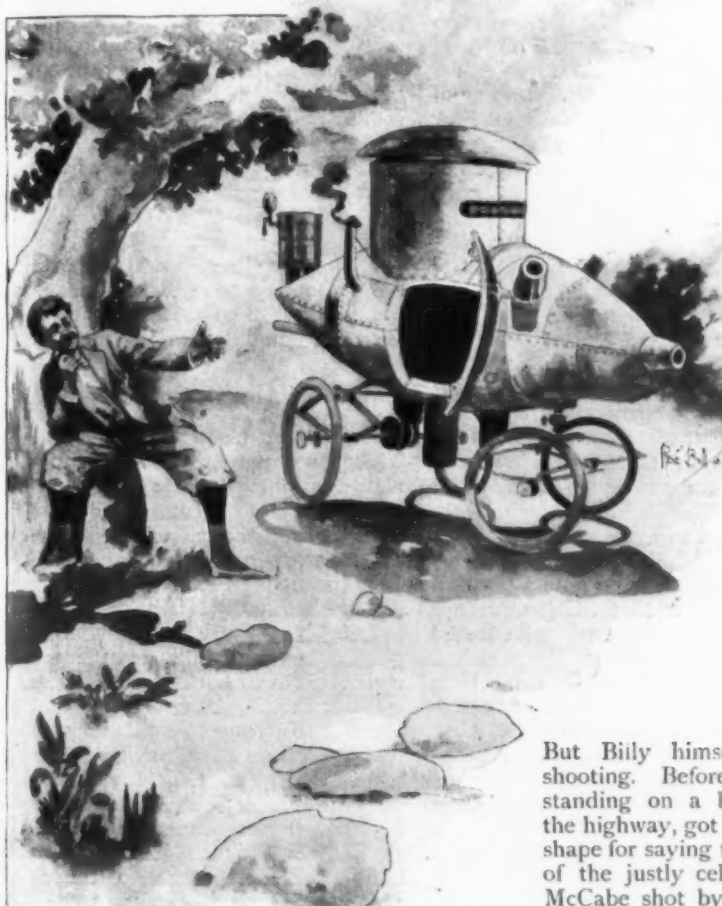
The papers were now full of accounts of Billy Day by Day, and when he reached London there was a large and enthusiastic crowd awaiting him. A determined attempt was made by the London police to capture him, but Billy kept everybody at a respectable distance by playing a mild variety of acetylene bombs all round the neighbourhood. While the crowd and the police were being amused in this way, Billy seized the opportunity of collecting provisions for the return journey. McCabe's detractors have since alleged that he stole the necessities of life, but this is not true.

He was bound to have food, and the bomb display caused the shop-keepers to be away from home at the time Billy called to replenish his travelling larder. So Billy started north again, amidst general acclaim.

The Liberal papers were making it hot for the Government on Billy's account. They said he should be stopped at all

were partly right; but it was a mechanical revolution—eighty miles an hour at that.

The authorities in Lancashire telegraphed to the Home Secretary for instructions should Billy head for the coal-mining district. The Home Secretary replied that they were to read the Riot Act to him and not to hesitate to shoot.



"CALMLY SMOKED HIS PIPE"

risks. The prestige of the British Empire was at stake. Here was a wild Highlander who set the law at defiance, as doubtless his ancestors had done before him, and here was a supine Government, with the largest majority of the century, helpless as an infant in arms. The French papers said gleefully that here at last was a British revolution confronting a powerless Government. In this they

But Billy himself did the shooting. Before the Sheriff, standing on a barrel beside the highway, got his mouth in shape for saying the first word of the justly celebrated Act, McCabe shot by and was in the next county ere the troops had time to draw breath, let

alone a sword or a gun. There is little practical use in reading the Riot Act, or even part of the latest novel, to a man going eighty miles an hour. Between Penrith and Carlisle they tried another plan, but it was equally unsuccessful. They mounted a thin policeman on the Derby winner of that year, kindly lent for the occasion, and gave him the Riot Act to read as he ran; but he lost sight

of Billy in about ten seconds, and did not have breath enough left with the jolting to begin the reading even.

Billy reached the far north once again in safety, stocked up some more carbide of calcium, turned his ironclad towards the tropics again, and pushed the motor button. Telegraphic messages announced that Billy was going to pass through the broadest part of Yorkshire this trip, and that noble county made a most creditable attempt to read the Riot Act to him, an attempt that would probably have succeeded had the county been a bit wider. The Sheriff placed a line of policemen down the road the motor car was to come, and gave each officer a printed slip containing a few words of the Riot Act, so arranged that each shouting where the man north of him left off, a verbal *feu de joie* ran the Riot Act across the county. The furthest north policeman had the first slip, the second the second, the third the third, the fourth the fourth, and so on to the boundary of the southernmost part. Each policeman was instructed to shout at the top of his voice as the motor car went by his part of the Riot Act, which never amounted to more than five words; but although the policemen bravely did their duty Billy dashed through Yorkshire and so on to London again.

Here Mr. Chamberlain threw off his coat and said he would resign his position in the Cabinet if this thing were not stopped. He mentioned with some feeling that Old Father Kruger had played a good deal with him some time before, but that this person McCabe was not to take that as a precedent and think that any Transvaal nonsense was to be tolerated on the free land of Britain. This move was received with great enthusiasm, and a Cabinet meeting was held, at which it was determined to capture McCabe at all costs. The Minister of War then called out the British Army, and by the time that was done McCabe and his motor car were speeding on his third trip to Scotland. The British Army was drawn across the island just on the London side of the Scottish Border (the island being somewhat narrow at that point), and with fixed bayonets they waited for McCabe and his machine. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when McCabe's ironclad motor appeared over the Scottish hills, and here for the first time the

young man caught sight of the British Army drawn up in a line to stop him. He paused at the top of the hill, and was seen to get out and oil his machine in sight of the British Army massing along the road, and it seemed to Viscount Wolseley that McCabe was foolish in allowing the troops to concentrate in this fashion. But Billy, on the top of the hill, merely lit his pipe, sat down on a mile-stone, and calmly smoked his pipe, taking care that there was no acetylene gas about. Having finished his smoke and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he turned the machine half-way round and then gave the assembled soldiers an example of its powers. He fired off a few acetylene bombs at the next hill. The British Army thought an earthquake had taken place. The hill disappeared in fine dust. The Army was appalled to notice that he turned the motor car towards themselves and went inside. The machine with a roar descended upon them, looking like the Crystal Palace on Thursday night running away with all the fireworks going. The Commander-in-Chief on horseback did his best to rally the men. They said they were ready to fight almost anything, but they were not going to stand up to what was evidently a section of the infernal regions let loose, so the army broke and made for cover, while Billy triumphantly tore through the space left by the rapidly retreating soldiers.

London was sent into a panic by the glaring contents bills of the evening newspapers which came out with special editions showing how McCabe had put the British Army to rout, and was now tearing his irresistible way up to London, while the great City lay defenceless before him. A panic-stricken, threatening crowd surrounded St. Stephen's. A Cabinet Council hastily convened, and Mr. Balfour came to the rescue. He made some pleasant remarks on the success of Mr. Chamberlain's methods in South Africa and other parts of the world, but thought sometimes they did not work as well as they might in an enlightened country like Britain. He therefore proposed that they should forthwith pass the Motor Car Bill, and then Mr. Billy McCabe would be quite within his rights in his interesting Scottish trips. This way out of the difficulty, which had occurred to no one else, was received with cheers.

Parliament being in Session immediately rushed through the Motor Car Bill about as quickly as McCabe was now coming upon London, and the Lords with equal haste gave their assent, so that by the time Billy McCabe approached Highgate Hill the Motor Car Bill was law.

Billy was received in London with great acclamation. The Lord Mayor gave him a banquet at the Mansion House, and voluntarily offered to become chairman of the new McCabe Acetylene Motor Car Company, capital £25,000,000.

THE KING OF FAERY.

I AM the King of Faëry:
 A thousand years ago
 My elfin mother bore me
 Betwixt the snow and snow—
 My elfin mother bore me,
 Lightly as elfins may,
 To rule a doubtful country
 Between the night and day.

I am the King of Faëry,
 And wise I am and old,
 And of my fairy wisdom
 A thousand hands take hold.
 But those that seek my helping
 Are glad—for all their care:
 My thousand years of wisdom
 Lie dark upon my hair.

I am the King of Faëry
 And none there is so gay
 Amid my gentle people
 That dance the dews away.
 I am the King of Faëry
 And none there is so sad,
 Though Una is my lady
 And Aodh my serving-lad.

NORA HOPPER.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. LYNN LOSEBY IN "BACHELORS"

“My First Appearance.”

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IV.—MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

NOT less remarkable than the splendid talents with which the matchless creator of Paula Ray and Agnes Ebbsmith has enriched the English stage, is the wholly unconventional and altogether unexpected manner of her entrance into the theatrical profession. Circumstances did it for her; or was she, perchance, the unconscious victim of that mysterious agent called *kismet*, which a witty Frenchman—a wise man, albeit a philosopher—once defined as “the business manager of Providence”? Who shall say?

Enfin, the Divine Fire did not come to Mrs. Patrick Campbell while she remained Miss Beatrice Stella Tanner. She was happily married, and, if one may hazard a conjecture, already beginning to cherish dreams of “living happily ever after,” when Destiny—in the shape of certain cruel “circumstances”—determined Mr. Patrick Campbell to seek his fortune in

South Africa. But Fortune lagged by the way and was long a-coming. At the end of a twelvemonth Mr. Campbell had encountered little save failure financially, and his letters home did not paint matters in particularly gorgeous hues. Mrs. Campbell had remained behind in England, living with her two small children at their home in Norwood. At length she found herself face to face with the necessity of “doing something”—as so many brave women have done before her. And here her native pluck and inborn resourcefulness came to her aid. But let us listen to her story as told in her own way.

“At the time that I took this resolution I had already appeared upon the stage (if I may call it so), with some slight success, as a member of the well-known Anomalies Amateur Dramatic Society, having their head-quarters at West Norwood. The experience so gained helped, no doubt, to give me

confidence in my own powers, although the 'stage' in this instance was nothing more elaborate or striking than the platform of a suburban town-hall."

"What would be the date of your appearances on the Anomalies stage?"

"The winter of 1887-88. Now came the real. My friends and relations opposed the idea of my adopting the drama in a professional sense—opposed it with one voice and with the utmost deliberation. In addition, I was in a wretchedly weak state of health at the time, so that altogether the Fates did not appear to be smiling, or even propitious."

"There were the children to be provided for, too?" I suggested.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Campbell, "you see, they were far too small to accompany me when I started. In the end it was a tremendous rush in every way, for I found myself engaged to play a part in a piece which was to be produced in a fortnight's time. In those two short weeks I had not only to rehearse the character thoroughly (the rehearsals taking place in a London hotel), but to choose my dresses and get them made, make arrangements for the well-being of my two children, give up my house, store the furniture, and, in short, arrange the thousand-and-one things that go to the making of a complete change in one's mode of life."

"And what was the play?" I asked.

"*Bachelors*, by Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Robert Buchanan. The company was commanded by Mr. Frank Green"—(Mr. Green, I regret to add, is since dead)—"and the character assigned to me was that of Mrs. Lynn Loseby. We opened at Liverpool in the September of 1888. Here is a programme of the second tour, beginning December 26th, 1888," said Mrs. Campbell. "I am sorry I can't find you one of the opening

night. You will note that I am described as 'Miss Stella Campbell.'"

"Then you did not originally appear under your own name?"

"No; at first I played as Miss Stella Campbell, secondly as Mrs. 'Pat' Campbell, and finally under my exact name. My sensations on the first night of my professional appearance? They were not pleasant, I can assure you. I suppose I must have been horribly nervous. The feeling was as if I were lost in a huge field, while the apparent slant of the large stage puzzled me not a little—though this latter sensation will be readily understood by every actor. I felt as one dazed, and I was positively ill with fatigue."

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the Press of Liverpool immediately declared with one voice in Mrs. Campbell's favour. Led by the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the local papers at once admitted Mrs. Campbell's right to be heard; and from that day to this she has never looked behind her. Her experience of stagecraft is so far unique that she adopted the stage in a hurry, as a means of livelihood alone—all unexpectedly to herself, and at a moment when most young matrons are contemplating the happy, undisturbed, even tenor of fulfilling their manifest mission.

I should add that probably no actress at present before the public of England has so wholesome a horror of the interviewer as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was kind enough to make an exception in favour of the *Ludgate* which its readers will appreciate. The accompanying photograph of Mrs. Campbell as she appeared in *Bachelors* is lent by her sister, Mrs. Hill, of "Crathorne," Ealing. Another sister, Miss Tanner, resides with our British "Magda" in the dual capacity of sister and private secretary, at Mrs. Campbell's charming flat in Ashley Gardens.



Paris Statues.



III.—EUGENE DELACROIX, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

The Oldest College in the World.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN EGYPT.

A FEW weeks ago, for the five hundredth time in history, probably, the authorities of Cairo were temporarily set at defiance by a body of students in that centre of all Arabic lore, the Mosque el Azhar. For the moment it was serious—the portly old Pasha who governs Egypt's capital was irreverently stoned when he advanced towards the heavy gates, and the Ulema of the section fled in dismay; but after a volley or two from the police rifles, which killed a trio of the mutineers, and wounded a few more, the influence of authority was again asserted, and the cause of all the trouble—the corpse of a cholera-stricken Syrian—removed. But this five hundredth "barring-out" was not to be passed over so lightly, now that England is at the Egyptian helm; some ten score rioters were promptly arrested, a few sentenced to a considerable term of imprisonment, the majority banished to Syria, and the section of the Mosque which they had occupied officially closed for a year.

El Azhar—"The Most Splendid"—

like most theological universities, has a turbulent reputation. At the beginning of the Fatimite Whalifate, in 970—when Moezz conquered Egypt from the north-west, aided by Sicilian Saracens, and

founded the El Kahirah of to-day—this was the first mosque that he erected. William the Conqueror had not at that time been born, and Saladin's grandfather was a baby. It took two years to build, and was endowed ten years later. What it resembled in those earlier days of Mahomedan supremacy, nothing definitely shows to-day, but indications of its splendour are given by the tradition that Saladin took therefrom a silver rail weighing 500 drachms, whilst the terms of admiring adulation employed by contemporary Arab historians would show that it was



PRAYERS AT EL AZHAR

even then the centre of Moslem learning—the Oxford of the East. In 1302 an earthquake shattered the fabric, and decay and neglect necessitated its subsequent restoration on three several occasions, so that the Mosque of to-day has but little more originality than the arm-hole in the Irishman's oft-mended vest. But despite

earthquakes, and war tumult, and inattention, it grew and prospered through the ages. It stood there whilst the lion-hearted Richard forgathered with his paynim rival—whilst all that we regard as English history was occurring; the mad Khalif Hakem, whom the mysterious Druses worship as the last of the Messiahs, repaired and endowed it, and granted to its Ulema the exclusive privilege of repeating the Litany; it was "the kernel of the erudition of the Arabs." Of science it taught nothing, save that

ten thousand inmates. But Mehemet Ali soon changed all that: experience of the danger of such an *imperium in imperio* had been shown during the period of Napoleonic occupation, when a revolt was organised there, which was only quelled by the bombardment of the Mosque from the neighbouring heights of the Mokatham range, and the execution of twelve men every night for some time thereafter. In El Azhar the assassin of brave General Kléber had been sheltered and assisted, and for



STUDENTS AT EL AZHAR

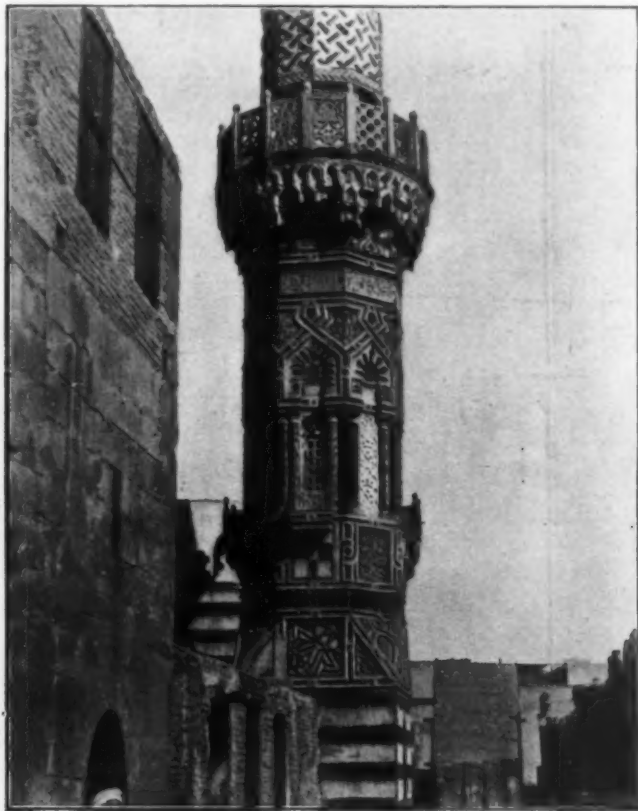
the earth was flat. For successive centuries it attracted disciples from each of the three continents then known, and nearly every Oriental notable in history, from the Tenth Century down to Arabi Pasha's day, imbibed learning and fanaticism at that font. A writer who saw it in Mehemet Ali's time, describes it as having then (as now) seven gates, leading to the quarters allotted to the Syrian, Moorish, Upper, Eastern, Western, and Northern Egyptian students. Up to 1840 the doors always stood open, and it was a veritable Alsatia—a sanctuary for robbers and murderers. The civil authorities had no jurisdiction over the

that crime three of the sheikhs lost their heads. Mehemet Ali purged the Augean stable considerably, abolishing its priestly jurisdiction, and annexing a considerable share of the great properties with which it had been endowed during the lapse of eight centuries. But it is still a centre for the lazy, and lawless, and turbulent, attracted by its shady cloisters and its dole of bread, rather than the quaint architecture, the squalid tombs of noted shereefs, or the useless teaching which forms the unchanged curriculum of this, the greatest of all Moslem universities.

European visitors need to be enthusi-

astic new-comers to the East, or ardent admirers of things Oriental, not to feel disappointed after a pilgrimage thither. The approaches—narrow, tortuous, half-ruined lanes—prevent the great building being taken in at one *coup d'œil*, and the result is that on the compulsorily close inspection the tall minarets are seen to be only tawdry, chimneyfied shafts of comparatively late date, the wood-carving perishing if at all "antika," and

ing countries. This year, owing to the closing for one year of the Syrian section by the Government, as a punishment for the riot referred to, the place seemed even more deserted than usual, the matted pavement being given up to a few sleeping loafers, and a score or two of young scribes engaged in covering their tin "slates" with scrawly texts dictated by their teachers. Around the walls were rows of lockers wherein the



THE MINARET

coarse if modern; the chapels containing the shrines are in the hands of the whitewashers; the library is a dismal array of empty cases; and the picturesque lamps of classic form that used to hang from every beam are vanished—swept away in favour of gas!

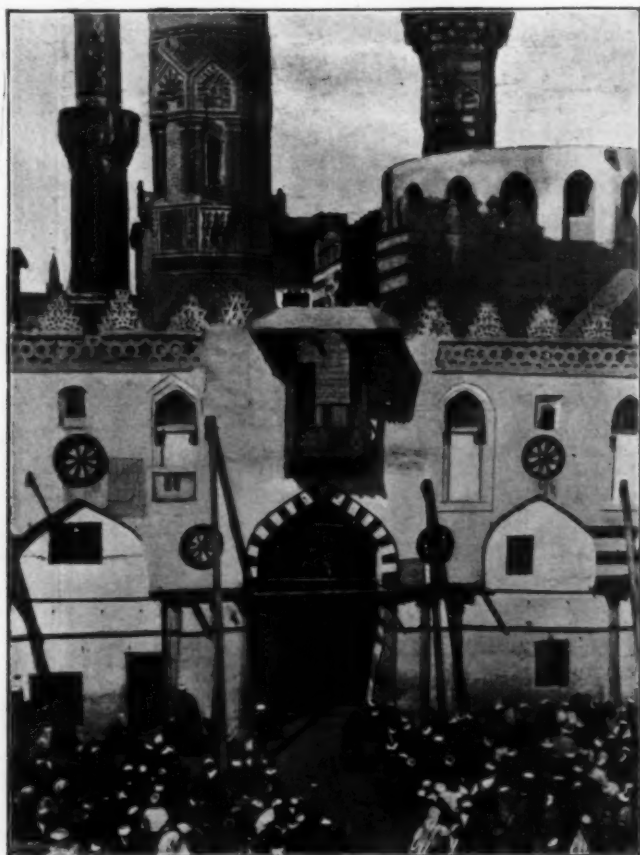
In the summer the attendance is naturally much smaller than at other seasons, as, though there is nothing in the way of a regular vacation, many of the *habitués* spend the hotter months in revisiting their families in the neighbour-

collegians kept their worldly belongings, an old gown or two, a few pots, and some dog's-eared lesson books.

The cicerone was not very communicative; apparently only the prospect of a tip, and the fact that we had five-penny tickets for admission, restrained him from starting to eject us. All the information he could distil was that this and that was "antika"; he pointed with pride to the button-holes in the great gate, and hurried us past the only really artistic object, the pulpit, near which a

group of the faithful were going through that athletic exercise which accompanies their devotions. The chief interest was really evoked by a survey of the human clement, and the reflection that this swarthy Soudanese and yonder moor

that an unfailing dole of bread and water would be daily forthcoming—that Spartan fare which feeds fanatics. Thirty generations had so come and gone, searching whatever the late Khedive believed to exist in El Azhar—"a vast



THE COURT-YARD

from north-western Africa, the fallow Arab from beyond Yemen, talking to a co-religionist from some oasis far out in the Libyan desert, had all been drawn to that common focus, despite the cost, the toil, and the no small peril of the journey, by a yearning for more light. Without the compulsion of a School Board, or the hope of a well-paid Fellowship, they came from afar, presented themselves with simple confidence that room would be found for the mat which was their school-room, living-place, and bed, and

pillar of light, visible at night, reaching from the earth to the heavens. Round the fountains may be seen the spirits of holy men, who come down to make ablution. In another part of the Mosque, among the forest of many columns, a man whose heart is pure can behold little children in the form of elves, or fairies, playing about in the dusk, laughing, running, and making all kinds of wild antics. These little elves are said to live in the large boxes ranged around the walls, which belong to the students."



THE MYSTERY OF GOLF.

A VETERAN.

BEING in that part of the country where the inhabitants seem to do little else than play at what they call the royal and ancient game of golf, I was forced to take an interest in the matter, though at first

The thing seems comic if you look at it from a distance and without noticing details. I was standing in front of the golf club-maker's shop when I noticed an elderly gentleman pass me with a look of extraordinary determination on



ARIES.—The Ram is "on the stroke"—you know. In March we must expect a *blow*.



TAURUS.—The Bull! an Irish Bull, I mean. This Mr. Taurus wears the *green*.

sight it seemed uninteresting enough. Streams of people are for ever moving up and down the links—the word sounds pretty enough—old men and young, boys, maidens and elderly females.

his face. He wore a dark morning coat and a white straw hat with a turned-up brim. He carried only two clubs, an iron and a cleek, as I subsequently learned, both of which seemed not to



GEMINI.—The Heavenly Twins! Up in the sky
We're known as Brother Jim-an'-I!

have been cleaned for a long time. Fascinated by his manner I followed him.

"I am much interested in this game of golf," I said, addressing him courteously: "would it annoy you if I were to accompany you for a little?"

"I am too old a hand to be disturbed by spectators," he laughed genially. "The fact of the matter is," he continued, suddenly becoming quite confidential, "I have been playing golf for the last twenty years, and I have only just learned the great secret of striking the ball. It is the simplest thing in the world."

"It must be worth knowing if it has taken you so long to learn," I replied.

"Like all perfectly simple things," he remarked cheerfully, "it has been lying under my nose all these years, and I have not seen it or understood it."

"I hope it is not a secret you cannot communicate," I said, somewhat impressed by his manner.

"O dear no;" he laughed "It's just this." He stopped and looked narrowly into my eyes. "When you're going to

strike the ball, don't care that"—and he snapped his fingers under my nose—"whether you hit it or not, and take it as easily as if you were hitting off thistle heads with your cane."

I tried to seem duly impressed by the secret, and watched him curiously as he bent down and made a little mound of sand, on which he placed the ball with infinite care. Then he selected one of his clubs and prepared to strike off. He waggled his club for a little, and looked all about him as if enjoying the scenery. Suddenly his upper lip became iron; his eyes gimlets; he raised the club sharply as if it were an instrument of vengeance, and brought it down with all his force on the ball, which ran a few yards along the ground, and then stopped. I looked at the old gentleman and noticed that he was examining minutely the head of his club.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"I took my eye off the ball," he said.

"Perhaps you were trying too much,"

I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said. "Let's have another shot at it."

I brought him back the ball, and ex-



CANCER.—You ask me, can he play? The answer
Comes quite pat—of course he can, sir!

amined it curiously as I did so. It was not round and white like the ones exhibited in the shop windows; but had a greenish aspect, and seemed to have been chewed by some hungry dog. Again the old gentleman made his elaborate preparations, this time with more success; for the ball rose from the ground, and flew a little distance before it fell. The old gentleman stooping down picked up his other club, and, without for a moment taking his eyes off the ball, hurried after it.

"That was a better shot," I remarked, as I made upon him. He was in the act of striking the ball a second time, but paused as I spoke and looked at me with a frown.

"You must never speak to a player, sir," he said, emphatically, "while he is addressing the ball." I murmured my apologies and watched him till I saw him descend into a sand-hole or bunker, where he stayed so long that I returned to the club-maker's shop.

THE CLUB-MAKER.

The club-maker was standing at the door of his shop with his hands in his



VIRGO.—This little maiden who would snub
When grown-up ladies love their Club?



LEO.—The Lion's very tame. 'Tis said
He has been *Scotched* and *haggis-fed*.

pockets, and a vacant smile on his round, red face.

"Grand day for gouffing this," he remarked, as our eyes met.

"I suppose so," I said, "but I don't play at the game myself."

"Then the sooner ye learn the better," he replied. "The better for me, that is," he explained with what I understood to be a jocular smile. "There would be nothing for the likes of us to do if it were na for beginners."

"Is that possible?" I said.

"Beginners all the world over," he replied. "Everybody plays gouff now, and there's hardly any place where they dinnae play it. I got an order this morning for a set of clubs for the Transvaal."

"How many clubs do you make in a year?" I asked him.

"O, it all depends on the orders we get. I could make a hundred clubs a day if there was a demand for them; and twenty years ago it took me working night and day to make twenty a week. But it's the foreign orders that keep us going. I've seen me get an order for a thousand clubs frae India;



LIBRA.—To weigh one's chances shows good sense,
So Mister *Libra* scales the fence.

and orders come in frae America, Australia, Africa and a' places."

"Then, if there is such a demand for them, why don't the clubs become cheaper?" I asked.

"Cheaper!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "How much cheaper would ye have them? They're dirt cheap as they are. It's hardly possible to make ony profit on them."

"Then you don't depend much upon the local trade?"

"O, we're glad for a' we can get; but it wouldnae keep us in bread and butter. Folks are that careful nowadays. They hold on to their auld clubs till they gang tae pieces in their hands, and then they'll come intae me and say, 'I can't make out what's the matter with my play, George; I seem to have got out of the knack of striking the ball altogether.' 'Get a new club, then,' I say to them. But catch them. Na, na; they gang hammering along, till some day they hit the grund or a stane and the club breaks in their hand. Then they come tae me with the pieces, and ask me if I couldn't put them together again."

"I should like to buy a set of clubs," I said, "and begin at once."

"That's right," he said cheerfully. "Ye dinna want many tae start with. A driver, or perhaps twa', a brassy, a cleek, an iron and a putter: that should dae you fine for a start. And ye better gang round wi' Jock here. He'll show you how tae play."

So I started with Jock.

THE TEACHER OF THE GAME.

Jock described himself as a professional teacher of golf. He was short and broad, and as brown as the sun could make him. But what he himself esteemed his strong point was in reality his fatal weakness. His conversational powers were beyond anything that I have ever known a human being to possess. Once started he seemed quite unable to stop himself.

"Ye'll never hae played gouff afore," he said. "I could see that afore ye took the club in yer hand. It's impossible to deceive me."

"How long have you been teaching duffers like me to play golf?" I asked.

"There no' a' duffers," he said. "Some takes to it natural, and others would never learn though ye taught them till ye were grey in the heid."



SCORPIO.—His "drives" are not so very long,
But Scorpio's "approach" is strong.

"Do you find that ladies learn easily?"

"I'd rather teach a leddy nor a man ony day," said Jock, quickly. "For one thing they pay better; and they dae what ye tell them. And I tell ye what it is, there's a wumman I ken, she'll beat a' the professionals yet. She's oot-driven me often, and I'll drive as long a ball as ony man. And I tell ye what it is, leddies have a far better eye for distance than men hae. It stands tae reason, and it's no' tae be argued about. Women's eyes are better than men's. What? Prettier? No, no! that's hitting below the belt. I'm a gentleman when I talk about the leddies. I never takes ony liberties o' that kind. I say their eyes are keener than ours, and I ken what I'm saying. There's a wee lassie I've been teaching gouff these last four days, and she plays better now than you'll ever play; and that's no' flattering ye, but it's the truth."

"You seem to have had great experience with the ladies?" I said, coldly.

"I could name ye some of the leddies I've taught tae play gouff that would mak' the hair on yer heid stand on end. Ye need nae laugh; there's nae jokin' "



CAPRICORNUS.—The He-Goat, muscular and bold!
His ardour feels no winter cold.



SAGITTARIUS.—He draws the long bow—very true—
A thing that all old Golfers do.

about it. Duchesses and Princesses I've taught, and I ken a leddy when I see her. It's aye gold wi' a real leddy. And sich manners as they have tae. Says one o' them to me once—she was a duchess—'Jock,' says she, 'I like you tae teach me,' says she, 'because ye don't scold me when I make a miss.' Jist fancy me scolding her! But that's an example o' their manners. And then never less than a sovran at the end o' the round."

"Well, suppose you try to teach me golf now?" I suggested, mildly.

"Teach you gouff," said Jock, scornfully. "I can see that you'll never play gouff, nae matter how much ye try. It wad jist be waste o' time for me trying tae teach ye. Gouff's no' a game that onybody can learn, though everybody thinks they can."

"I should have thought that no one showed any aptitude for the game before they had attempted it," I remarked, severely.

"Then that jist shows that ye dinnae ken what ye're talking about," Jock replied, serenely. "Some folk taks tae it naturally——"



AQUARIUS.—Translate this name as best I can,
It means a Soda-Water-man.



PISCES.—Piscès, and in the rain! They seem
A-fishing in the great Golf stream.

"Especially duchesses," I interposed.

"Aweel, ye need nae be jealous o' them," retorted Jock, "for ye can neither play sae weel nor pay sae weel, either."

"And you call yourself a professional teacher of golf?" I asked, indignantly.

"That's what I am," said Jock, modestly, "and I've taught a' sorts o'

bodies, but I never come across sich a helpless specimen as you. Ye've nae notion o' the game, and ye're ower fu' o' conceit tae learn; and ye may as weel break yer clubs ower yer knee at once and gang hame."

Strange as it may appear, I took Jock's advice.



Other People's Drawing-Rooms.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. FRERE.

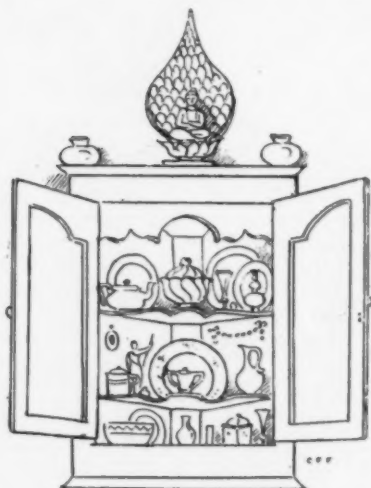
*"What'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance."*—DYER.

A FRIEND, who had lately come to make a home in London, once consulted me, before I had had much experience in the matter, on the momentous question of the furnishing and the arrangement of her drawing-room; and we spent some delightful but exhausting days in the process. How many times did we both, after a hasty breakfast, begin the day with confident hope, determined to see no difficulties ahead; and how often did we find ourselves, by two o'clock, reduced to mere wrecks, and, throwing ourselves wearily into the nearest chairs, survey with fresh dismay the chaos of tables, pictures, screens, carpets, sofas, and all the raw material of a modern drawing-room, sighing as we reflected that hours of work appeared to have made but little impression on the mass before us. There in front of us, uncompressable and obstinate, stood the grand piano, refusing to be coaxed or coerced into the position chosen for it: it seemed to get longer and harder and bulkier every time we shifted it. We began at last to think that the tail, like a comet's, grew. In another corner were a pile of pictures, no two of which would balance each other in subject or size, arrange them how we would; while all the frames seemed suddenly to have become chipped and shabby. Was it their packing and their journey or only the extinguishing contact of the lovely new wall paper? "Patience," however, "cures most things except light-coloured eyes;" and by the time all the fine weather had been spent in shops choosing furniture, or indoors in unpacking and shifting and arranging, we were rewarded by a result, the triumph of which, we flattered ourselves, lay in its appearance of natural and unstudied grouping. I know now that our original difficulty was self-made through the

absence of a sufficiently definite plan to start with; but I often wonder when I find myself at tea in that drawing-room if the many friends of my popular hostess realise for a moment with what toil the ultimate result was obtained.

In this matter of furnishing and arrangement, though books are useful as guides and authorities, I think what is altogether most helpful is the study of other people's houses. One's mind by degrees gets filled with a long picture gallery, as it were, of rooms historical or homely, unusual or everyday, country or town; a little "memory-cupboard" from which to select ideas. New combinations of ordinary materials, inspirations of arrangement and chance effects, stately groupings of priceless treasures or the individual stamp of simple, homely surroundings — each please in their way and in their appropriate, appointed place. The drawing-room is, of course, the room which is seen more than any other in the house; every casual acquaintance knows the general aspect of it, and no doubt comments mentally on the points to be copied or avoided. Every drawing-room, too, to them that can read its language, has much to tell of the antecedents and travels, the friends and hobbies, of those who live in it—except, of course, such rooms as are left entirely to the upholsterer to furnish, and which, therefore, merely represent so much money turned into furniture. The newly-married couple's wedding presents proclaim their origin at once, and contrast with the varied treasures of the wealthy spinster who has circumnavigated the globe and levied a tax on all its industries and arts. And how is it that we recognise the subtle difference between a man's and a woman's drawing-room? Perhaps because a man, by himself, rarely sits in his drawing-room and it acquires a

"company" look we have learnt to know and dread—or if he does sit there, he either makes it too fanciful or else he abolishes all "prettiness" and, with it, most of the human and personal touches one looks for in home surround-



ings. A man's drawing-room is, in fact, apt to be too business-like or too ornamental; it is, to use a homely simile, "all suet or all plums." Men, it must be confessed, do most things much better than women, but we may claim that for the perfect arrangement of a liveable, lovable room, large or small, a woman who understands it is hard to beat. There are, perhaps, few things more enjoyable than furnishing a drawing-room, whether, living in the centres of civilisation, you have the satisfaction of being able to get whatever you want—or, in out of the way places of the world, you enjoy the still greater interest of having to exercise resource, making the best in a temporary home of what you can get, and demonstrating practically that adaptability is the seal of genius.

I remember a lofty, sunny room in a Colony, in days when Colonial shops did not keep a great variety of goods, and when whatever you asked for was always "expected by the next steamer." A new chintz or cretonne was wanted, and every shop, likely or unlikely, was ransacked for something suitable. Nowhere, however, could a sufficient length be found, ugly or pretty, to cover the somewhat clumsy furniture and to drape the five large windows which opened

from the sixty-foot room into the garden, where the old Dutch fountain splashed above the gold fish and sweet-scented water weeds. Then some one suggested using long lengths of "Kaffir handkerchiefs," the red and white squares similar to those in which the British workman carries his daily dinner. A foundation was accordingly made of cream "Bolton sheeting," and the handkerchiefs, with their bright borders of red lines and white-spotted red centres, were gathered into flounces for the ottomans, chairs and sofas, and into valances and sashes for the curtains. This made it as bright, fresh and homelike a room as you could wish to see—though the lavish use of lovely arums, proteas and wild gladioli in the tall vases reminded you that you could not be in England.

My memory now travels off to the far north, to quite a different room, in Scotland, in a house which is the paradise of books, and where "the Laird" and his wife understand so well the art of "making a holiday" for their guests, be they people who appreciate books, shooting, or dinners. In that drawing-room shelves some three feet high line the walls, and these are full of the most entertaining, the newest, the rarest books in more than one language. With these books, inside and out, "the Laird" is as familiar as though he had written them himself; and what delightful evenings are the result when he elects to read aloud from his treasures many a guest can testify. Curiosities and objets d'art stand on the top of these book-cases. The writing-table is an octagon, on the centre of which stands a plant by day and a lamp by night. Four sides of the octagon are so arranged that four people can write at once, with space and comfort, faced by not only the usual stationery, but also by the Bradshaws, guide-books, &c., which facilitate the coming and going of many friends on the wing north and south. Nothing could be better adapted for a land where posts are apt to arrive and go out simultaneously, and plans have to be rapidly re-arranged.

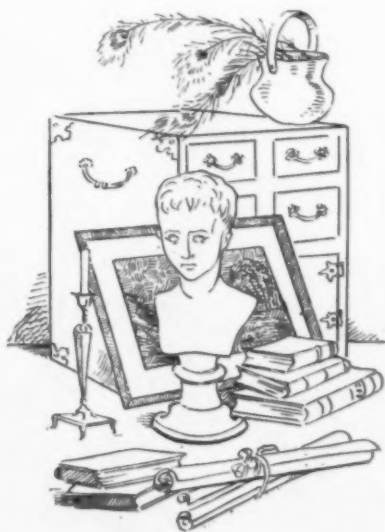
But this guests' writing-table would be quite out of place in London, where the "spare room" guest would prefer one of those delightful revivals of our grandmother's days, such as I saw at the Working Ladies' Guild in the Brompton Road—so easily opened out when wanted

and equally pretty when shut, and at which, drawn in front of the hearth on cold and foggy days, you can write your note while you warm your feet at the fire from which your face is sheltered. Sketches of the writing-table, chairs, plant-holder and round table referred to in this article appeared in the March *Ludgate*.

Next, there comes to my mind a country room, interesting from the contrast to what it once was. Two labourers' cottages had been thrown together and additions made on each side, so the sitting-room is a double one, wide and low. When first inspected, before the outgoing tenants left, the wall paper was a light pink, with a dado of green, white and gold daisies—imagine the effect in a room only seven feet three in height! The woodwork was all "grained" to represent oak, and of a very yellow shade; the furniture both uncomfortable and bulky—a case of age without honour. The little flight of stairs, the other side of the drawing-room doors, which led to the bedroom floor, was very steep.

The first thing to be done in the house was to alter the slope of the stairs, and finding that, at the new angle, more space would be required, the three lowest steps were turned round into the room itself, the door which shut off the stairs being raised above the little flight and "headroom" made over it; and these three steps, with the simple handrail, make quite a pretty and uncommon feature. All the woodwork of the room was re-painted, white—two coats plain, while the third was mixed with varnish. The wall paper was replaced by a plain, self-coloured one, of rather rough texture, which makes a most becoming background for the old prints in their black frames and for the room generally. An old, tall, brass-faced clock, which in the country cost twenty-five shillings! ticks peacefully in the corner. Space has been found for a tiny cottage piano, a six-foot sofa, and three really comfortable arm-chairs. An old-fashioned, capacious, mahogany escritoire stands near the window, and beside it, the glory of the room, is a beautiful antique Spanish leather screen, with rich gold background, whereon sprays of flowers—that no botanist could classify—are depicted in quaint rich colours. In the bay window is a carved teakwood chest from India, hold-

ing portfolios and large volumes, but most of the books are on shelves above a china cupboard in the recess. The chairs in this room each have a history. One pretty old chair is painted with greeny-blue scrolls, and the rings of the arms and legs are gilded. It was bought for five shillings at the village shop, whither it had doubtless strayed from some big house, and where it was stacked away in an attic with the newest of "red mahogany" furniture. Another beautiful chair, painted black, with gold lines, and of a wonderful shapeliness, light and strong, was purchased for seven-and-sixpence in a country town at a house where the sale found it, with fallen fortunes, relegated to the kitchen. The gracefully curved back of it is decorated with a lovely little plaque on which shadowy Cupids are dancing. The groundwork of this plaque is irregularly streaked with black and chestnut brown, like strongly grained wood, or a black barred sunset, and touches of subdued green suggest the sward on which the little figures are tripping, and the *bosquet* around them. This little bit of harmonious and uncommon



colouring just relieves any monotony of black and gold. So beauty does not necessarily mean expense: as another instance whereof there is a little table of solid mahogany, round above, and standing three-square, if one may say so, on its firm, upright legs. That came

from the same country town as the black chair, where, rough, shabby, and doubly split across the top, it was sold for one and sixpence at an auction; five shillings more paid for repairing and polishing it, and you could not wish for a better, or, in its unpretentious way, handsomer table. One door of this country sitting-room, a glass door, looks into the greenhouse, bright with begonias; and few would recognise the flower stand in the corner, supporting the large sweet-leaved geranium, for what it really is—an eel pot! It was bought in Staffordshire for half-a-crown, and brought home in triumph! Its rustic willows, you see, have borrowed something of the dignity and classic outline of an amphora.

But as a foil to this fresh, airy, country room, looking out on its green lawn and the scent-laden lime tree—struck, alas! this year by lightning—comes the recollection of a style of room to be avoided, a drawing-room to which I was once taken to tea by friends in the neighbourhood. There were looking-glasses on all sides, showing great reflected vistas of wearisome repetition. No book, no writing-table, no needlework, was to be

seen; but there were plush monkeys and antimacassars, bows of ribbon, *bon-bonnières* and fans, lamps left with their bright silk shades on in the daytime, photographs in plush and metal frames, aggressive pattern on the carpet, more brilliant pattern on the curtains, gorgeous wall papering—in short, no spot of rest for eye or brain. And, to add to the feeling of confusion, a tiny pet dog was here, there, and everywhere—jumping on the chairs, racing round the tea-table, and all the while jangling his silver bell. The money which must have been spent to bring about this bazaar-like effect would have furnished a room with works of art. The only comfort was that the good-natured hostess herself was perfectly satisfied with the result, and would no doubt have been amazed had she realised the relief we felt at regaining once more the restful, out-of-doors quiet of country surroundings, as the door closed behind us and we walked back through the woods and looked across the sea to the great mountains beyond, which were peacefully fading into the dusky evening in "the hour when daylight dies."



The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



NOT a bit o' grub 'ad we 'ad thet dye barrin' a pivin'-stone and a cup o' thick at a early stall. We'd bin tu the rices, we 'ad, and we'd done no business neither. 'Cos why? 'Cos the 'ole plice were rotten with 'tecs—furly 'ummin' with 'em.

"See 'ere, 'Enery," says I, "thur's a bloomin' jooler's, and on'y one man in the shop. You drive yer elber through the glawss, don't tike nutthink, and then bolt as 'ard as yer can."

"Fourteen dyes," says 'Enery, "an' nutthink tu show fur it."

"No, it ain't. You shams drunk. Yer ain't took nutthink. You gits the opshun. If it's a fine, I pyes. Even if it *is* time, you can do it, and I can mike it right for yer."

"Yus," says 'e, "I see the gime." With thet 'e gives a lurch, smashes the winder, an' staws horf on a sort o' interoxicated gallup. Coppers goes arter 'im, man in the shop goes arter 'im, crard goes arter 'im. And in course as soon as thet man nips art o' thet shop, I nips in and 'elps myself 'andsome.

Ho yuss! I pulls it orf sometimes.



THE HUMAN CHAMELEON.

A VERITABLE sunbeam, warming and beautifying our chilly sojourn in bleak Pittendrevie, was Clarissa. She lived in an old castle two miles west of the village. In Pittendrevie we took our directions according to the points of the compass: thus, the tailor occupied the eastmost house on the north side, while the carrier

dwelt three doors from the west end on the south side: directions these that required a certain knowledge of longitude and latitude to fathom.

When worthy old Professor Prideaux retired from his post at Edinburgh University he bought Balmeny Castle, and settled there, determined to pass the remainder of his life in placid, uneventful fashion. He resolutely abjured newspapers, the name of student was forbidden, and, save for his weekly attendance at Divine service, he rarely wandered beyond his own demesne. Wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat tied with a ribbon under his chin in summer, and a fur cap with ear-flaps in winter, he delighted to potter about, making personal acquaintance with every flower and shrub belonging to him.

After a brief married life his wife died, and thenceforward Miss Prideaux, his dainty little white-haired sister, reigned in her stead, showing a mother's tenderness to his wayward daughter, and ever lamenting her brother's time-worn garments and ancient slippers.

It chanced that Mr. Babbington-Bright's father had been a crony of the Professor's, and for many years before death intervened the twain had main-



tained a regular correspondence on topics congenial as abstruse. So, catching sight of the old gentleman's benign countenance in the cold, empty parish kirk, Herbert introduced himself at the close of the service.

Later, I hinted that the halo of Clarissa's fluffy golden hair, which brightened a dark corner under the gallery, had held his attention, and led him to recall himself to her father's memory. Whereupon Herbert, who knows it wiser never to conceal his real motive for anything from the wife of his bosom, promptly agreed with me.

"She is a lovely girl, isn't she, Muriel? I hope we'll see a lot of her while we're here."

And see a lot of her we did. Clarissa clearly enjoyed our society as much as we enjoyed hers. On the wettest day a clatter of hoofs on the cobble-stones and a quick, light step on the stairs would announce the advent of that rare and radiant maiden, who would enter—rain-drops sparkling in her hair, a brilliant colour glowing on her cheeks—to jeer at us poor townfolk imprisoned by a shower. The girl's enthusiasms were delightful. During our stay she discarded all her wonted occupations and threw herself heart and soul into ours.

"What a lovely study, Mr. Babbington-Bright. O! how I wish I were an artist."

"Why not become one, Miss Clarissa?"

"I used to paint quite well at school. I nearly got the water-colour prize. I could easily if I had persevered."

"Why did you not persevere, dear?"

"O, well, I suppose I got tired. My examination picture was awfully nice, but somehow I never could be bothered finishing it."

On another day: "O! you industrious person—you are darning! Do let me help you. Why don't you scold the wicked Babs for tearing his stockings like that? I must do this one; you really must let me help you." Provided with scissors, thimble, and other needments,

she would work vigorously for five minutes, till something caught her eye. "O! is that *Punch*? Yesterday's? How nice! I love *Punch*." And when she had gone home I would find the stocking



under her chair, with the needle sticking in its still gaping rent.

Clarissa it was who organised the sketching picnic, and arrived in haste to start ere we had finished breakfast.

"You lazy folks, get on your things quick! I've found the most exquisite spot for Mr. Babbington-Bright to sketch. I discovered it last night. Trees, you know, and a crag and a waterfall."

"The waterfall ought to be magnificent, considering what we've endured in the way of rain," murmured Herbert.

"Is it far away?"

"Only five miles; and it's quite sunny and mild to-day. Aunt has sent a little hamper with fruit and cakes and milk, so we will be independent, and won't need to hurry home." Then more timidly, "I've brought my colours. You remember, dear, you thought it good for a woman to have some regular work to occupy her mind. I think an artist's profession the most charming."

"It's the jolliest when you sell your

pictures," cried Herbert, showing himself a true brother of the brush; for who ever heard any of the fraternity confess to a comfortable income?

"Well, I mean to work *hard*. There

like to be a hospital nurse. I heard a lecture on nursing when I was with the Foulds in Edinburgh, and I came home full of the idea. Aunt thought it horrid, but daddy said it would be all right, only

he would like me to gain some experience by visiting among the sick people near home." Wise old professor!

"And did you, dear?"

"Well, I began; but one woman coughed so dreadfully it always made me sick. And another *never* would have any fresh air in her room. She said the draught would kill her. O! it was *too* awful; so insanitary, you know; I was forced to give it up."

Our picnic was delicious. Babs and I wandered through the glades, and gathered flowers and berries and other objects of interest; while the others applied themselves industriously at their sketches. Clarissa was so engrossed with her work that she was with difficulty induced to pause for lunch; and her sketch, even critically viewed, was wondrous good. Doubtless, her drawing owed the exactitude of its proportions to a few strokes of her adviser's pencil, but yet her idea of colour was singularly fine.

"I really think you ought to have claimed that prize,"

I commented, when she presented her effort for my opinion.

"I'm sure to finish *this* one, dear; it only needs one more sitting. Then I'll amaze daddy with it. I'll have it framed, and hung in his snuggery; and one morning when he goes in he *will* have a surprise. I must remember to telegraph to Edinburgh to-morrow for an outdoor easel like Mr. Babbington Bright's."

Two days later Herbert went to the Highlands to obtain a background for a figure-subject, and I remained in our Lowland lodging to complete a piece of work, "anent" which an inexorable editor was calling "Time!"

Clarissa burst upon me one afternoon as I was straining every nerve to have a proof corrected in time for the London mail.



is a room at the castle with a good north-light. I'll make that my studio, and work *all* day till I have a *tremendous* success."

The intense light of a great resolution shone in Clarissa's clear blue eyes. We gazed at her, admiring the strength of will evinced in the upright pose of her tall, slender figure. She seemed a girl to set her hand to the plough and not turn back. It was like a sudden drop to earth to hear her say a moment afterwards, "Can you lend me a lot of pins? I only pinned on the trimming of my hat; I forgot to sew it, and it's been blowing about all the way here."

"Do you know," Clarissa confided, as we drove briskly along behind her smart ponies, "I once thought I would

"How *busy* you are, dear; but you are *always* busy. I wonder you call this a holiday at all. O, of *course* I'll excuse you. Don't mind me at all. I'll just sit quietly here till you're ready for the post."

"Do you *always* write with the Waverley pen?"—turning over the articles on my writing-table. "What a jolly paper-knife! A smooth handle like that won't hurt your hand while you use it." A little pause followed, and then, rising and leaning over my shoulder, she said: "What *funny* things proofs are. Do you know, I never saw one before. I suppose all those queer little marks on the margin mean something. O! I am *so* sorry. My talk has confused you, and you have had to score out what you had just written."

The proof was corrected after much tribulation, and was tucked safely in the post; and then, over afternoon tea, our feet on the fender—for even in summer fires are comforting at Pittendrevie—she unburdened her mind of a brand new determination.

"It *only* occurred to me when I saw you at your writing-table, with the ivy round the window and the light falling on your head—and *all* that. Does your hair *always* get rumpled when you are thinking hard? It looks *sweet*, you know. Well, I have made up my mind to devote my energies to literature. Will you think it foolish of me to try?"

"Certainly not, Clarissa," I replied with all sincerity. "Every attempt you make to give your thoughts form will help to educate you."

"O! but I mean to take it up in earnest—to make it my profession. It is a thing one can do so nicely at home, and it is so lady-like. No one could object to my doing it."

"But your painting promised so well. Will you not persevere with that?"

"I don't feel inclined, now Mr. Babbing-

ton-Bright has gone. I'm convinced I could write, though. I once composed a story at school. It was about a lovely governess. By the bye, we *all* wrote stories that term, and they were *all* about the same thing."

"Were they all shockingly ill-used, and did they all wed dukes?" I asked.

"Yes, *all* of them," laughed Clarissa; "at least my heroine had a horribly insolent employer, and I *intended* her to marry a duke, but somehow I never got to the end."

"As a vocation literature is the simplest for a woman, it needs no preliminary college training, and its tools are of the cheapest," I observed, returning to our subject.



"I shall use the Waverley pen," said Clarissa, decidedly. "You seem to write so *quickly* with it; and I've got *such* a lovely portfolio with inkstand to match. I'll begin this *very* night."

"But writing, dear, is not merely a question of pen and ink and paper. Everything depends on what you produce with them. And, even after your share of the task is done, the difficulty for a new writer is to gain a footing."

"O! I know. I won't be easily discouraged," she cried, as she rose to leave, her cheeks glowing with new excitement. "I'll keep on *bombarding* editors with manuscripts, till my bombs take effect. You see the winters at the Castle are so long and so dull—though, of course, I'm often away on visits—that I will be able to devote *ever* so much time to it. Now I must go. I want to begin at *once*."

In a minute or two her golden head

I'm afraid they will require to get accustomed to my keeping what hours I like in the future."

When Mrs. Tweedle had cleared the table, and Babs had returned to the copy he was making of one of Fred Pegram's illustrations to Macmillan's admirable new edition of *Midshipman Easy*—one of those reproduced in this article he tells me—Clarissa unwrapped her manuscript and read it to me.

Perhaps it was an effect of her tune-ful voice, or of the feeling wherewith she contrived to invest the speeches of her characters, but her story certainly impressed me as being extremely well done.

"That is excellent, dear," I exclaimed,



crowned with its green Tam o' Shanter sped down the street behind the fat ponies. A package containing a bundle of manuscript paper and a box of Waverley pens lay on the seat before her; and, for the first time, she was too engrossed to turn and wave her hand at the corner.

Next day, as we had arranged, Clarissa lunched with me. She entered, beaming with pride, and could scarce wait till one meal was over before producing her work.

"I sat up, O! *ever* so late last night; and aunt was quite alarmed when I went upstairs. She thought it was a burglar. *Imagine* burglars in Pittendrevie! Our household retires so *ridiculously* early.

as she paused in the midst of an interesting scene. "You have done it remarkably well. Go on, I am eager to know how you work the *dénouement*."

"That is as far as I've gone. When I got to that bit I didn't quite know how to make things come right, and I was *terribly* sleepy; so I stopped. I meant to finish it this morning, but I did not wake till late, and Martha brought a new book, which had come by post, with my breakfast; so when I had glanced at it I had *just* time to dress and to come here."

"I wish you would finish the tale, Clarissa. It is bright and original. I am almost certain I could place it somewhere."

"O, you *darling!* Do you really think you could? Well, I'll rush off home, write the rest to-night, and bring it complete to-morrow."

The following afternoon Clarissa entered like a whirlwind.

"Now here is something you are *bound* to approve of. I know it's conceited to say so, but it's *really* awfully good;" and plumping down on the sofa she began hastily reading me the opening pages of an entirely new story.

"Clarissa, child!" I interposed; "where is the end of the first story? I expected it."

"I *had* to stick that. It seemed *so* stupid, and it *wouldn't* come right. Then *this* scheme came into my head, and I wrote that instead."

But, alas! the new plot stopped at the same stage as the other.

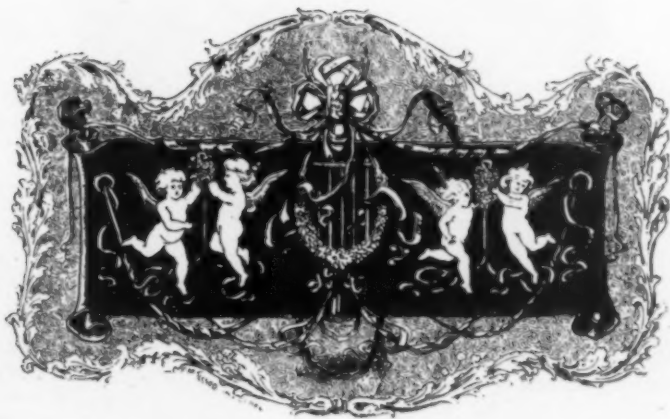
Clarissa parted with us tearfully at the little railway station. She promised to visit us in town, and solemnly pledged herself to forward the manuscript of

both tales. That was several weeks ago: and a letter received this morning is the only communication from Clarissa that has reached us. The envelope was a bulky one: and as I opened it I exclaimed "Here is Clarissa's story, at last!" What the letter contained, however, was a sheet of manuscript music!

It hardly required the accompanying note to inform us that a gifted musician had been at the castle, and that Clarissa, feeling "music was the *very* divinest thing on earth," had sought to emulate his example to the extent of the opening passages of a waltz. Clarissa hoped we would like it: she "couldn't help thinking it awfully catching": she would send the rest "when it was written."

"The species, Clarissa," remarked Mr. Babbington-Bright, sententiously, "is best classed as the human chameleon, owing to its faculty of changing its colours to match its surroundings."

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



Presidents of the Royal Academy.

THE history of the origin of the Royal Academy is the history of one of those quarrels which are only too frequent among artists. The Society of Arts held the first art exhibition in England in 1760. Five years later the Society was incorporated by Royal Charter. But no restrictions as to membership had been made, and the inevitable result was that the men

the King, and a day or two later he horrified the leader of the old gang by speaking of "my exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Reynolds and Gainsborough were among the thirty-four foundation members, and their names remain to this day among the excuses which upholders of the Academy are able to urge in reply to those who maintain the institution has too often



SIR J. E. MILLAIS

From a photograph by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, N.B.

who could paint were always out-voted by those who could not. The result was that eight-and-twenty members revolted. Benjamin West was at their head, and, being in high favour with the King, he straightway set about the task of getting royal patronage for a new society. The conspirators unanimously asked Sir Joshua Reynolds to become their President, and, after anxious consultation with Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke, he agreed to accept the honour they proposed to confer on him. It was in December of the same year that the plan of the Academy was submitted to

neglected its opportunities of rewarding real merit by inviting gifted but unpopular artists to join its ranks. Reynolds and Gainsborough were certainly great painters, and yet they were Academicians. Benjamin West, the second President, was not a big painter, but he is a figure worth remembering. Born of Quaker parentage in America, he showed himself something of an artist at the early age of seven. The sober folk who surrounded him were greatly troubled at his desire to follow this vain and frivolous profession, but they held a meeting, and, after much discussion, decided (with a

wisdom not always vouchsafed to the Puritan) that it would not be well to fight against Providence. So the women kissed him, the men laid their hands in blessing upon the boy's head, and he in

now in the National Gallery. He died in 1830, and Sir Martin Archer Shee came after him. It is recorded that Shee was, in his day, a famous painter of portraits; but nowadays we are content



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

his turn pledged himself only to employ himself on subjects that were "holy and pure." You almost wonder that no one has found in this incident the subject for a picture. To those who have an affection for the Quaker it must always be pleasant to remember, for the man who knows his Puritan knows how sweet a reasonableness this decision argues in those who were able to arrive at it. He was made President in 1792



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

to remember of him only the fact that he was P.R.A. 'Tis said that he filled the post to admiration, being an affable gentleman, of good presence, having a pleasant taste in literature and an excellent knack of after-dinner speaking. It is the weak point of academies that such merits as these are often of more importance than those for which artists incorporated ought most readily to do honour to a brother. It was in his time that the



BENJAMIN WEST

and died in 1820, two years after the celebration of the Academy's jubilee.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who succeeded him, was born in 1769, and became an Academician at twenty-four. He is best known by his portrait of Mrs. Siddons,



SIR MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE

National Gallery was built in Trafalgar Square. The Academy, which had hitherto been provided with a habitation in Somerset House, now took up its abode in the new building, which William IV. opened, with much pomp, in 1837.

Shee laid down his brush in 1850, and then Sir Charles Eastlake took his place as President. He wrote about art a good deal, and also painted pictures that



SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

are not likely to be remembered. After fifteen years he also died, and Sir Francis Grant reigned in his stead. During his time the Academy quitted the National Gallery, where it had begun to be somewhat cramped, and moved to Burlington House, which was erected at a cost of £150,000 out of Academy funds. It was his wish that Sir Frederick Leighton should succeed him, and on his death the Academy unanimously ratified his suggestion.



SIR FRANCIS GRANT
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

It is but a few months since the seventh President died, and one can scarce speak of him coldly, as of a person long dead and belonging altogether to the past.

Opinions differ as to the value of his work. Of his learning, his skill, there can be no doubt; his unfinished pictures were often extremely beautiful. But this beauty had only too frequently been laboured out of them by the time they left his studio. Born at Scarborough in 1830, he produced "Cimabue finding Giotto" at the age of eighteen, and when he was five-and-twenty his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence" was hung by the Academy. His career was all compact of successes, and even those who sneered most constantly at his work admitted that no association of the kind to which the Academy belongs had ever a more stately figure at its head than his. Wealthy, learned, a linguist, a man of



LORD LEIGHTON
From a photograph by Bassano

magnificent presence, and a most delightful urbanity, he was the ideal person for such a post; and, even if it be alleged that he was not eminent as a painter, it must be said of him that with regard to the work of other men he was an excellent and a most catholic judge.

It is good to think that the name of Sir John Millais was added before his death to the list of names here chronicled. Of him at least it may be said, without fear of error, that he was a great painter and a worthy compeer of the first President. He was an Associate at twenty-four; and if one were making a list of the great pictures painted throughout the world during his lifetime, it would be necessary to include more than one of his works.

The Fashions of the Month.



HE worst of following Paris in so many of our modes is that autumn fashions are somewhat slow to declare themselves. In Paris the summer lingers longer than with us, and it is not until September is actually here that the great costumiers begin to formulate their decrees. But in England September is a month that is more often autumnal than not. The remarkably hot weather we had last September is not likely to repeat itself, and the wise and far-seeing will by this time be adding a few warmer costumes to their wardrobes, so as to be ready for the cooler weather before it comes.

Modes, so far as we can discern at present, will be quieter in style this winter. In Paris, skirts are already being made narrower, stiffening is discarded save round the hem, and the sleeves of tailor-made gowns are plain and coat-like, with only a very little fulness increasing towards the shoulder. Hats are flatter and more demure than before, and even the trimming has subdued itself. The raid against the tall ospreys continues, but 'tis to be feared the animal lovers are too oft forgot when fashion is in the field.

A very uncommon autumn costume is made of military blue cloth, with a bodice of black velvet embroidered in blue and black sequins. A vest of tan cloth, embroidered with black braid, is let in in front, and revers of blue cloth edged with jet divide it from the velvet bodice. The tight sleeves are of blue cloth with jockey sleeves—a favourite device—of velvet over them. Tan kid gloves sewed with black, and a black straw toque trimmed with wired black lace wings, and bunches of crimson and gold dahlias complete it. Our first illustration shows a very pretty autumn gown.

It is of green cloth with a little black and silver braiding on the bodice and sleeves. The soft vest and bow, of fine silk mohair, is of the palest blue, with tiny strokes in pale green and pink scattered over it. The bit of jewelled passementerie that accompanies it unites all these colours with dark green and black, and the big, dark green straw hat has bows of black velvet and black and green shaded plumes, and a bit of silver cord about the crown.

Another pretty and seasonable costume is of Scotch tweed of a pretty "heather" mixture in which green predominates. The zouave bodice is edged with a black and gold braid put on in loops, and the sleeve is tight almost to the shoulder, where it expands into a full soft puff. There is a pleated vest of scarlet silk kept in place by a cincture belt of Forbes tartan silk. The Forbes tartan, as everybody knows, is dark green with just a line of red in it. There is a full bow of the tartan silk at the neck, and the green rustic sailor with beef-eater crown has a band of tartan silk and some partridge and black cock feathers at the side.

Very neat house-dresses for young girls are being made with what used to be known as "round" bodices and waistbands. One in steel-grey canvas has a pretty tucked vest of pale blue surah. The bodice is cut out very quaintly in front to reveal the blue silk, and where the grey canvas meets the silk it is edged with a narrow steel passementerie. There is a soft belt and a soft collar of the silk, and the sleeves are cut out at the wrist to permit a pleated frill of the pale blue silk to fall over the hand. Another dainty home-like little gown is of electric blue serge, with a deep pointed yoke of dark blue velvet. The serge is drawn on to this yoke, and the bodice buttons (with pretty blue enamel buttons) at the left side. Where the bodice buttons it is edged with a frill of

* * * *Pat. erns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars of self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.*



AN AUTUMN GOWN

white silk muslin, and there are similar frillings at neck and wrist.

By the bye—*à propos* of a gown of this kind, did you but know it—the Arctic Lamp is an invention to be commended to your notice. Used on the wall, it cannot deluge you with wax, although it gives you the ordinary soft light of candles. You may read in bed

by its light, and have no fear of disaster if you chance to fall asleep before you extinguish it. It does not ignite its shade, as candles always do, and in a hundred ways gratitude is due to Green and Co., of Regent Street, its inventors.

Blouses are by no means to be discarded in September, but they are more substantial in make and material

Our second illustration gives a rather elaborate one. The bodice is of a rich brocade with rings and spots of dark brown on a ground of tawny gold. The sleeves and draping are of that lovely Liberty silk which has the surface of satin

pleated vest of primrose-coloured silk muslin. Coming from the neck and from the waist are two pointed plastrons of embroidered grass lawn mounted on brown satin. The tight sleeves are of the lawn mounted on satin, and there are



A BLOUSE FOR SEPTEMBER

and the softness of muslin. This blouse looks well on a slim figure with a skirt of black satin lined with gold. The dark gold straw is trimmed with ruche and bows of black gauze and a Paradise plume. Another pretty blouse bodice is made in brown silk with a plain back and draped front. The drapings are shaped into a bolero, and there is a soft-

butterfly puffs on the shoulder of the plain brown silk.

Grey and green makes a very pretty combination. A reception-dress of pale grey-corded silk is made with graduated panels of dark green velvet running up each side of the skirt, a green and silver passementerie borders these panels on either side, and at the waist merges

into a richly-patterned and prettily shaped *empiècement* of passementerie that finishes off the skirt at the top. The bodice of grey silk is pleated all round, the pleats lying very close and thick at neck and waist, and expanding fan-wise over the bust in front. The tight-fitting sleeves are of dark green velvet, and the fan-shaped epaulettes are of grey silk richly embroidered in green and silver. The bodice is slightly low and square cut back and front, is edged with the passementerie and reveals above it a dainty chemisette of white silk muslin set into a green velvet neck-band.

Some novel silks are being made with designs and stripes in plush upon them. This is a decided innovation. One marvellous one has a stripe of dark brown plush alternating one in which chiné roses are strewn upon a maize-coloured ground. This, with a front of maize-coloured silk muslin, a ruffled sleeve of the silk muslin emerging from jockey sleeves of brown plush lined with maize-coloured silk, would make a marvellously effective tea-gown.

The loose jacket with the straight back seems likely to gain favour this autumn. A very neat one in navy-blue cloth has bands of black military braid up every seam, and a band of the braid down the centre of the sleeve. It is double-breasted and there is a double row of gold buttons down the front. It is a little open at the neck and has revers edged with braid. Worn with a blue skirt, a white collar and black tie, and a navy-blue sailor hat, trimmed with bright crimson corded ribbon and some black wings, it forms a very neat and workmanlike turn-out.

Autumn capes have high collars, and some of them are really long enough to afford a little warmth.

The extreme cheapness at which the high square-crowned hats have been sold at the sales should warn people not to buy them, as it is a sure sign they are going out.

A very charming wrap for seaside wear is a blue cloth coat tight fitting

behind and loose and double-breasted in front. The sleeves are tight, but over each falls a wide box-pleated cape. These capes are fastened on to the shoulder under a trimming of black and gold braid, and are lined all through by a scarlet silk lining which shows effectively. It is fastened in front with big plain gold buttons, and worn with a blue cloth yachting cap forms a very comfortable and becoming costume to lounge upon the deck of a yacht or to take an evening stroll along an esplanade in.

For autumn cycling costumes nothing is better than Harris tweed. It is soft and light yet thick and warm, and is never close and heavy as cloth is apt to be. In dark grey with a scarlet cloth waistcoat fastened with small gold buttons, a white dicky and a black tie worn with a black sailor hat and a scarlet ribbon, it looks very well. Heather mixture with a vest of tan cloth fastened with jet buttons, a white dicky and green and gold shot tie, makes another very seasonable combination. A little bit of bright colour such as scarlet is excellent in a cycling gown if it be used with discretion. It just catches the eye as the "bike" wheels by, and arouses a pleasing curiosity as to the wearer.

While on the subject of cycling I may mention the Columbia bicycles, one of which has lately been ordered by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who thus imitates the example of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. English makers are undoubtedly going to have a severe struggle against their American compeers, and Vigor and Co., who are early in the field, will indubitably give them a vast deal of trouble, for the Columbia is an excellent machine.

Tartan does not seem so high in favour this September, as sometimes there is a monotony about tartan. Like the unfortunate lover in Balfe's half-forgotten opera, it is "still the same" and the heart of woman is inconstant ever, and loves above everything variety and change.





WHAT IS IT?

DRAWN BY ERNEST PRATER



HONEST LAUGHTER

DRAWN BY F. F. MICHET



ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPHE THIEDE

SUMMARY.

The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest.

CHAPTER IV.

"YES," said Harry Burnage to himself, "I must marry Angela." He paced up and down the soft carpet, thinking about it. He was alone in his well-ordered chambers, smoking a cigarette that was not to be bought in shops. It was a good cigarette, but its flavour was as nothing to the fact that it was not to be bought in shops. It seemed to fill the room with that atmosphere of uniqueness, distinction, speciality, that Henry Burnage believed that he loved. He had arrived slowly at his resolution; he rarely hurried important things; he liked to act correctly; and, though he would say a passably brilliant thing about the

commercial spirit and the middle classes, he very much liked to get on in the world. He had been considering marriage with Angela Wycherley as one might consider anonymous journalism—in a critical spirit, weighing the arguments for and against. That was the way he had begun at least.

Angela's mother was barely possible. She was too large, too obvious, too good-tempered, and she gave too much publicity to that side of her which should have been reserved for the specialist in dyspepsia. Her circle included too generously. Well, once married, Henry Burnage felt that Mrs. Wycherley could be deleted altogether. Then there was

her father—a mildly commercial person whose Sunday night anxiety (unless he had one of those headaches) seemed to be first to find the background and then to sit in it. He would not need to be deleted, he would delete himself. He would probably do something for Angeia. The commerce was only mildly successful, but Angela was the only unmarried child; it was almost certain there would be something for her. Besides, Henry Burnage's own father had made him a very liberal offer—if he got married. The elder Burnage did not believe that young men kept straight unless they married—besides, he wanted to see a grandchild.

Then there was Angela to be considered. Just here the merely critical consideration became touched by emotion—the material side of Henry Burnage was in love with Angela, he had come under her charm. Now this charm was not peculiar to Angela; many other girls have it, and it is more easily described in its result. Angela made the men that she met imagine her secrets; she inspired fascinating reverie. Burnage, with all his business qualities, was much given to fascinating reverie.

A catalogue's justice would have been unjust to her looks, for her features were slightly irregular. The ebb and flow of colour on her dusky cheeks, or a chance movement of her long eyelashes, or the curve of her figure in some chance position that she had taken would baulk dispassionate criticism; she had a store of trifles to throw into the scale against classical beauty and apparently outweigh it. She had seemed at one time to Burnage to be a flirt; but now he was inclined to think that she had grown serious-hearted and was being hurt by it. He wondered if she cried sometimes at night, just before she went to sleep, because of her thoughts. That would be terrible. She should tell him about it—just give him her warm little hands to hold, cast her eyes down, and make shy confidences. His vanity, caught by his imagination, soared grandly upwards, like thistledown riding the wind. He began to picture things; her rapt eyes seemed to look at him and her low voice to tell him how good he was. He seemed to hear music; the wedding march took its memorable downward sweep, curled over the key-note, and broke at his feet. It moved upwards

again, changed to a slow, straining waltz that beat its great wings regularly—upwards into the rarefied atmosphere of the passionate lover, where the whole world stopped and one kiss continued.

He had arrived slowly at his resolution—beginning with criticism and ending in ecstasy, just at the last, warming a cold ambition by the fires of love, or the nearest that he could get to love. He was glad that the resolution was taken; it had been hovering in his mind for some time. He felt a kind of importance in consequence of it; he seemed to himself to be embarking on a fresh epoch in his existence.

He dined at his club, and dined well. Thoughts of a love-touched future, black coffee, a small glass of kirsch, and another of the cigarettes that could only be obtained by favour occupied him for the next two minutes. Then he proceeded to write two letters.

His first letter was to his father, and Henry Burnage's letters to his father were exceedingly unlike his letters to anybody else. The elder Burnage had started life with a small shop, and although he had long ago retired from his business he had never been able to feel properly ashamed of it; and he never said even a passably brilliant thing about the commercial spirit and the middle-classes. This alone made him different from the kind of man that his son was. The father was somewhat Puritanical and quite uncultured; here again the son was different. In a more humorous moment the father would sometimes say: "Have you been buying any æsthetic things lately, Henry?" What was to be done with such a man—a man who could never succeed in forgetting the back numbers of *Punch*—a man who was quite crude and point-blank—a man who could never be convinced that he misunderstood another man's point of view, and yet always did misunderstand it? Henry could only sigh drearily, and try to read the essays of Matthew Arnold without noticing that their severest thrusts went straight through his own father—happily ignorant of the assault, and quite contented. Just as a mean motive and a more generous motive had made Henry decide to marry Angela, a mixture of motives influenced him in the treatment of his father. He was not without filial affection, but he also wondered occasionally in what pro-



"HE PACED UP AND DOWN THE SOFT CARPET"

portion his father would, in his last will and testament, divide his property between him and his very plain and unattractive sister. He tried to write to his father the kind of letter that his father would like, but he spent as little time as possible on the composition of it, knowing that his father was not critical in such things. To-night his letter ran as follows:

My dear Father,—You may be assured that your last letter—stating that you have had no return of the sciatica—gave me great pleasure. I was delighted to hear that you managed to get as far as from our house to the cemetery. You must be careful not to overdo it, but I suppose you would not walk that distance without permission from the doctor. Certainly the embrocation which he prescribed seems to have done wonders. So you have got the main drainage at last, and are compelled to connect with it; I always said that it would come, and after the initial expenses you will probably find the arrangement much more satisfactory. I am sorry that the new vicar is not to your liking; his adoption of the eastward position and other ritualistic practices in face of so many protests seems to me very silly. It is, as you say, a great pity that the living should be in the gift of Sir Constantine Sandell—a man who has belonged at times to almost every conceivable religious sect. By the way, I am almost certain that I saw Claudius Sandell in the Fulham Road about a month ago, just after I sent you my last letter. It was getting dark, and I cannot be positive, but, if I am right, he has very much come down in the world. The man I saw was dressed in the seediest clothes, no stick or gloves, smoking a clay-pipe, and peering into the window of a small eating-house. As I had two other men with me, I was naturally not anxious to claim the acquaintance of—apparently—a half-starved tramp; so I hurried on to avoid recognition. Otherwise I should have been glad to have lent him a few shillings for the sake of old times together at Cambridge. Of course, we do not know what the quarrel was between Sir Constantine and Claudius. You think that Sir Constantine was in the wrong; he may have been. At the same time I do not think that a father—however hot-tempered and however eccentric—entirely breaks with his only son for nothing. Why was it that Clau-

dus, who was quite by way of being my friend at Trinity, never told me one word of the reason for the quarrel and parried my questions on the subject? Why is it that, although he has been in London and knew that he could get my address at the Temple, he has never been to see me and has never sent me his own address? It must mean that he is ashamed of something. It is strange that he—who was always thought so wonderful—should have been compelled to leave Cambridge without taking a degree, and should then have gone completely under; while I—who was nobody in particular—took a second in my tripos, and am already beginning to get on at the bar. By the way, is that curious woman, Miss Comby, still at Sir Constantine's?

In conclusion, I have something important to say. I feel that you are right, and I accept your very generous offer. You will not be surprised to hear that the lady whom I intend to marry is Angela Wycherley, of whom I have often spoken to you. I am now only waiting my opportunity to make a formal proposal; and I think I may say without conceit that I know what her answer will be. Before I do so, I shall be glad to hear from you if you think the alliance suitable.

Your affectionate son,

HENRY BURNAGE.

His next letter was to Luke Monsett. And to him Henry Burnage employed a sort of sham literary style, with a good deal of affectation, short paragraphs, and capital letters in it.

Dear Luke,—Action and re-action make me distrust all. The swing of the pendulum in one direction seems to take a man so far: it also returns as far. There is no Stability. How we cling to the expression of culture through furniture—environment. Nay, I still cling to it. Yet always I shift my ground from time to time. Even now it is better to employ aniline dyes with a duchess than to like the art flower-pot that has penetrated Bloomsbury.

Stability!

If you knew—if you could only know—how I long to get to it!

Now comes some hope at last. You ask what? A woman's eyes, that are more beautiful because they are now grown serious; on my part, nights in which I do not sleep but think entrancingly. Is there

not hope of Stability there? The bourgeois marry to perpetuate their very indifferent species; and I to find anchorage for my soul in calm waters. If so—then, at last, Stability. Of other news, nothing—save that I hear that our friend, Claudius Sandell, is now definitely gone under. And you thought him very great. Ah, well, it will teach you to distrust!

Of your own life, what?

Write soon.

Yours in these bonds of flesh,

HENRY BURNAGE.

He did not write in this style to his father, because his father was not sympathetic, would not have understood, and

would certainly have called him an ass. But Henry Burnage fancied the style, and probably would have believed that his letter to Luke was rather good.

But in one point he was mistaken: Claudius was not yet definitely "gone under."

In fact, not very long after this date, Dr. Gabriel Lamb wrote a letter to his bankers, asking them to place eight thousand pounds to the credit of Mr. Claudius Sandell (of whose signature he enclosed examples) during a period of eight consecutive days, to commence on the following Saturday morning. The circumstances which led to this order may now be recorded.

CHAPTER V.

THREE days after the curious arrival of Claudius Sandell at the house of Dr. Gabriel Lamb, the two men stood together in the garden one morning after breakfast. Claudius was smoking a delicious cigar, the first that he had smoked for over a year. He had drunk good coffee; his memory contrasted it with the "cup o' thick" that he had been compelled to take a few days before at an early-morning stall. He remembered the sharp eyes of the man who had handed it him, and the furtive Jew boy that had rubbed shoulders with him, and the bad green smell of everything.

And now he was looking out on a well-kept garden, noting the fruit trees as they spread themselves to the sun along the wall. He heard the sleepy hum of the mowing-machine, where at a little distance a gardener was busy on the lawn. He had been refreshed by a long sleep and a cold bath; he was wearing good clothes; he had fed well and been well treated. It was hard for him to realise that all this was the result of charity, for the kindness that had been shown him had come in the guise of hospitality. Dr. Lamb had acted up to his principle that it was impossible for a gentleman to take advantage of the necessities of another gentleman in order to humiliate him.

"Come down to the end of the garden," said the doctor, cheerily. "You haven't half seen the place yet." The doctor was wearing a short holland jacket and no hat; in one hand he swung a small empty canvas bag. As they went down the paths Claudius

happened to make some remarks, with almost boyish *naïveté*, on the perfection of the house and garden. He had, he said, never seen a place which was so complete in small details—trifles.

"Now, my dear Sandell," said the doctor, putting one hand on his arm, "I am not going to contradict you, but I am going to correct an impression that I believe you must have formed of me. I own that I have taken great care lest there should be anything wrong in even the minutest domestic matters, but you must not think that because I am particular about trifles, I admire them or take an interest in them. I assure you that I hate them; I hate them so much that I cannot bear to have them in my mind. If the details of my house and domestic life were wrong, they would always be obtruding themselves upon my attention: I should think about them, and I should detest that. It is the same with money. If a man really hates money he takes good care that he has enough of it for all his needs, in order that he may not think about it."

"You found me," said Claudius, without a penny in my pocket and fainting from exhaustion. But all the same I assure you that I do not love money."

"Do not," said the doctor pleadingly, "be so ultra-sensitive, my dear fellow. I like fine feelings, but to be ultra-sensitive is so—so altogether damnable. I assure you that your case was not in my mind when I spoke. And my remark would not apply to you in any case, because you are too young. You will make money yet, because you hate

it; there is plenty of time before you."

"You're much too good to me, doctor," Claudius said rather seriously. "I am inclined to agree with you: one of the greatest curses of poverty and privation is that they make a man who is not used to them sensitive and bad-tempered. I never used to be bad-tempered."

"There's good enough evidence of that." Claudius looked as if he did not quite understand, and the doctor went on: "I mean, of course, in your physiognomy. You are on the whole very good-tempered; you can lose your temper badly for all that. In that you are not exceptional at all. But it is queer that you have never told a lie, and couldn't tell one if you wanted to."

"Why," said Claudius, "I've told any amount of the usual —"

"Quite so, the ordinary social fib that has no other motive but to spare somebody's feelings. We may leave that out; that is not dishonourable. You have never told the dishonourable lie—the lie that would get you out of some scrape or be of some advantage to you."

"But, of course," Claudius answered, "one doesn't do that."

"No? I've told dozens of dishonourable lies myself. But there, my system of ethics is different and simpler: there is one great purpose and all else is subordinate to it. But men, in other respects like yourself, do as a matter of fact tell mean lies, or would if the occasion were urgent enough. Now, no occasion, however urgent, would make you break your word."

"Well, one never knows." Claudius found this open praise, as it seemed, of himself very embarrassing; and he hastened to change the subject. "If it comes to that, doctor, I have noticed one exceptional point in you."

"I had flattered myself," the doctor said, "that I was composed chiefly of exceptional points. Which do you mean?"

"You talk a great deal of your work, and profess to be devoted to your work, and call it the enthusiasm of your life; and yet you really *do* work very hard. I've only been here a few days, but I've noticed that. I happened to wake at three o'clock this morning, and looked out. There was still a light in your laboratory. Now at Cambridge it was different: the men who talked much about their work as a rule did least; and to

keep an average of your number of hours' work per diem was simply a preliminary step to being spun in your tripos."

"Well, the case is so different. The ordinary man at Cambridge works, I suppose, for the purpose of his tripos, and with the involved purposes of pleasing his people and providing himself with a profession. Oh, yes. Those are very good things, of course—but they are not great. If you try to simulate an enthusiasm for work with such purposes, you are likely to use up all the energy for the simulation and have none left for the work. Yes, I did work late last night." The doctor's eyes grew brighter, and his manner more excited; he gesticulated a little with the hand that held the canvas bag. "Last night, Sandell, I stood before the gate—the locked gate that stands between the living and the mystery of life. I tampered with the lock, but I could not force it. I could not get in. But, Sandell, I assure you—I am speaking seriously—last night I caught a glimpse between the bars. It makes me breathless. Can you wonder that I am enthusiastic and—Lord! I do keep talking about myself. I wish I did not. I shall become a bore."

"Will you?" said Claudius. "If I may speak as frankly of you to you as you have done of me to me, I will say that I have never met anyone who interested me so much, and I do not suppose that I shall ever meet anyone who will be half so kind to me."

"Oh, kindness is not in the question at all. For all that I give you I intend to receive as much again. Practically, you are in a hotel and have the means to pay your bill, only it does not quite suit either of us to treat each other just like that. No, not a word. I won't be thanked: I assure you that I shall come out of this under a great obligation to you. Now, look here, we won't talk of this; I want to show you my rabbits."

They had reached the end of the garden. Here there was a row of twelve small rabbit-hutches, standing about two feet from the ground. The hutches were kept very clean and dry, and it was evident that good care was taken of their occupants.

"I didn't know you were a fancier," said Claudius.

"Oh, I'm not; these are all of the common kind. They hardly remain here long enough for me to make pets of them, and in a pet one would prefer a



"DON'T YOU BE FRIGHTENED, MY LITTLE DEAR"

little more intelligence. Still, these hutches are well planned, I think, and I like to have them properly fed and cared for until they are wanted. Research, you know, would be impossible without experiment; one is as humane, of course, as it is possible to be under the circumstances. By the way, I want one of these this morning for my work."

He opened one of the hutches, and a black doe that had been nibbling green stuff at the entrance scurried away to the far end of the cage; pressed close to the boards she watched the two men with soft, furtive, frightened eyes.

"Pretty creature, isn't it?" said the doctor.

"Now then, my common rabbit, you're wanted. Why didn't you stand erect, and have articulate speech, and wear white ties in the evening? Then you would have had a God and lost Him, and worried yourself about it at nights, when you had no one to talk to, and never got any further; and also you would have bragged about it—people always do. You weren't consulted, neither was I. Now you are going to die in a dream, but first you have got to tell me what you know, but don't know that you know." He stretched his great hand into the hutch and grasped the doe by the neck. "Come, now," he said, pleasantly, as she kicked and struggled, "don't you be frightened, my little dear." Then he dropped her into the canvas bag.

The two men walked on to the garden entrance of the laboratory. Vivisection had been the subject of debates at which Claudius had been present; they had not been, as a rule, very well-informed debates: it had been a case of brutality against sentimentality, and had not interested him very much. One of the most potent arguments for vivisection that he had yet come across was that Dr. Gabriel Lamb practised it. He mentioned this to the doctor. Dr. Lamb put down his canvas bag in the garden path, and fumbled for the key of the laboratory door. He was an astonishing grotesque figure; the short holland jacket did not seem to go well with the bald head, with its fringe of auburn hair. Curious traces of scientist, sensualist, and poet, seemed to flit across his face, hopelessly inconsistent and passing in a moment. Between the box-edging on either side of the path the black doe-rabbit jumped and struggled in the bag that imprisoned it.

"Vivisection? I am not of course opposed to it; at the same time I realise its limitations. It has taught us what we know of physiology, and it will teach us more; but it will never teach us everything, as practised at present, and nothing less than everything is of much good to myself. I have got to pass through that gate of which I spoke to you. See here—you know, of course, that a pig is internally much the same as a man. But the pig's nervous constitution—a very important factor, mark you—is as different from a man's—" Once more he broke off abruptly. "You are provoking me to become a scientific bore," he went on; "and all bores are hateful; and the scientific bore is the worst of the lot."

"Well, doctor," said Claudius, "I can only say again that I am not bored. Now, by the way, I could not, perhaps, do a good hard day's work. But I am so far recovered that a few hours' secretarial work would not hurt me. May I not undertake your correspondence for you, or copy your scientific memoranda? You have already decided that I am to be trusted—that I should not abuse your confidence—and I need not tell you that I should be careful. I should give you the best of such ability as I have."

"That is quite so," said the doctor. "If I were the usual philanthropist, I should probably fake up some secretarial work for you to do. But I am not; and the work for which I want your assistance is far more serious and important. I will tell you about it when the time comes. In the meantime, if you would order the victoria and take my wife for a drive, I know she would be delighted. No; you'd rather drive yourself, I think. Have the dog-cart and the bay mare. Oh, yes—and you'd better ask for her, or they will give you 'Peach-blossom,' who's a good horse but not so amusing."

Claudius drove the bay mare, and she did not give him much leisure for conversation. She was a beauty, but she needed driving. Mrs. Lamb watched him earnestly all the way, and only spoke to praise him. The doctor never drove the mare himself. It is curious that even the cleverest man will fail to notice when things are significant, if they concern himself. Claudius had that morning omitted to notice several things.



PAINTING IN THE OPEN

In Painters' Land.

WRITTEN BY LEWIS HIND. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. DOUGLAS.

AT the extreme west of Cornwall, beyond the tin-country, is a little broad-backed peninsula appearing on the map about the size of a blue-bottle. It hangs to the mainland by its right shoulder, and looks as if it might at any moment slip off into the Atlantic Ocean, and roam seawards, like the Scilly Isles. Land's End lies on the blue-bottle's tail, Newlyn touches the tip of the right wing, while upon its head stands St. Ives. If you refer to St. Ives in conversation, seven out of ten people will remark, "O yes, I know, the town where the man who had seven wives lived," whereupon you reply for the hundredth time, "Pardon me, the rhyme which you mis-quote, refers to St. Ives in Huntingdonshire. St. Ives in Cornwall is famous in its own pleasant little way, but it is innocent of sheltering the magnificent bigamist whose deeds have made its northern namesake notorious."

For what, then, is Cornish St. Ives famous? What has the town done to deserve a paper in the *Ludgate*? The local guide-book devotes eight pages to St. Ives, but as the same work gives nine to the Scillies, its claim to fame can hardly be topographical. Its beauty? Well, the steep cobble-paved streets, often so narrow that two fish carts cannot pass abreast—streets from which obscure, crooked, dark courts branch off, all redolent of ancient fishy smells—can hardly be called beautiful. True, certain views

are very beautiful. That, for instance, from the upper part of the town, at the hour of after-glow, when the light touches the yellow sands that skirt the Hayle bend of the bay, or the sight of the fleet sailing out westward in early morning; or when the north wind has brought a blue sky and a purple sea, and the lighthouse on white Godrevy starts from the water like a column of burnished silver; or, in early spring, when full-blown roses nod against the cottage walls, and the cliffs are clothed with yellow gorse as with a garment, and the thorn is prodigal of white flower away over by the white roads of Lelant; or on quiet days when, in the far distance, cloud and sea meet on the horizon in undistinguished grey; or—but such sights can be seen in a thousand beautiful corners of England. No, such things, delightful though they be, are not enough to make St. Ives famous.

Her pilchard fisheries? Is St. Ives famous because twelve millions of the little creatures were once taken in a single day? Or on account of the "huers" watching patiently from the cliff for the arrival of the pilchards, timed to appear on these coasts in October—watching for the sudden discolourment, the purple patch, of the sea. Is St. Ives famous for that stupendous moment when the shoal is first descried, heralded by hovering gulls, and pursued by a horde of rapacious monsters of the deep, and

the "huer" sounds the good news through a trumpet, and signals the movement of the shoal to the fishermen, who rush down to the beach with joyous shouts, intent on launching the boats, and shooting the huge nets for the catch which will mean prosperity to the town through the winter? No, the pilchard fishery is hardly enough to make St. Ives famous; besides, the little creatures have grown coy of late, and no longer come sweeping in great companies towards the bay.

Another reason must be found for the fame that has gathered about St. Ives in

the studio stands a young man, who bows, grasps your hand; and then retires to greet another guest, while you examine the display of pictures, and presently, when your host draws within earshot, you murmur, "Excellent!" or "Delightful!" or "Very good!" or "Superb!" or perhaps, if he is a very old friend, and has painted more than common well, you grasp his hand, and say: "My dear fellow, you have done it this time."

It takes the best part of a day to go round these studios. Their number is endless. Some are new, some have



THE CLUB IN THE DAYTIME

these latter days. Let me describe an afternoon in the early spring of this or any year of the past decade, and so offer a clue to the riddle. The village is in holiday attire. Since early morning vehicles laden with ladies in their best bonnets, and men in new serge suits, have come galloping gaily down the hill that leads from the outside world. The steep streets are bright with laughing groups. Women lift their silken skirts and plunge bravely into the tortuous bye-ways, round angular corners, through ancient doorways, and up rickety stairs. All these little journeys have the same issue. The top stair abuts on a passage, and the passage opens into a studio, and

been converted from sail lofts, or pilchard packing dens, or any large apartment whose architecture would admit of a window with a north light. They perch upon the brow of the cliff, glass windows flashing in the sun; they hide themselves in the innermost recesses of the congeries of crooked courts; they stand like sentinels above the harbour, and they line the Porthmeor beach, upon which the broad waves of the Atlantic roar and tumble. St. Ives is not always in this holiday mood. This is the day that corresponds to the London Show Sunday. Soon the visitors will have all departed, the finery will be laid away, and by the time night comes up



A GROUP OF ST. IVES PAINTERS

with her garniture of stars, St. Ives will be as sleepy and as sedate as she has been any time during the past centuries. To-morrow the pictures will be packed, a special train will run them up to London, and towards the end of the week that precedes "Varnishing Day," the painters themselves will be following their pictures to London. Thus we arrive at the reason why St. Ives is famous. In that far corner of England a number of artists have elected to live, away yonder, in the west country, where the air is clear and

the weather generally fine, where encouragement and sympathy abound, and it is possible to live at a rate which, as regards the price paid for food and lodging, would make the dwellers in the Melbury Road faint with envy.

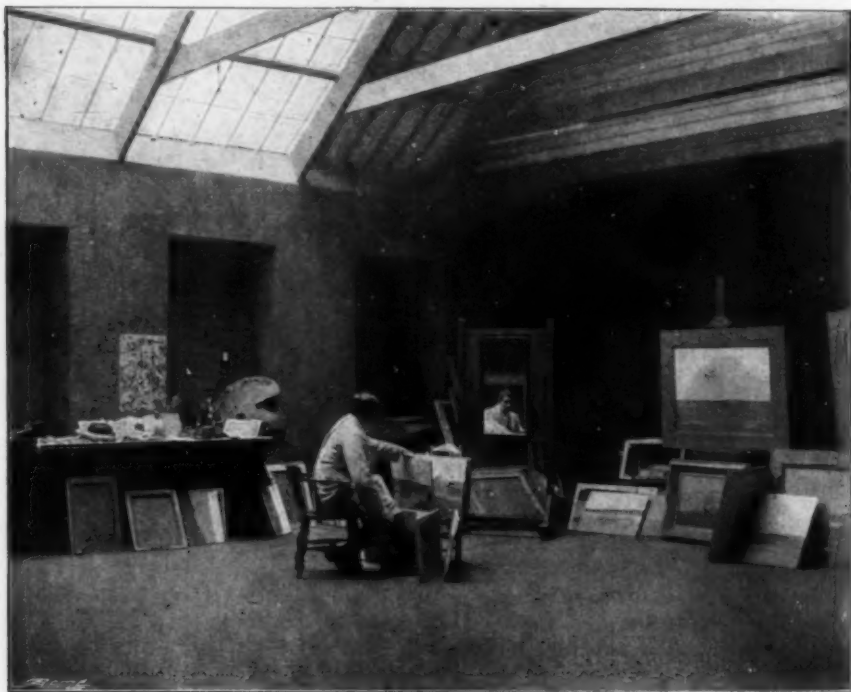
It is now many, many years since painters first foregathered in Cornwall. They are widely scattered through the county, but St. Ives and Newlyn, the head and the wing of the blue-bottle, are the most popular abiding places. Roughly speaking, the figure men settle in Newlyn,



THE FORTHMEOR STUDIOS FROM THE BEACH

the landscape painters in St. Ives, and if the colony at Newlyn is better known than the colony at St. Ives, it is because the pictures of those who paint the drama of life catch the public eye more swiftly than the works of the men who mirror the moods of Nature. For beauty of environment, Newlyn cannot be compared to St. Ives, and if Newlyn is the possessor of an art gallery, with periodical exhibitions, St. Ives has its club, and a Bohemian *camaraderie* that the sister colony lacks. Authorities differ as to

arrange to pitch their tents for a winter remain a lifetime. The attractions are obvious. Life in that little fishing village is simple, healthy, interesting, and social, and he who lives there has more than the common share of sunshine, and less than his share of headaches. Workers, eager and sympathetic, surround him, and when he needs the relaxation of society it is there at his own door, and not, as in London, a cab and train journey distant. Summer visitors miss the characteristic note of the place, for during



ONE OF THE PORTHMEOR STUDIOS

who was the first painter settler at St. Ives, and, to tell the truth, when the subject comes up for discussion on winter evenings, in the old parlour of the old Sloop Inn, authorities sometimes disagree with uncommon vigour. Certain it is that Mr. Richmond, R.A., painted his "Prometheus Bound," at Land's End, and that Mr. Whistler was a visitor to St. Ives in very early days. It would be idle to attempt to give any list of the artists who have been attracted by the charms of St. Ives. They come and go; many who propose making a visit of a month stay a year, while some who

June, July, and August the big studios are empty, and the majority of the painters are scattered over the land seeking fresh motives in some pastoral English valley, by the waterways of Holland, or in some bright Italian landscape. But with the return of autumn most of them retrace their steps to the Cornish shore, and do they not know how good it is once again to catch sight of the yellow sands of the bay, and the lighthouse upon white Godrevy. St. Ives has moulded itself to suit the requirements of its painter sons and daughters. There is a shop—a wonderful shop—where every-

thing that an artist can possibly require as painter, as householder, or as bachelor, may be purchased. There is a little inn where the unwedded can live together, and participate in the advantages of a club, without the drawback of being obliged to journey forth at night from a London suburb to a dingy building in a London street. St. Ives also possesses

meet after the light gives on winter evenings. Here the billiard handicaps take place, and eyes learned in the effects of sky and sea are trained to further skill in search of the nice angles between ball and pocket.

There is little resemblance between these studios and those of London. At St. Ives they are frankly painting-rooms,

mostly unadorned, or by ingenious husbandry of humble objects exemplified in one of our illustrations, where a remarkable overmantel has been constructed out of old deal packing cases.

The most spacious studios are those on the Porthmeor beach. Long, low, and light, they border on the yellow sands, and when the high windows are thrown open, the painter can sit in his easy chair and study the wave forms, as if they were simply an attraction of his back garden. In another of the illustrations an interior section of one of these Porthmeor studios is shown. It is as large as a Methodist chapel. Old brown sails, rich with the colourings of myriads of rains, and the buffetings of a thousand



A ST. IVES STUDIO, SHOWING A PATENT OVERMANTEL

its proper club, and a gala night, which is Saturday, when the painters, men and women, foregather to talk art and life, to skim papers and magazines, to sing glees, and to show their skill in acting. The club-room stands on the harbour. By day-time it is deserted when the place is noiseless but for the beating of the waves, and the muffled tones of a man singing at his work in the carpenter's shop beneath. There is also another little hostelry where the painters

storms, hang across the studio. In a corner looms the fiery eye of a huge stove with a pail of water hissing upon it. Against the wall, upon a deal shelf, a hundred tubes of pigment, pinched and squeezed into fantastic shapes, are strewn. Above hangs a stretch of canvas smeared with palette scrapings, mute records of years of working days. The big canvases stand before you, and in the midst sits the painter himself considering a past failure, and meditating a new triumph.

In another of our illustrations, the Studio on the Harbour, a very successful attempt at orthodox decoration has been achieved. It is crowded with curios, and if the view through the open doors is less majestic than the prospect of the Atlantic from the Porthmeor windows, there is a gain in liveliness, and variety with the ebb and flow of the tide, the flittings and return of the fleet, and the ever changing phantasmagoria of the beach. The doors are not always

task. Painting follows, and about lunch time you may again see them sauntering homewards up the hill road. An hour later the return to the studios begins, where, if it be winter time, they remain till sunset, when those who play billiards foregather at the hostelry. On summer evenings the train may carry a load of men and canvases out to Lelant, to make sketches in the open, or some will play a round at golf, or take part in a four at tennis. Subsequently there is a constant



A STUDIO ON THE HARBOUR

open as in the picture. In the morning, during working hours, they are firmly closed, and the painter stands with his back to them, busy upon his six-foot canvases.

One day at St. Ives passes much like another. About the hour of ten you may see the painters who live on the road that climbs on to Carbis Bay, clad in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, sauntering down towards their studios. Arrived there they may sit for half-an-hour smoking the meditative morning pipe, studying the work upon the easel, and considering the attack of a new day's

interchange of festivities, and on Saturdays everybody makes a point of being present at the club. So the winter months pass by, and if, as sending-in day approaches, the members of the colony become a little serious, a trifle moody, or a thought more detached than usual, it is understood that as soon as the pictures are despatched, this mantle of aloofness will be thrown off, and the old hospitable life resumed. It is a good and a happy thing to be a painter, and he who lives and works at St. Ives must be counted among the most enviable of his order.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS.

"SO IT ENDS WITH FRIENDS."



MURTHWAITE and I had gone into the country to spend a week at a delightful old inn when he told me the last of the stories I have been chronicling. We sat smoking in the old oak parlour, and somehow — through a chance reference to a criminal case that happened to be filling the columns of the newspapers just then, I think — the conversation turned on death-bed confessions.

Story after story was told by one or the other of us, and finally Smurthwaite lit his pipe, which he had just refilled, pressed down the tobacco, and began a tale taken out of his own experience.

"I had a strange case once," he said. "A man whom I had known for some years sent for me late one night to make his will. He lived in an out-of-the-way house some distance from Weybridge. I arrived at the station about half-past ten on a bitterly cold night in mid-winter. The snow was lying some inches deep on the ground, the stars were shining brightly overhead, and as I found it difficult to get a conveyance I determined to walk.

"Colonel Mortlock, the man I had

come to see, was an old bachelor, and had retired from the Army for very many years. He had settled in Weybridge and had lived the comfortable, easy life of a retired officer, mixing in the best society. He had largely devoted himself to works of charity, and was connected with, and a liberal subscriber to, all the charitable institutions of the neighbourhood. Of late years, however, he had been more or less of an invalid, and had shut himself up so that the world had seen very little of him. He was a handsome man, every inch a soldier in appearance, with a fine head of curly white hair and a white moustache. He had been a man of almost herculean proportions. He held the Victoria Cross, and was in every way a soldier of whom the British Army was justly proud. He was a man of ample means, without any near relations.

"I met him in rather a curious way, as he had taken over a mortgage on a property in his neighbourhood, more as an act of charity than anything else, since the owner of the property mortgaged was quite unable to pay, and the mortgagee threatening to foreclose. The owner was a client of mine and told his trouble to Colonel Mortlock, who came to see me and agreed to pay off the mortgagee and take a transfer of the

mortgage. From that time he had been my client, and I had naturally learned a good deal of his affairs.

"I reached the house and was shown to my room, where I had hardly changed my wet boots when I was sent for to go and see the Colonel at once. I found him in bed, and noticed that he was very ill indeed. A doctor and nurse

"Are you sure," he said, "that the door is shut, and that no one is listening outside?"

"I went and looked, and was able to assure him that no one was within hearing.

"Smurthwaite," he said, "I am dying; I know it, although the doctor won't tell me, and I want you to make my will at



"I AM DYING"

were in the room, and drawing me on one side the doctor told me that he did not think the Colonel would last till the morning. He said he would call early next day, and giving orders that if he was wanted in the meantime he was to be sent for, and, beckoning the nurse to accompany him to the door, took his leave.

"Looking anxiously round the room, Colonel Mortlock motioned me to a chair.

once. I leave all my property to the National Lifeboat Institution, and I want to appoint you sole executor. You can put yourself down for fifty pounds for your trouble."

"I said: 'Have you no relatives or others to whom you prefer to leave your money?'

"None whatever. I have thought of this matter for over forty years, and that is long enough to make up one's mind."

"The will was soon made, and the

butler and nurse were called up to witness it. This finished, Colonel Mortlock said: 'Make sure that we are quite alone, and I will explain to you my reasons for making this will.'

"I carefully shut the door, saw that no one was in the passage, and took my seat by his bedside.

"Give me your hand,' said the old man, as a spasm of pain passed over his face and the perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead. 'My death is nearer than I thought, and I must be quick and tell you my story, or else it will be too late. I dare say you wonder why I have left my money to the National Lifeboat Institution. Well, to explain this to you I must begin with my boyhood.

"I went to school at Winchester, and amongst my companions was one to whom I was particularly attached, Vivian Hayward. We were in the same form and in the same dormitory; we were in the same cricket team; and, up to a certain time, we were as fond of one another as two brothers could possibly be. He and I were both only sons, and sometimes during the holidays he used to come to my parents' house, sometimes I went to his home.

"In the third year of our acquaintance at school I began to take a dislike to him, a dislike that I never allowed myself to show. He was my rival in everything. He was a better cricketer than I was, he always won a prize just over my head, and in every department of either mental or physical activity he was my superior by the least possible degree. It was for this reason that the feeling of affection I had had for him slowly gave way to one of dislike, that increased day by day until it came to be one of absolute hatred. Yet I never let him see it. I repressed the feeling to the best of my ability.

"We left school about the same time, and we both went into the army, he still believing me to be his firmest friend. He had no jealousy of me; there was no occasion for any such feeling on his part. He joined, on my persuasion, another regiment, and for some three or four years I saw little or nothing of him, and the feeling of hatred died down in my mind.

"Again, however, we were thrown by some malignant fate into one another's society. Our regiments were quartered in the same town, and once more in every department of sport, in the hunting field and at the mess table, I could not but acknowledge to myself that he was my superior. Until his arrival I had carried all before me, but in the silence of the night I used to gnash my teeth with vexation to feel that since he had come I had been relegated to second place. I dare say you will wonder at the intensity of the feeling that thus arose in me.

"Pull up the blind,' he said, 'I should like to see the stars before I die.'

"The poor man had become very ex-

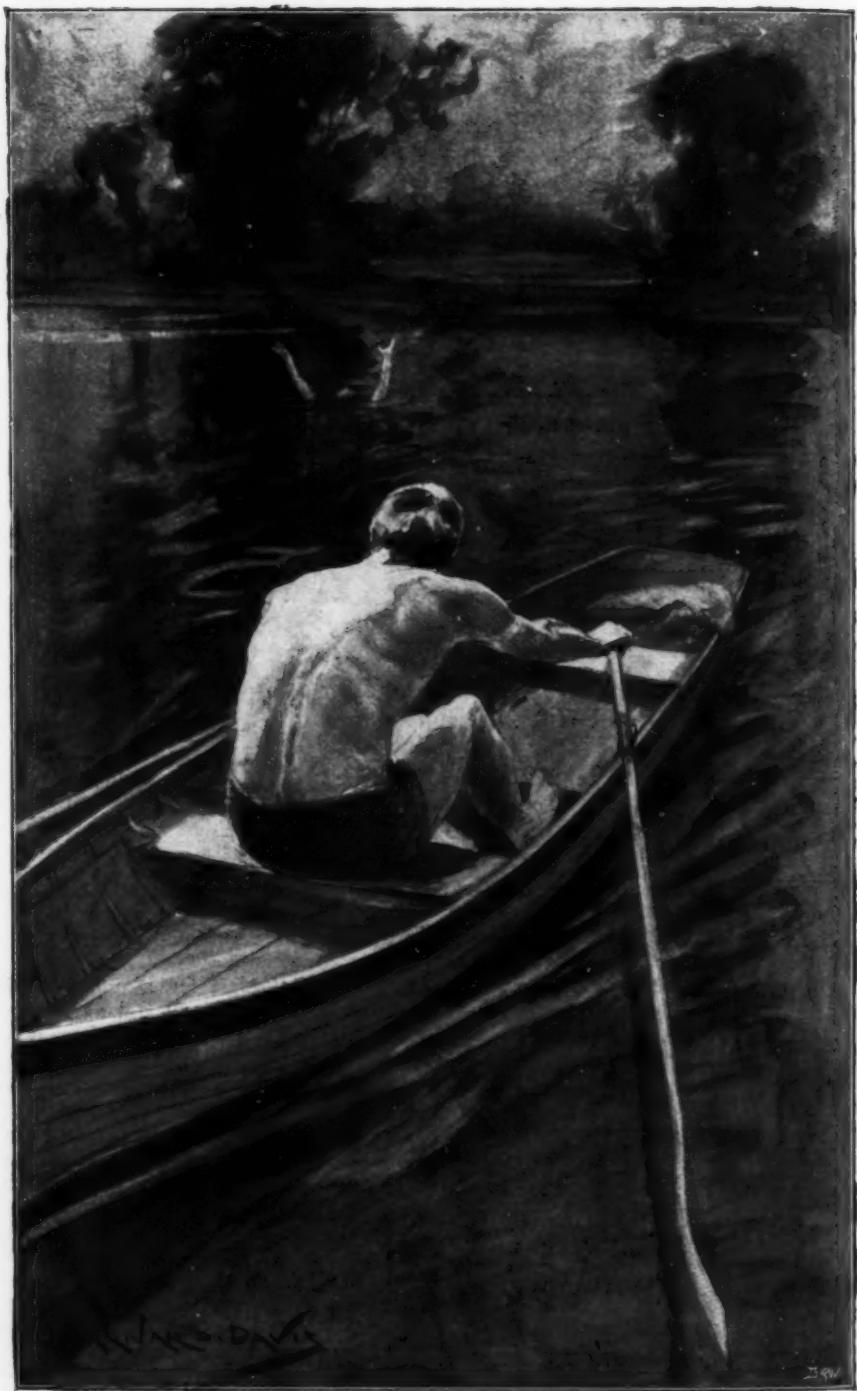


"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

cited during the last few moments, and in order to soothe him I did as he requested. For some moments there was silence while he gazed at the sky, which he would never see again. The stars were shining in that bright, crisp light they give in times of hard frost, and the moon lent her effulgence, and with the snowy landscape turned the night almost into day.

"While gazing at the sky, poor Mortlock was seized with another access of pain and lay writhing for some time. I went to him and held his hand and wiped his clammy forehead. Presently he spoke again.

"This has been the one secret of my life. Hayward and I seemed always fated to be rivals. I was greatly relieved shortly after his regiment was



"I WAS DEAF TO HIS CRIES"

quartered in the town to learn that my own was to move. Another two or three years elapsed before I saw him again. Meantime I had gone with my regiment to India, and we were stationed near Delhi. There I had carried all before me in various forms of sport. I was known as the best shot, as the best horseman, and, indeed, whenever a contest occurred it always fell to my lot to uphold the credit of the regiment, and I was at the time blissfully, supremely happy in the full tide of health and strength. Judge of my feelings, then, when I learned that Hayward's regiment was to be quartered with us. I cursed the day that ever I had met him, and I should in vain attempt to describe to you the feeling of hatred and jealousy which overwhelmed me.

"He was the same cheery, genial man that I had always known, and when he greeted me on his arrival no one could have told from my manner to him that we were anything but the closest friends; yet all the time a canker was eating in my heart, which was rapidly making my life a positive burden to me.

"As usual, Hayward took the keenest interest in all forms of sport. If I could boast of a day when I had shot thirty couple of snipe, Hayward would come in with his cheery smile and modestly admit that he had shot 33½. If I could lay claim to two boars that had fallen to my spear, Hayward's record was three. If we went out together pig-sticking, somehow Hayward always managed to get first blood; and so it was in everything. God knows how hard I struggled against the terrible feeling which was overwhelming me, so much so that I was often horribly rude to Hayward at mess. But he never resented it, poor fellow; not only was he better than I was, but his nature must have been a hundred times as good. He would say: *My dear Mortlock, you are out of sorts. What's the matter with you?* This very conduct on his part made me somehow hate him all the more. I even obtained leave and got away from the

regiment for a couple of months, and fought hard with myself to overcome this horrible feeling.

"On my return I learned that the inter-regimental Gymkhana was about to take place. Somehow, I knew that Hayward would have a better horse than I, and that any race we both entered for he would win. Then the devil entered into my heart.

"It was a stifling hot night about a week before the races. I went round to



"THE BODY WAS FOUND NEXT DAY"

Hayward's quarters and found he was just turning in. *Look here, Hayward, old chap, I said, let's come out for a bathe in the tank. I have my pony and buggy, and we can soon drive there.*

"After some grumbling, he consented. In a few minutes he and I, both dressed in pyjamas, were driving along the jungle road to the tank, which was a large piece of water very nearly a mile square. The moon was shining as it is to-night, and casting deep shadows across the road as we drove along.

"Having secured the pony to a tree, we ran down to the tank side and had soon rowed out to the middle. In a moment

more we were both in the water. *I will race you*, I said; and we both swam as hard as we could round the boat.

"In this, as in everything else, Hayward was my superior, and when we were nearly exhausted I managed to slip away, and in a moment more I was in the boat and rowing as if for dear life for the bank.

"*Hallo!* cried Hayward, *old chap, I am about done. Don't play any pranks.*

"But I was deaf to his cries. He started to swim after the boat to the shore, but had not got more than two hundred yards or so when I saw his hands go up.

"At that moment the devil left me. I turned the boat and rowed with all my might to the place where I had seen him go down. There was not a sign nor a ripple. Round and round I went, calling him and peering into the moonlit water. All in vain.

"O God! what an agony of remorse I suffered then—an agony which has been with me in my waking hours for forty-three long years. My first impulse was to throw myself in after him, and at least share his untimely death. My senses seemed to leave me. I think I

must have rowed round and round the spot where I saw him sink for more than an hour. The cold morning breeze was rising as I recovered my faculties and hurried back to cantonments and gave the alarm.'

"During the progress of this confession poor Mortlock had been getting more and more exhausted, and the last few sentences had been spoken with great difficulty, and in an almost inaudible tone.

"Poor Hayward's body was found next day,' he continued, 'and what I have suffered since God only knows. I threw myself into every description of danger of which I could hear. The Mutiny broke out; I led forlorn hopes, I was mentioned in dispatches; they gave me the Victoria Cross—but I could not die. I seemed to bear a charmed life. But the end has come at last. I have sought repentance, and now I am going to meet the man I so—'

"Poor Mortlock never spoke another word. He was seized with another spasm of pain, and fearing that this might be the end, I hurried to the bell and called the nurse. But before anything could be done he had gone to join his friend."



Regimental Journals.

BY WALTER WOOD.

NO. I.—FOOTGUARDS, LINE BATTALIONS AND VOLUNTEERS.

THE British Army has its triumphs in peace as well as war; and some of its sons are wielders of the pen as well as smiters with the sword. The thirst for literary work has long been with it, and her Majesty's forces number many editors, printers, and magazine contributors. The gentlemen who combine the profession of journalism with that of arms have need of stout hearts, for their disappointments are many and grievous. They are as different from the purely civilian editor as black is from white. One may knock for ever at the door of the latter and he will not say "Come in;" but so large-hearted does the military man become at times that he will not only bid the importunate one enter: he will actually waylay him in the highways and byways and take almost forcibly that literary fare which he has with him. There is scarcely such a thing as "Declined with thanks" in the world of military journals. The literary adventurer may send in his contributions without enclosing stamps for their return, for his MSS. will neither journey long and wearily, nor acquire the mystic art of boomeranging through his letter-box.

The difficulty which often faces the military editor is not how to find space for the contributions, but to find contributions for the space. He is frequently imploring people to send in something,

and occasionally he has to be content with a very scanty supply of news. But sometimes, even when news is tolerably plentiful, the magazine is not always out to time. Not long ago, for instance, the editor of the *Thistle* and the *Dragon* apologised for their lateness of production. The *Thistle* explained that the

printing staff had been on military training, and that as type was scarce the printing of the paper had had to be done two pages at a time. The *Dragon*, notwithstanding its fearsome name, was also unable to bring itself out up to time, owing to the demands of musketry and military training generally. The *Tiger* and the *Rose*, not many months ago, did not come out at all, "owing to unforeseen circumstances over which the editor had no control;" but the defect was made good by a subsequent double number.

In several cases regimental journals are set, printed and published by members of the corps, and with rare exceptions the contributors are all in some way connected with the Regular, Militia, or Volunteer forces. In one case at least there is certainly an outside regular contributor, known as the "Daughter of the Regiment." This lady writes for the *Third Lanark Chronicle*, the organ of that distinguished corps the Third Lanark Rifle Volunteers; but as she is the daughter of Major Wilson, V.D., of

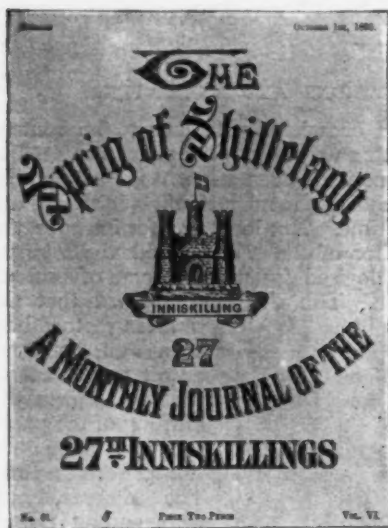


that battalion, she may almost be regarded as being on the strength of the regiment.

It has to be a very poor regiment that does not include some man, or men, who

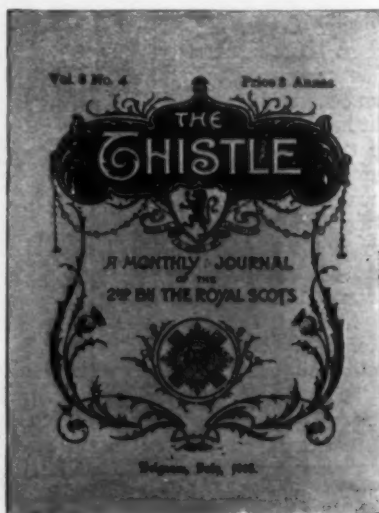
have no chance of reading military records, and join a regiment without knowing what it has done, or even what actions it has taken part in. They are consequently (if they are at all interested in their profession) much biased by reading about the noble deeds of old days in a regimental paper, and are inclined to join a regiment which is proud to show its 'daily life' in print, and to learn that the life of a soldier is not all drill, but that cricket and football, etc., in the time of peace, are also the means of a regiment obtaining fresh laurels to adorn the colours."

Two or three corps claim the honour of having started the first regimental paper, but there seems to be little doubt that the pioneer journal was the *Borderers' Chronicle*, the organ of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The *Chronicle* was first established in 1869, at Bareilly, India, by Mr. Dampier, and it had a brief existence of three years. It was re-started at Jubblepore, in 1872, and again in 1880 and 1881, at Peshawar and Cherat, when it was edited by Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Ross. The present editor is Lieutenant Ronald C. Gibb, who informs me that the *Chronicle* is produced by a sergeant and two



have had experience of printing work either inside or outside a newspaper office, and to them the task is frequently entrusted of putting "copy" into type and giving it to an admiring if somewhat limited circle of supporters. In the great majority of cases the services of a professional "reader" are not available, and it is to be feared that at times proofs are not even revised. Here again it is only charitable to presume that the stern demands of the military calling put aside for the moment all journalistic claims. What other explanation can be given of the allegation in a poetical effusion by "Gilhooly" in the *XXX*, entitled "Very Peculiar," that one is anxious to "wash" a certain girl? The expression certainly was peculiar, since the word in the poet's mind was obviously "mash."

Some of the chief purposes of a regimental journal have been admirably summed up by Captain Alfred E. Balfour, who lately relinquished the editorship of the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, one of the very best of the journals. In a letter to the writer Captain Balfour says: "I believe a regimental paper to be a great aid to recruiting. Many young men nowadays



privates as "compositors, etc. As to the source of contributions, Lieutenant Gibb gives the following particulars, which are of special interest in view of a late "little war": "Officers, and non-com-

missioned officers, and men of the regiment, principally, including correspondents at the Depot, at Berwick, and in the 2nd Battalion. The latter has lately been sending us very interesting letters from Chitral, where the battalion has been serving with the Chitral Relief Force. We also frequently get letters and articles from old Borderers of all ranks."

Another old veteran which has for the moment, but the moment only, fallen out of the journalistic ranks, is the *Bugle*, the paper of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. "We do not carry on the paper on home service," says Major Adamson, a former editor of the *Bugle*, "but as soon as the 1st Battalion, or Old 51st Light Infantry, go abroad again, it will appear as usual. The paper was first started at Fyzabad, on 15th April, 1874. It was printed at the Regimental Printing Press. The paper may be said to have been four times on active service, as it was carried on through the Jowaki Expedition of 1877, the two Afghan Campaigns, and the Burma War from 1886-87." Major Adamson was good enough to send me for inspection the bound volume of the earliest copies of the *Bugle*. That most interesting num-

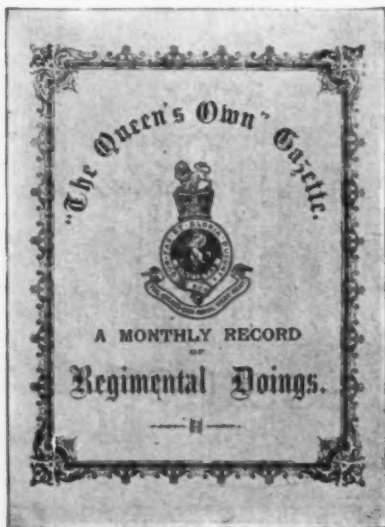
of having Shooting Matches, etc., etc., duly published. This will be a sure method of obtaining publication.

Mr. Fulton did not name his terms, but it is to be presumed that they were some-



what less than a guinea for the attendance fee, and 8d. a folio for the transcript. The first number also contained an amusing account of how General Olpherts, V.C., the "old fire-eater," sang a "Song o' Sixpence," "with appropriate tone and gesture," to a little urchin in the regimental schools at Fyzabad.

Regiments have, of course, their own particular and well-loved journals, and in every case the title selected is one that has some special reference to the corps. In many instances either the old regimental number or the territorial title is indicated, but in other cases some name of peculiar significance is chosen. the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine* cannot but concern that highly fashionable body the Foot Guards. The *Men of Harlech*, again, is bound to apply as much to a Welsh regiment as the *Sprig of Shillelagh* is to an Irish, or the *Thistle* to a Scotch corps. But it is not so easy to identify many of the others unless one is conversant with military nicknames and traditions. *Ours* would hardly be sufficient to indicate the Yorkshire Regiment; nor is the title 5 and 9, *The Lily Whites' Gazette*, enough to show that it is the organ of the 2nd Battalion the East Lancashire Regiment, the Old

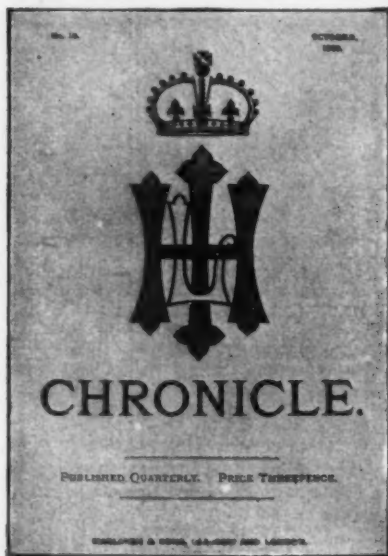


ber, the first, contains the following curious advertisement:—

NOTICE.

OUR REPORTER (C. Fulton, B Company) will always be at the disposal of parties desirous

59th, known at one time as the "Lily Whites," from its facings. The 1st Battalion—the Old 30th—has a title which is easily identified, *The XXX*.—and this is the case with other journals



bearing regimental numbers. The *Nines*, the paper of the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, gets its name from the former number of the corps—the 99th. The *Queen's Own Gazette* is the mouthpiece of the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment). The *Queen's Own* is one of the oldest and best regimental journals, the date of its birth being January 1st, 1875. The editor is Major L. Brock-Hollinshead, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Gilburd is the assistant editor. The *Queen's Own* is not so ambitious in size and general production as many of the journals now published, but it has the merit of being entirely produced regimentally. It is an eight-page monthly periodical, and the price to officers of line battalions is 6d., and to the non-commissioned officers and men 1d. Other subscribers are charged 3d. The contributors are the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the line battalions, with sundry ex-officers and civilians interested in the regiment. An officer is appointed as regular correspondent in the home and foreign battalions, while the other officers are occasional correspondents. Generally speaking the method of producing the *Queen's Own*

is that which is adopted throughout the Service. In a few instances, however, there are distinct outside writers, as, for instance, John Strange Winter, who published a short story in the October number of the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine*. Military editors, of course, pounce as readily as their civilian brethren upon any general newspaper item that is of special interest to them.

The price of regimental journals varies considerably. That of the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine* is 8d., with special terms to soldiers, and other organs run down to 3d., 2d., or 1d. The editors are for the most part officers, but occasionally a non-commissioned officer or private has charge. The joint editors of the *Sutherland News*, for instance, not long ago were a couple of privates of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the editor of the *Thin Red Line* is Sergeant Stonor; while Sergeant W. S. Kee, Inniskilling Fusiliers, has the honour of being sub-editor of the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, a most humorous regimental paper.

Badges and mottoes are favourite subjects for titles. The *Dragon*, the badge of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), is the name of the journal of that dis-



tinguished corps. The *Thistle* gets its name from the badge of the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment); the bugle is the badge of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, in common with other light infantry

battalions; and the *Bugle*, as I have already stated, is the title of an organ published by that regiment. The *Tiger* and *Rose* make a happy combination of the Royal Tiger and the Union Rose, which are the badges of the York and Lancaster Regiment; and the *Tiger* and *Sphinx* have been evolved as a name from the badges of the Gordon Highlanders. The *Maple Leaf* gets its name from one of the two badges of the Leinster Regiment—the old 100th—while the *Bengal Tiger*, the journal of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, derives its name from one of the badges of that famous regiment. The *Thin Red Line* is appropriately enough the title of the paper of the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who at Balaclava carried out Sir Colin Campbell's daring project of receiving the Russians in line; and the Royal Irish Rifles have chosen as the name of their journal *Quis Separabit?* the regimental motto. The *Old and Bold* was the name by which the West Yorkshire Regiment were at one time known, and the members have kept its memory green by issuing a journal bearing the words as a title. The *St. George's Gazette* is published by the Northumberland Fusiliers; the *Light Bob Gazette* is issued by the Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry bring out *One and All*. The *Lancashire Lad* is the organ of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the only corps in the Service which is entitled "Loyal"; and the *XVI.* is the name of the journal of the Bedfordshire Regiment, the Old 16th. The *79th News* is the title of the journal of the Cameron Highlanders—the only single-battalion corps in the army—and the *2nd Suffolk Gazette* is the paper of the Suffolk Regiment.

There are very few Volunteer Regi-

mental Journals. The oldest is that of the 17th North Middlesex; and the next in point of seniority is the *1st V.B. Hants Gazette*, which completed its sixth year on November 1st, of last year. This is an admirable paper in every way, and it exercises a wide influence under the editorship of Colonel T. Sturmy Cave, V.D., who informs me that he makes a point of accepting no matter except from the pen of a Volunteer. In every case where reports are given as from "Our Own Correspondent," the author is one of the officers of his own battalion.

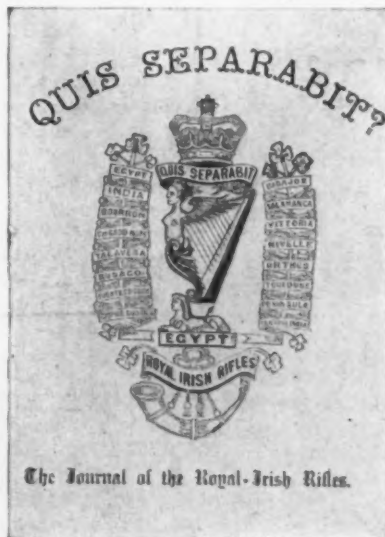
Regimental papers have a larger circulation than one might be disposed

to imagine. Of No. 1 of the *Bugle* 500 copies were printed, and when the paper was discontinued the issue was 1,100 or 1,200. The circulation of the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, of which 4,000 copies of the first number were printed, is about 2,200. Some of the papers, however, are not quite so fortunate, and one learns with genuine regret, in the case of the *Maple Leaf*, for instance, that "unless our circle of subscribers greatly increases we shall be

compelled to raise the price of the paper."

Not a few of the papers are illustrated, and some of the pictures are really admirable. They are mostly the work of officers, and possess the great and not too common merit of technical accuracy.

The *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle* is amongst the best of the illustrated class, and one or two drawings in it are specially noteworthy. That relating to the evolution of the regimental badge is exceedingly good. It was drawn by Major Carey, of the Highland Light Infantry, and the facts are in the main true. There was a great controversy between the old 71st and the 74th, when they were linked together and made one regiment, as to whose badge should be the



The Journal of the Royal Irish Rifles.

most prominent in the combined badge. The 71st badge was the bugle and Highland Light Infantry monogram, and the 74th badge was the elephant and

"Assaye." Neither regiment would give way to the other. The ultimate result was the present badge of the regiment, as shown in the drawing.



WELL CLEARED!

DRAWN BY STANLEY L. WOOD

Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

By ARABELLA KENEALY.

STRONHEIM'S EXTREMITY.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

I HAD called on my friend the Keeper of Coins and Medals at the Museum. We had been College chums and did not stand on ceremony.

"I shall be busy for an hour," he said, as we shook hands. He pointed to a batch of medals, marred and defaced to bewildering extent. "I am getting to the end of them. If you can come back again I shall be delighted. We will lunch together." Or if you care to remain here till I have finished, I can give you a rare old folio to dip into."

"I will remain," I replied. "I enjoy this musty odour of antiquity."

The Keeper smiled. "If you were fated to endure as much of it as I do," he returned, "you would probably prefer oxygen."

Five minutes later an attendant entered.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

The Keeper glanced up through his spectacles displeased. He read the card before him.

"Did you tell him I am busy?"

"I told him, sir. He says it is urgent. I have to do with the Hierator coin."

"Ah!" The keeper laid down his magnifying glasses. If there were a tender spot in his heart the Hierator coin had found it. It was a superb specimen recently added to the collection under his charge. Its history was sufficiently recondite to have taxed without baffling his skill in the matter of classification, yet was it so well-preserved, the classic obverse so exquisite and clear, that even a tyro in the numismatic art like myself could not have failed to admire it. Apart from its beautiful workmanship, its value was determined by the fact that it belonged to a period whereof but few evidences remained. Moreover, it was a unique specimen, no other of its kind being known to exist. It had had a whole column of the *Times* devoted to it, a column that was a very

monument of lore. Its value in specie was variously estimated at from £50 to £2,000. It was probably worth £1,000, but the authorities of the Museum into whose possession it had come entertained not the remotest intention of parting with it. To them it was priceless, for it completed a series long incomplete.

The Keeper looked anxious. The source of the coin had not been altogether satisfactory, and he had suffered, he told me, not a few waking nightmares lest someone should turn up to establish a claim upon it.

"I will see the gentleman," he said.

He swept the mouldering bronze and silver heap before him into a drawer, which he carefully locked. Then he changed his glasses, and leaned back in his chair, his eyes on the door, an anxious fold between his brows.

"I wish I could feel secure about that Hierator," he remarked.

The attendant appeared presently ushering in a tall, thin, shabbily-dressed man. The man bowed squarely, and ceremoniously. He was obviously a foreigner.

"Herr Stronheim," the Keeper read, consulting the card and returning the bow, "what can I do for you?"

It may have been prejudice in the interests of the Hierator, but I thought he did not like the look of the man. His face was sharp and thin and his glances travelled nervously — almost furtively about the room.

"Sir, I am obliged to you," the stranger rejoined, with only a slight German accent, and in a pleasant enough voice. "I have a letter to you from Professor Von Brau, of Berlin. I take the liberty of presenting it in person."

"Von Brau, Von Brau?" the Keeper echoed dubiously, "do I know him?"

Stronheim seemed taken aback.

"I understood him to be a friend—a

friend of many years. Is it Doctor Keith Bernard I have the honour of addressing?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Bernard. With your permission I will read the letter. Please sit down."

The visitor sat down. His face was agitated. His glance still travelled furtively about the room. The Keeper reading the note observed him from time to time above his spectacles. It was briefly, I learned later, a letter of introduction. Professor Von Brau, dating

"You now remember the Professor?" Stronheim queried.

The Keeper shook his head.

"One meets so many gentlemen at conferences, and I fear I cannot for the moment recall your friend."

The German leaned forward in his chair. "May I nevertheless hope—" he began, hurriedly.

He stopped short. The Keeper noticed that his hand on the rail of his chair was trembling. It occurred to him, as it did to me, that the man had had no breakfast.

"I made the journey on purpose—" Stronheim began again. His pinched face suggested at what cost.

"I shall be glad," my friend responded, kindly, "if I can help you in any way. I am afraid if it should be a position you are seeking—"

Stronheim shook his head. "It is not that," he said. "You are very good. It is not that, but the matter is of much moment to me."

The Keeper implied by a gesture that he awaited Herr Stronheim's pleasure.

"You have here a coin—"

"The Hierator," Bernard interjected.

"The Hierator. May I be permitted to see it?"

The Keeper kept his eyes fixed on the other. Plainly this was a claimant.

"The Hierator is on public view in Coin Room No. III., in the centre case, facing the window," he said briefly, adding, "If you wish it I will send a man to point it out to you."

"Sir, you are good; but I wish more. I ask for the privilege to examine it closely—to take it in my hands."

The request was unusual. Bernard scanned him. Certainly, his credentials



"LET ME EXAMINE IT"

from a medical college in Berlin, recalled himself to the recollection of Dr. Keith Bernard, whom he had met some years earlier at an Antiquarian Congress. He begged to be allowed to present to Dr. Keith Bernard, Herr Stronheim, a gentleman with whom he himself was but slightly acquainted, though he came to him warmly commended by friends. There was some small matter wherein he should regard it as an honour to himself and a personal kindness if Dr. Keith Bernard would assist Herr Stronheim.

did not warrant the placing of much trust in him. He was shabby and ill-at-ease, and his boots, though decently blacked, were broken. In Britain we are apt to think lightly of men with broken boots, especially if we have reason for doubting that they have breakfasted. Moreover, I could see my friend was jealous for his Hierator.

"The request is unusual," he objected. "May I inquire the object?"

Stronheim evaded the question. "I but wish to take it in my hands one moment."

"You will surely explain your purpose."

"Pardon me, I must beg of you to permit me to reserve that."

Bernard hardened. Obviously no good was intended to his treasure.

"I fear, sir," he said, civilly, but firmly, "I fear, then, I cannot comply with your request."

The German made a gesture of protest.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you surely do not suspect me of—of what can you suspect me?"

"The request is unusual, and you give me no reason."

Stronheim put a hand to his throat and turned away. The fingers of the other hand grappled convulsively with the chair rail. After a minute he faced round.

"I cannot tell you the importance of this matter to me," he faltered. "My future—the future of others—depends upon it."

My friend had warm spots in his heart beside that occupied by the Hierator. I saw him weaken.

"Bless me," he said cordially, "if you are so anxious you shall see it."

"I too?" I motioned with my lips. He assented, smiling.

He took up his velvet skull cap, and cutting short the Teuton's effusive and guttural gratitude, with a British and kindly "Not at all, not at all," he preceded us across a lobby and up sundry steps to Room No. III. of Coins and Medals.

The great room, its walls lined with shelved glass cases, its space pervaded by them, only narrow intersections being left for the passage of visitors, was apparently empty; but a moment later a custodian, bearing his wand of office, respectfully joined us.

We went quickly down the narrow passages, the cases filled with green and mouldy-looking treasures seeming to

engulf us in a tomb-like silence. Nobody was there, since only the few take interest in coins.

The Keeper stopped before a case—he could have found his way there in the dark, I believe—and in the centre rested the Hierator, on the velvet bosom of a handsome casket. An inscription beneath recorded its date, and briefly a portion of its history.

Bernard, for the moment mindless of the stranger's possible designs upon his treasure, pointed it out with pride.

"There he is," he said, smiling, "there he is—the finest coin in our collection."

The German gazed with greedy eyes. He pressed his features close against the glass, examining it absorbedly. There was a strange light on his face.

The Keeper watched him, as did I. What was his motive? His eyes fastened on it as upon some long-loved prize.

He thrust a pale long-fingered hand toward it.

"Let me examine it," he broke out hoarsely.

I thought Bernard regretted his concession. But he was a man of his word. He fitted a key to the door. The custodian, wand in hand, stood by. He maintained a vigilant scrutiny of the stranger. Obviously he did not like his looks. Possibly he, too, suspected that the shabby foreigner had had no breakfast.

Bernard took the leather casket from the case, and held it a moment in his hand. He looked with pleasure and affection on its occupant. Then he passed it over to the German.

Stronheim bowed as he stretched his trembling fingers for it. His eyes devoured its every curve and marking. He bent above it with an ashen face. Soon he lost consciousness of everything beside. He did not see the respectful half-questioning glance of the custodian upon the Keeper, nor the Keeper's fixed scrutiny upon himself. He put a finger on the coin with a suggestion of lifting it from its casket.

"May I be permitted?" he inquired.

Bernard nodded. His face was grave. Certainly one might have suspected that this was the Hierator's lawful owner. Only one in whose possession it had been could love it as this man plainly did. The German removed it, setting the empty casket on a neighbouring case.

At that moment a man entering the

room by a door at the further end suddenly stumbled, and, with three clattering steps to recover his balance, and a loud guttural cry, measured his length on the floor. We all instinctively turned. There was a sound as of metal striking wood and ringing sharply, a muttered exclamation, and the German was down on hands and knees feeling and searching with his long blanching fingers.

"I started and dropped it," he explained tremulously.

We had turned our heads but for a second. As my glance swung back from the prostrate man at the end of the room, I thought I saw something fall and disappear. In a moment Bernard was on his knees. A few swift looks and sweeps of his hand sufficed to show him that the coin had vanished. If it were there at all it would take time to find. He turned his eyes from Stronheim's face, bent white and anxious on the floor, instinctively towards the figure of the man, who now erect, was leaving the room. Something in the latter's threadbare aspect, linked with the recollection of his guttural cry, seemed to impress him. He whispered the custodian. A moment later the custodian's steps were echoing loud and hollow down the room. He followed the stranger out through the lower doorway.

Bernard furtively turned up a coat sleeve, mentally measuring his strength against that of his adversary. He glanced at me with a grim expression.

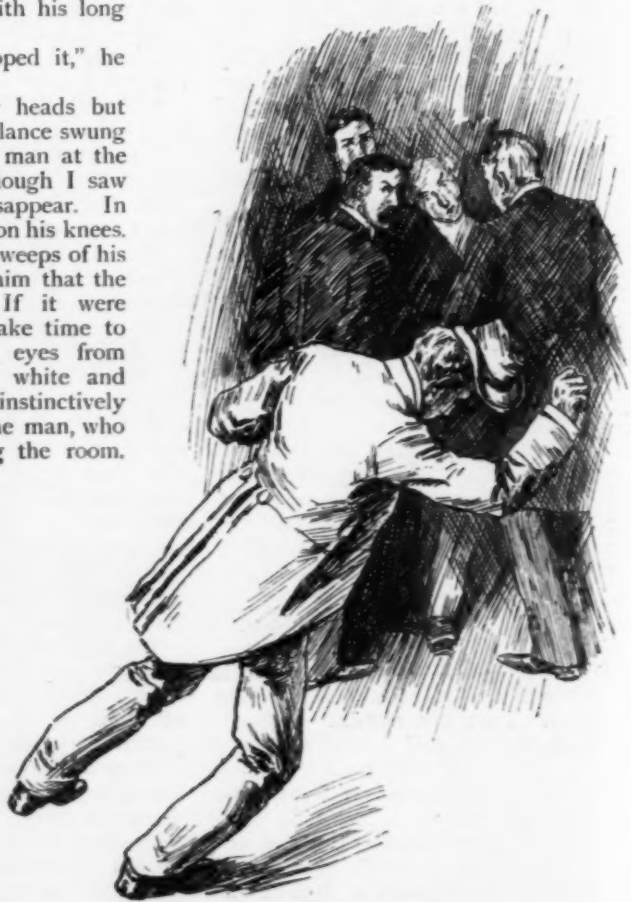
"Sir, how can I express my regret," the German apologised, still searching with agitated eye and hand. "It was unpardonably awkward. But I am not well to-day. The man falling unnerved me. I let the Hierator drop. It must have rolled far."

There was a strange exultation in his voice. Under cover of his stooping posture he smiled secretly. He searched

with care, but the anxiety of some minutes earlier had died out of his face.

"You can laugh as you like, my man," the Keeper muttered in a savage aside, "but your troubles are only beginning. Britons are not so easily fooled."

The custodian now came back. He nodded to his superior's questioning eye.



"SUDDENLY STUMBLER"

Then he too went on hands and knees, apparently searching, but his gaze made significantly for one after another of the shabby German's pockets, as though he were speculating as to which at that moment concealed the Hierator.

Stronheim grew anxious. He began to search feverishly, and with a degree of wild aimlessness. He swept his glances near and far. His features worked. Then he put a curb on himself and fell to more methodically. He took a knife from his

pocket. We kept our eyes on him. He opened a blade and proceeded to slip it carefully some six or eight feet's length along the cracks between the boards. He probed thus every crack of the passage in which we stood. This failing, "Mein Gott!" he said, in hollow tones, straightening himself for a moment to get the ache out of his back. With a haggard face he started further down and worked slowly up the floor, dragging the knife-blade vigilantly in the crevices, his ear inclined, his fingers a-search for the clink of metal as though his life depended on it. He carried this manoeuvre several yards further in either direction up the room.

As one after another the cracks failed him, his hands trembled visibly. The Keeper and custodian had risen to their feet. They viewed him with disapproving faces, faces that spoke of rising exasperation at this which seemed to them a farce.

The German, absorbed in his efforts, paid them no heed. Bernard turned, closed the door of the case whence the Hierator had been taken, and locked it.

A party of children entering and detecting the group—one man on hands and knees—clattered hurriedly up the room, the small feet of the younger members of the party multiplying the footsteps of those bigger by hollow two-to-ones as they scrambled along, keeping pace with their elders. The custodian motioned them. They remained at a distance disappointed, but breathlessly whispering and watching with widely-opened eyes.

"Mein Gott!" the German exclaimed again, as he came to the end of the longer span of cracks without finding anything. The sweat stood thick on his face. He looked up to where we stood regarding him.

"I have never seen such a thing," he cried. "It dropped. I saw it strike the floor and roll, and then it disappeared. I could swear it rolled no farther than this."

He indicated a spot with a broken boot.

The Keeper and custodian regarded the boot.

A clock clanged twelve. Stronheim started up.

"If you permit it," he addressed Bernard, "I will return in an hour, and search till it is found. Lock up the room and I will go carefully over every inch.

I have at a quarter past twelve an appointment with the Consul. But I will return at once."

The custodian laughed outright.

The Keeper regarded him sternly.

"Monstrous!" he said. "Do you suppose I shall allow you to leave this place until the coin is found? Is it of any use to continue this farce?"

Stronheim stood staring at him.

Then "Himmel!" he protested, "do you suspect me of stealing it?"

Bernard made a movement of impatience.

"The coin must be found before you leave," he rejoined shortly.

"Must I lose my appointment with the Consul, sir!"

"Undoubtedly."

The German wiped his brow helplessly.

"What an unfortunate I am," he muttered, "and just as I hoped everything. Sir, I swear to you—sir, I am a man of birth and education. I assure you—"

Bernard cut him short.

"I have made no accusation, I only demand the coin. A few minutes since it was in your possession, where is it now?"

"On the floor, sir, assuredly, somewhere on the floor. It must be to be found."

"Assuredly," my friend returned, "it must be to be found."

The German went again on hands and knees.

The children from their distance watched him breathlessly. They also ran their sharp eyes over the floor. To them the scene was absorbingly interesting. What was the man on the floor so anxiously hunting? And would he find it? And if he did not find it what would happen? It was a thousand times more diverting than old pennies and mouldy things in glass cases. The German rose to his feet again.

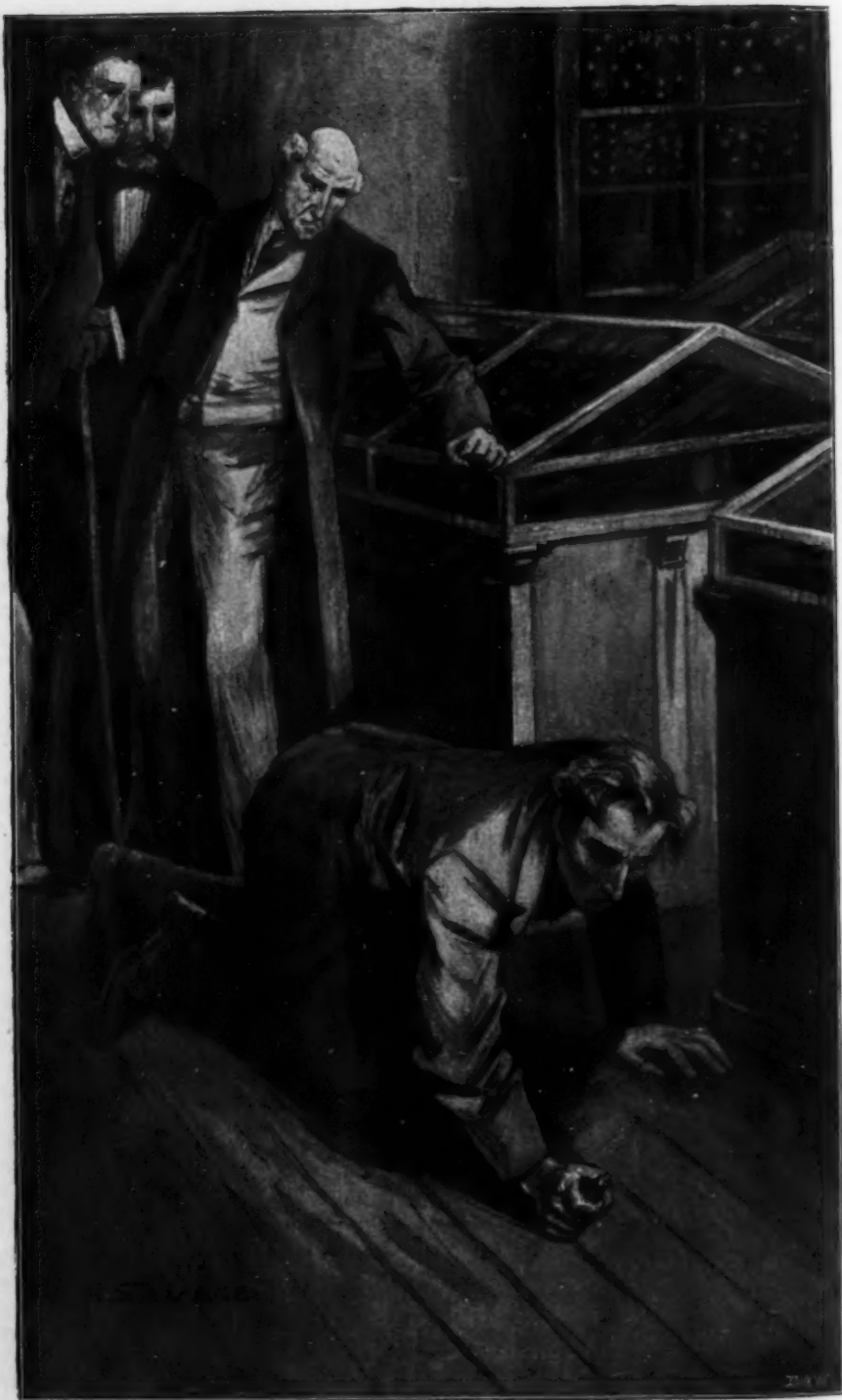
"I have failed," he admitted, spreading his hands out with a fatalistic gesture. He glanced towards the fog-darkened windows. "The light is little," he deprecated.

"It will be my unpleasant duty to have you searched," the Keeper said, "unless the coin be at once produced. I have wasted time enough."

Yet he seemed sorry for the man, as I was. He was obviously a person of cultivation, despite his poor condition.

Stronheim started as though he had been struck.

"Searched?" he echoed, in a hollow



"HE PROBED EVERY CRACK IN THE PASSAGE"

voice. "Searched!" he repeated terror-stricken. He steadied himself against the corner of a cabinet. He panted as if he had run a race. The Keeper observed him. Why should he dread being searched if he had not the coin? If he were innocent he would surely court inquiry. There was but one inference to be drawn.

"It is our routine practice," he said shortly.

The German was taken with convulsive shuddering. The custodian eyed him contemptuously. He glanced impatiently at his superior. What was the good of this fuss? Why did he not straightway hand him over to the police? He attracted Bernard's attention. His lips formed a voiceless word. Bernard shook his head. Give the poor devil a chance, he indicated compassionately, only—his face hardened—the Hierator must be found.

The German composed himself. "I refuse to be searched," he cried. He wiped the sweat-crop from his brow. "I refuse to be searched," he repeated.

"Why should you mind if you are innocent?"

"Why should I mind? I mind much. It is—it is—" he was manifestly seeking excuse—"it is an insult. You suspect me of theft. I come to you as one gentleman to another, sir. I bring a letter of introduction from Professor Von Brau—"

"I have no alternative," the Keeper answered. He had now not a doubt as to the other's guilt. His dread of being searched convicted him out of hand.

"I will look again," Stronheim said desperately, sweeping a swift instinctive glance toward the door. But the custodian forestalled him, moving a few paces between it and the suspect. Stronheim understood and glared upon him. He made a gesture of despair. Then he took out a pencil, and marking off an area still larger than that he had already gone over, and using his handkerchief dusterwise, he swept every inch of the floor. He found nothing.

He shook his head and muttered:

"I will never be searched."

He took a box of matches from a pocket, and striking half a dozen at a time, he scanned the boards minutely.

Still he found nothing.

"Gott im Himmel," he muttered again, "they shall never search me."

He started slipping his knife along the

cracks again, taking the wider area. But nothing came of it. He went over the ground once more: with no result. He sat up, and covering his face with his hands moaned under his breath.

"I give it up," he wailed brokenly. "Fate is against me. Some devil is in it."

"You will submit to be searched."

He threw out his palms. His eyes seemed to start out of his head.

"Then I am a lost man," he exclaimed.

"You had better give the coin up," Bernard remarked quietly.

"I have it not." Yet his hand went instinctively to an inner pocket.

"If you do not give it up I must send for the police."

Stronheim stared stupidly before him.

"I am a lost man," he mumbled. Then he suddenly swayed, and fell forward on his face. In the excitement ensuing the children drew nearer. They thought he was dead. It was a rare morning's entertainment indeed—to see a man die.

"Shall I take it from him, sir?" the custodian queried, his hand on the German's coat.

The Keeper shook his head.

"It's here in his breast pocket," the man urged. "I can feel it through the cloth."

"Let it be," the other said. "Undo his collar, and open the window."

Stronheim had just unclosed his lids and was blinking the misery awaiting him into his consciousness, when suddenly a commotion rose among the children.

"It's mine." "No 'taint, I seed it furst." "Oh! you little liar, I seed it." "I picked it up anyways." "Give it me!" "Give it me!" "Yes giv' it 'm, he's my bruvver."

The cries waxed to a hubbub. The custodian bore down upon them. Two boys were on the point of blows. The man rapped their heads with his wand.

"Now then, clear out, you youngsters. Make yourselves scarce, I say."

The boys sobered. They eyed one another muttering fiercely. One whimpered.

"Now then, clear out, or the police will have you," the custodian threatened.

"He's got my penny," the whimpering boy protested.

"'Taint yours, and 'taint a penny," the other retorted.

The chorus began again. "You're a liar, I seed it first." "Giv' it him, he's my bruvver."

The custodian rapped heads and knuckles indiscriminately. "Police!" he called, in a loud whisper.

As the boys scuffled, something fell to the ground. A girl darted toward it. But the custodian was before her. He had it in his hand. He examined it amazedly. It was the Hierator!

Bernard strode towards him.

"God bless me," he said, taking the Hierator tenderly. "Who would have thought it? Here children," he called to the departing and depressed youngsters, "here's a shilling between you. Twopence a piece, big and little."

The German smiled faintly when they laid it before him.

"I told you," he murmured, "I am no thief. But, mein Gott, what a fright I have had!"

"Why in the name of all that is inexplicable did you refuse to be searched," the Keeper asked some minutes later, when the still faint Stronheim reclined in his room, imbibing strength from brandy and water. The other German, whom they had taken for an accomplice, and placed under detention, had been released, and the Hierator had been safely locked into its case again.

The German smiled. Then he sat up and looked at us one after the other.

He put a hand into his breast pocket, and, with an air of mystery, drew out a small object. Still smiling he held it toward Bernard.

"Good Heavens!

—the Hierator. I thought I had—"

"So you did, sir. This is not your Hierator, though a Hierator. I picked it up in an old iron shop in Vienna. Till I chanced upon the article in your *Times* I had no notion that the coin was worth money. I brought it over to compare with yours. I had been unfortunate. An illness robbed me of a good position. My money was gone. My family was



"IT WAS THE HIERATOR"

"Where did you find it?" he demanded.

"I picked it up," the boy exclaimed. "I saw it lying be'ind the leg of a taible, and I picked it up. It's mine, not Bill's."

"It isn't either of yours," the custodian said. "It belongs here. Now then, be off with you."

He was considerably crestfallen. He had been so confident of the German's guilt.

starving. Just then a good opening offered, but it needed some £500 capital. I read your *Times*. I spent my remaining funds in coming to England. You kindly permitted me to examine the coin. I found it identical with mine. It was my last hope. If I had failed, Heaven knows what would have become of us!"

There was a moment's silence. He resumed.

"You ask me why I refused to be searched. I ask you and this gentleman"—he bowed towards me—"what chance should I have had with a Hierator, a coin understood to be unique, in my pocket. Would anybody have troubled to look further? I should have been convicted of theft—ruined. Now——"

He spread out his hands with his

former fatalistic gesture. But this time he expressed that destiny left nothing to be desired. My friend looked gloomy for the space of a minute. The uniqueness of the Hierator had been such a feather in the cap of his collection. Then the man got the better of the numismatist.

He stepped forward and shook the German's trembling hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said heartily. "Any museum of consequence, or private collector, will give you at least £1,000 for it."

"In the meantime," I suggested, "if you and this gentleman," indicating Stronheim, "will give me the pleasure of your company, we will go and get some lunch"



FACING THE MUSIC

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS

From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF RUTLAND.



FIRST DUKE



THIRD WIFE OF FIRST DUKE



WIFE OF SECOND DUKE



THIRD DUKE



FOURTH DUKE



WIFE OF FOURTH DUKE



FIFTH DUKE



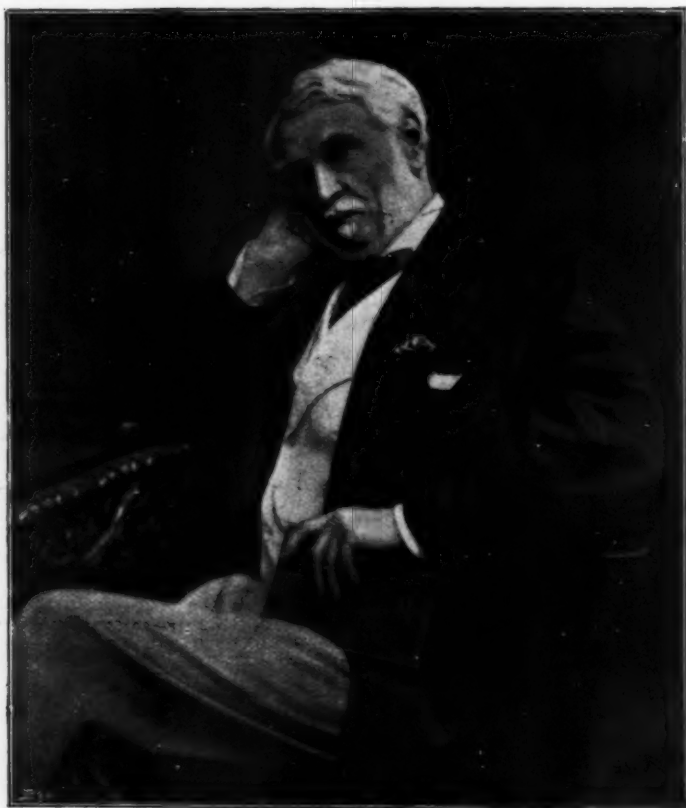
WIFE OF FIFTH DUKE

THE LUDGATE



SIXTH DUKE

From a photograph by Godfrey Allen, Clifton



THE PRESENT DUKE

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

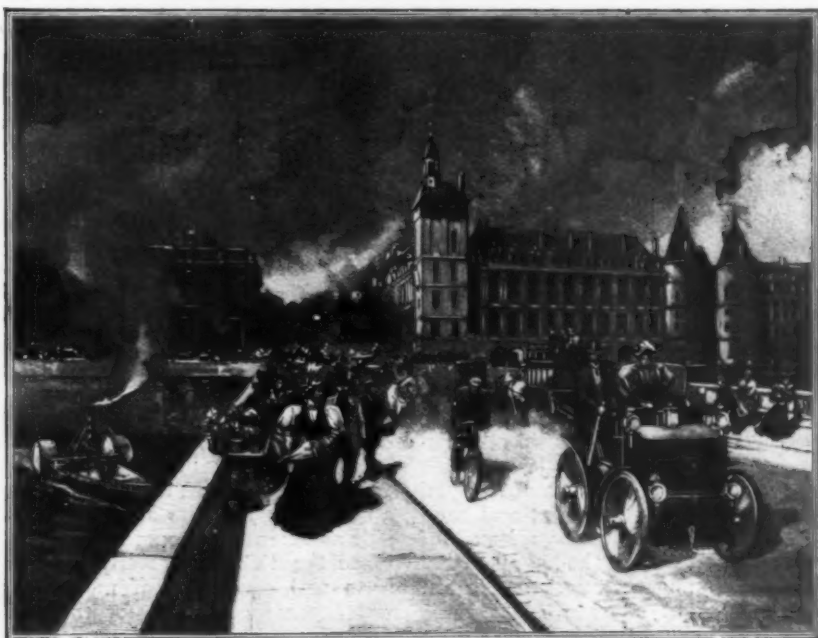


Concerning Motor Cars.

AT the present moment the busy inventor here has not much encouragement to turn his thoughts to the subject of the motor car. A vehicle that causes its owner to be fined whenever it moves at a speed of more than two miles an hour, and has at all times to be preceded by a man with a red flag, is not likely to be much in demand, nor is there any inducement to make improvements in its mechanism. But, though it is a daring thing to prophesy as to when our legislators will

repeal foolish laws, you may be very certain that within a short time the motor car will be common in our streets, and our newspapers will harrow us less often with paragraphs relating to the horrid accidents that happen to horses having the misfortune to be employed in great cities.

Nevertheless, if it be desired to see the state of perfection to which these horseless carriages have been brought, we must needs look abroad, to countries where the inventor has not been daunted



DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE ON THE PONT AU CHANGE, PARIS

by hostile regulations. In the United States and in France, as is well known, the inventor has had every encouragement, and races have been organised with handsome prizes for the winner. In our second illustration, for example, you are shown a Daimler motor carriage of the same type as that which came in first in the great race from Bordeaux to Paris,

for neither horses nor bicycle could have covered the same ground in the same time. In another race between Paris and Rouen the winning carriage, a petroleum motor, did the distance of eighty miles in five hours and forty minutes, including two breaks of fifteen minutes apiece.

In the United States, of course, the

novelty of horseless carriages has been greeted with an enthusiastic welcome everywhere. Our third illustration represents another motor car of the Daimler kind, which is at present being used in New York. A great race took place at Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day, 1895. The weather was abominable, the ground being covered with snow and slush, so that the strongest team of horses would have been hard put to it to do the distance prescribed—fifty-four miles—in twelve hours. The winning carriage, a Duryea vehicle, was further hampered by several acci-



A MOTOR CARRIAGE

which took place, and was greatly discussed in the papers, in the June of last year. In this race the distance of 726 miles from Paris to Bordeaux and back was covered at an average speed of almost fifteen miles to the hour for day and night running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes. Obviously this demonstrates the practical utility of motor carriages,

dents on the road, but her time for the whole distance was but eight hours.

There is no doubt that we may expect a boom in motor cars almost as remarkable as recent developments in cycling. Once the thing has really started all sorts and conditions of manufacturers will become producers, for there is no one who holds essential or controlling patents. The promoter of the Chicago

race gave practical proof of his belief in the certainty of this development when he gave five thousand dollars in prize money. He may be sanguine, but it is interesting to learn that he expects within so short a period as five years from the present time to see five of these vehicles upon the streets of cities to one that is drawn by horses.

Of course the important matter to be considered by manufacturers is that of securing easy and safe control of the carriage. The horse has sometimes been talked of as a foolish creature: its nerves assuredly give the devil's advocate some excuse for his utterances. But it is possible that we hardly realise how much the average driver trusts to the intelligence of his horse or horses. With the motor car this will be impossible: continual care will be necessary. The farmer who drinks over-much at the Saturday's market and falls asleep as he goes home in his motor-driven dog-cart, is much likelier to wake up in another world than at his own gate.

speed as absolute reliability in stopping, backing, turning quickly, etc. It is likely that the motor vehicle destined to come into general favour will permit all these operations to be performed by the movement of a single lever, either up or down for various speeds forward or back-

ward, or from right to left in turning. Held half-way the lever will bring the vehicle to a stop. The brake will be applied by pressing a spring connected with the handle like the arrangement on bicycles, an extra brake being provided, perhaps, for an emergency to be operated by the foot. The

alarm signal will be attached to the handle, either as a bell or horn, the latter being the popular form on the Continent. That it is practicable to make a single lever perform all these operations is shown by the success of the Duryea waggon, which is thus arranged.

Of course the question of the ultimate speed and hauling power attainable depends upon the number of horse-power that it will be practical or desirable to



MORRIS AND SALVIN'S MACHINE



THE SERPOLLET STEAM CARRIAGE



THE SERPOLLET STEAM CAB

For not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident.

What is needed for ordinary use, especially in cities, is not so much great

put into these new vehicles. And here the question of weight must be seriously considered. Thus far, the motors for horseless carriages have been usually of three or four horse-power, although Comte de Dion in Paris has a four-seated steam carriage fitted with a twenty-five horse-

power motor. And the Daimler motor manufacturers have already built motors of twenty horse-power, and look forward to building others of fifty horse-power.

Although steam motors for horseless vehicles have given excellent results in some instances, notably when the Comte de Dion carriage came in first in the race from Paris to Rouen, inventors and manufacturers have in the main turned their attention to perfecting motors driven by gas or electricity. Hot air and compressed air have also been suggested as active forces, but little has been done to bring such motors beyond the experi-

hears from America that the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia expect to have their vehicles running regularly in the avenues and parks of New York, Boston, and Chicago within a year.

The great advantage of the gas motor for general use in horseless carriages is that it can be driven perfectly well by ordinary kerosene, which is not only cheap, but universally accessible. It is true that there is some vibration from the rapid explosions in the cylinder, and a certain amount of odour; but these defects are in a fair way to be removed,



A HORSELESS AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

mental stage. It may be said that the great preponderance of effort has been in the perfecting of electric and gas motors, particularly the latter. The advantages claimed for the electric motor, operated of course by storage batteries, are noiselessness, cleanliness, absence of odour, and ease of proportioning the effort of the machine to the need of the moment. Moreover, electric motors are exceedingly easy of control. The only disadvantages are the weight of the storage batteries and the uncertainty of being able to recharge them on long runs away from cities. There is no question, however, that electric waggons and buses are admirably adapted to city use, and one

and are much less noticeable in the latest carriages.

Fine results are claimed for gas motors fed with acetylene, which gives a pressure of from seven hundred to one thousand pounds to the square inch, being first compressed in the cylinders, and then exploded. Perhaps the ideal motor of the future will be a small rotary, high-speed gas engine, such as George Westinghouse has been experimenting upon for years.

So many of the motor vehicles are driven by gas engines of one sort or another that it is worth while to indicate briefly how these engines work. They all carry a certain quantity of petroleum,

naphtha, paraffin or gasolene, and explosive hydrocarbons, which are stored in a reservoir on the carriage. The liquid fuel is, by one means or another, introduced into the cylinders of the engine, where it is transformed into gaseous form, with a quick explosion, on coming into contact with an electric spark or a continuously burning flame. The explosions of the gas take place alternately at the opposite ends of the cylinders, and so keep the piston vibrating back and forward and the wheels turning. To prevent the cylinders from becoming over-heated they are surrounded by

Works, at Steinway, Long Island, is a heavy waggon, similar to a circus waggon, equipped with a gasolene motor of sufficient power to drive an electric generator that has been repeatedly used to furnish the illumination for the whole factory. Imagine such a waggon perfected so as to become a veritable electric powerhouse on wheels, with energy enough to drive its own propelling motor and the motors for lighting as well. Its outer surfaces might be sheathed with steel, so as to protect it from rifle shots; and it might even be equipped with a Gatling gun or two, so that it could attain high



"JUMBO": THE LARGEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE WORLD

jackets through which water is kept circulating. The motor vehicle seems not unlikely to play an important part some day as one of the appliances of war. General Miles has recommended that twelve companies of the United States Army—a force equal to one full regiment—be equipped with bicycles and motor waggons. There is little doubt that the work required of animals could be done better and more cheaply—at least in a large number of cases, by specially devised motor vehicles. Provision trains and cannon could be drawn by motors, and they would be of especial utility in the ambulance service.

Already built, in the Daimler Motor

speeds on level stretches without undue exertion. A French inventor has brought out a steam bicycle, capable of covering twenty miles in an hour, while a Western firm in These States are manufacturing bicycles driven by petroleum motors, one of which, at a recent test, made a mile in fifty-eight seconds. The former is built with a water-tank curved over the back wheel, and burns coke or gasolene in producing its steam. The latter carries an oil-tank holding fuel enough to drive it a hundred miles. Both machines are considerably heavier than the ordinary bicycle, the steam model weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

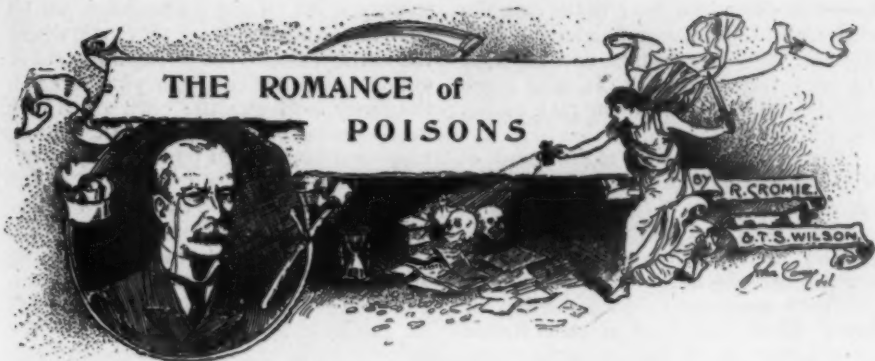
Finally, the invention may be applied to fire-engines. One of our illustrations shows the largest and most powerful locomotive steam fire-engine in the world, which is owned by the city of Hertford, Connecticut, and has been christened "Jumbo." Over ten feet high and seventeen in length, she weighs eight and a-half tons, and can throw 1,350 gallons of water in the minute. This engine at her first trial threw, through fifty feet of hose three and one-half inches in diameter, a horizontal stream of water a distance of 348 feet, and through two streams, each as large as that thrown by an ordinary fire-engine,

a distance of over 300 feet. The size of this leviathan is better appreciated when we think that a common horse-draught engine only weighs about 6,000 pounds, and has a capacity of only 500 or 600 gallons per minute.

The road-driving power of the engine is applied through two endless chains running over sprocket wheels, permitting these wheels to be driven at varying speeds when turning corners. The engine may be run either forward or backward, and can be stopped inside of fifty feet when running at full speed. The highest speed of which she is capable, it may be added, is thirty-one miles an hour.



A TANDEM MOTOR-CYCLE



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON.

EXEUNT OMNES.

"IT'S too hot for shooting. Let's rest a bit!"

Charlie Blake, a young Dublin solicitor with private means, laid his gun on the heather and sat down on a smooth rock. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford sat down beside him and expressed assent. Shooting grouse on a Mayo mountain, they had climbed after a pack that led them higher than was pleasant in the strong sun, shining with almost midsummer heat. Across the bay beneath their feet Muilrea towered up from the great and gloomy gorge on its eastern face. Little green patches lined the lough shore, showing where men had lived and died before "the bad times"—Irish famine; but now only mountain sheep were grazing on them. Great gulls sailed by in stately flight. The red legs of the fast vanishing chough twinkled on the beach. A cloud covered the sun for a moment, and the weird glen across the water darkened till its intensely suggestive solitude became oppressive.

"Upon my word, I don't wonder at the melancholy of the Celt who begins life or ends it in a wilderness like this," Blake said, to break the silence. Hedford had been watching without comment the shadows that chased each other over the mountain gorge. He merely nodded, and Blake, with half-closed eyes, continued in a dreamy voice, as if thinking aloud:

"And I don't wonder at their legends and traditions either. Why, I can see quite clearly scores of little earth-men

peering at us from behind these boulders—curious little chaps, with bat-like wings and great pointed ears, and solemn eyes, and I can just hear the wail of the banshee across the lough. I understand also that the 'good people' have arranged for a dance to-night under that mushroom: it isn't a mushroom now, of course—they don't grow so high up—but it will be one to-night. And the leprechaun——"

"Tillygram, sir, for his honour." A ragged urchin, who wore his trousers buttoned outside his waistcoat, interrupted Blake's dream. "His honour," of course, was Colonel Hedford, who, by "special request," was sharing for a fortnight the shooting-box Charlie Blake had rented for the season. The specialist had carefully kept his temporary address a secret from all save a few close friends. The message was indirectly from one of these.

"Miss Hamilton unwell. Come at once.—Lilian Marsh."

The telegram had been "handed in" at a Dublin post-office early in the day, but it had taken some hours to reach its ultimate destination on a mountain overlooking Killery Bay. Hedford handed the telegram to Blake without a word. Charlie was one of Miss Hamilton's most ardent admirers, just as Hedford was her best friend. Blake had more money than clients, so he was able to follow Miss Hamilton about without much loss of business. It was fitting, therefore, that the ill news should be

shared between these two. Blake read the telegram in silence, and handed it back. His face went very white, and he kept his eyes turned away. It was some moments before either of the men spoke. Then Blake said:

"We can catch the night mail at Westport by hard driving. The ponies can do it."

"I am very sorry to put you to this trouble," the elder man said, looking the younger directly in the face.

"Don't mention it. I shall enjoy the drive," Blake answered as they started to scramble down the mountain side. His voice had an artificial ring of cheerfulness.

"You can trust the ponies to get us into Westport in time?"

"I can trust myself to get them there in time," Blake answered shortly.

"But it is far to drag you from your sport," Hedford went on rather breathlessly, for Charles Blake was getting down the mountain at a great pace. "Twenty miles, is it not?"

"It's nearly two hundred."

"What, Westport?"

"No, Dublin—I have business there—I shall be glad of—of the opportunity of doing the journey in your company. Intended to tell you this morning—must have forgotten!"

"I shall be glad also," Hedford said, and dropped the subject.

Their preparations at the shooting lodge were speedily effected, and Blake's tandem was ready by the time the bags were packed. On the road little conversation passed between the travellers, to the disappointment of Blake's servant, a man named Patrick, who remained for a long time on his knees on the back seat of the trap, in order, as he explained, to join more conveniently in the "discourse." Blake devoted himself to his tandem, taking the most out of the pair that horseflesh could stand and stay the distance. There was not a moment to spare, and if in the first ten miles a record was not made the last five would be a race. These ponies were famous all over Connemara and they had had to justify their reputation on this journey. The long, lonely road seemed interminable in spite of the pace of the "fliers." Its loneliness became intolerable. Scarce a bird chirped in all that wilderness. As they were rounding the mountain called "The Devil's Mother," the twilight began

to deepen into night. The black ponies were now white-streaked with foam where the harness chafed their steaming coats, and the clatter of their hurrying hoofs on the dusty road was the only sound that broke the deep silence, while the heathy mountain tops turned purple in the after-glow of the sunken sun.

The reticence of the two men journeying together through this Connemara wilderness, each with the same feeling and fear in his heart, was altogether unyielding. Each was too proud to ask the other's sympathy. Hedford felt himself an old fogey beside the athletic, big-bodied, full-blooded youth by his side. The boy felt himself a mere nobody beside the famous specialist. And she on whom all their thoughts were turned—whom did she favour? They smoked cigar after cigar on the chain principle ascribed to Bismarck, and the ends of these burned more brightly as the daylight waned. A solitary heron standing knee-deep in a placid stream marked their coming, and, deserting his fishing ground, soared up in lazy flight. They barely noticed him. A piebald mountain hare crossed the road in front of them at speed and scudded away into the heath-covered bog: they saw it well, but did not observe it. A peewit prevailed: they shivered at the dreary cry, though they hardly heard it.

At last Croagh Patrick could be seen in the fast-falling darkness. The ponies were pumped out, but there was still almost time to catch the mail, and the game little animals raced on with pace unchecked, though now in sore distress. They were also encumbered by belated market-people who see-sawed their vehicles across the road stupidly and who were surprised at the heartiness wherewith Blake cursed them. Hedford's mood was certainly not closely observant, and the light was not good, but he could not but observe the incongruous appearance of many of the young women riding pillion-fashion behind their male relatives and wearing high-heeled shoes and kid gloves. A black-haired, red-cheeked, bare-footed colleen riding so and swinging her brown ankles cheerfully is all very well in her way, but the other combination—

"We have caught the train," Blake exclaimed when still a mile from Westport. "I will ease them now."

"They deserve it," Hedford said with

a jerk like that of a man suddenly aroused from sleep.

The long night ride in the train was passed without sleep. Hedford and Blake secured a compartment to themselves, and so were able to lie down. Blake closed his eyes and pretended to

pity him. Curiously enough, the white-haired specialist himself felt something of the same emotion. But his business in life had been to act rather than to feel. He stepped out of the carriage briskly. Blake followed with humility. They drove rapidly to the Shelbourne, and,



"WAITED ALONE AND IN MISERY FOR THE VERDICT"

sleep, but Hedford remained wide awake. He never ceased puffing at his cigars. It was a miserable journey. It was over at last, or nearly over. The train slowed down and then stopped. Blake seemed afraid to leave the carriage. The first porter would surely blurt out the worst news in his face. The cabmen would

leaving their luggage there, went on to Miss Hamilton's address.

The landlady was in despair. Her lodger was very ill. Two doctors had visited the patient and held a consultation without definite result as to any certain diagnosis. The usual symptoms of nervous exhaustion from overwork

were present, but there were other symptoms not so easily classified. Insanity had been gravely considered and discarded, like many other theories. Meanwhile, both the doctors and their patient, when she was conscious, waited anxiously for the arrival of the specialist, the doctors principally because of the morbid importance their patient appeared to place on it. Anything that served to soothe her hysterical condition would be welcome, even if presented in the person of a man whose many breaches of professional etiquette had been such that they were bound to treat him with suspicion if not with contempt.

Miss Lilian Marsh, who had telegraphed to Hedford, was in charge of the sick room. She was Ethel Hamilton's understudy, and was nearly worn out by her dual duties of taking Miss Hamilton's place at the theatre by night and a place at her bedside by day. The patient earnestly objected, but Miss Marsh was firm. She would not allow any other amateur to assist the nurse whom the doctors had sent. The nurse at the moment was out for a breath of air, and Miss Marsh was consequently on duty. Colonel Hedford was shown at once into the sick room. Charlie Blake sat down in the parlour on the ground floor, stared out of the window, and waited alone and in misery for the verdict. He had a bad time while waiting in that parlour, but he must be left there for the present.

Miss Marsh arose hastily when Hedford was announced, and came forward to say that Ethel was asleep. She was dreadfully nervous. She appeared to be nearly as hysterical as the patient had been reported to be. Hedford endeavoured to reassure the trembling girl, but without much result. She could not steady her voice. Her hands twitched. She burst into tears. Hedford thought her anxiety for her friend overdone, but he gave no sign of his suspicion. He waited quietly for her self-confidence to return, preserving that air of unaffected respect he always maintained in the presence of ladies—of all women, to be exact. Miss Marsh at last mastered her emotion by a strong effort, and then in a low voice detailed the patient's symptoms, not in any connected narrative, but in answer to leading questions put by the specialist. When the story was told, the girl turned abruptly to

Hedford and seemed about to make some sort of confession. But she broke down ere she had begun it. Her eyes were wild. They avoided the steady glance of this most gentle man. She could not do it—whatever it was she had meant to attempt.

"Here is the nurse," Miss Marsh exclaimed with a note of despair in her voice. "I must go now to prepare for the theatre. There is a *matinée* performance to-day. Will you, you seem very kind—will you do a great service to a woman in distress?"

"I think I may say that my sympathy for any one"—he did not say "any woman"—"in distress is not far to seek," Hedford replied somewhat coldly. "Indeed, that circumstance keeps me rather busy—in other people's affairs."

"Then don't believe what she," glancing at the bed, "says when she is hysterical. We are rivals, you know, artistic rivals. I am afraid we were rather jealous of each other. Such estrangements arise sometimes in the profession, as you may be aware." The girl said this harshly. "And she talks a lot of nonsense when she is off her head. You understand?"

"O yes! I quite understand," Hedford said reassuringly. And then, as it were thoughtlessly, he added: "You may feel certain I shall not believe anything against you—without good grounds."

Miss Marsh left the room without a word. She closed the door softly, so as to leave the sleeper undisturbed. Hedford followed her to the corridor. She turned, and asked passionately:

"What do you want? Why do you follow me?"

"Merely to see you out. There is no one else about. It is a trivial courtesy."

"Then dispense with it. I can see myself out. And allow me to withdraw a stupid appeal I made to you. Believe what you like of me, and keep your sympathy till I ask for it again."

Despite this fierce speech Hedford preceded her down the steep stairs, and, opening the street door, bowed her out politely.

"I am sorry," he said, as the girl was passing out, "if I have wounded you inadvertently, and my offer of sympathy or help remains—to be had for the asking."

"It will never be asked by me," Miss Marsh said in a hard voice as she turned away.



"WHY DO YOU FOLLOW ME?"

"Then it may chance to be given without the asking," Colonel Hedford said calmly, almost carelessly.

When Ethel Hamilton awoke from her fevered sleep and found her steadfast friend by her bedside, a cry of relief broke from her dry lips.

"Is there anyone in the room? I mean anyone but you?"

"Only the nurse."

"Send her away. Send her out of the room."

Hedford spoke to the nurse and she left the room. When she was gone, the apparently dying girl raised her head from the pillow and said hoarsely:

"I am dying, and Lilian Marsh has poisoned me!"

"I thought so," Hedford agreed, in the soothing voice one would use with a wilful or ailing child.

"But I know it," the girl moaned, as she sank back exhausted by even this slight effort.

"So do I, but I have given you in this,"—he held up a graduated medicine glass—"an antidote which will make you well. I"—he was exaggerating, but he could not help himself—"I know what she gave you, and I know what will cure you."

"I knew that you would understand. You remember my father's case. It has preyed on my mind."

"It has," said Hedford, "it has preyed too much on it. And now we are going to lay that spectre which has caused you to dream foolish dreams—why do you suspect Miss Marsh?"

The last clause was spoken sharply, so that the attention of the invalid might be concentrated and the feeble brain power left to her be focussed on it. Her answer was rather startling.

"Because I saw her put the six sulphonal powders the doctors prescribed to last a week—I have been nearly mad with insomnia—into a glass and fill it out with water. Then she made me drink the whole of it."

"Made you drink?"

"Yes, made me. She can make me do anything now. I am so weak."

"You told the doctors this?"

"No, only you. The others say I am mad. If I told them this they would swear it." The girl fell back again exhausted. Hedford called in the nurse and gave her some suitable instructions, and took upon himself to prescribe a

harmless restorative. Then he released Charlie Blake from his long and wretched wait in the parlour below. When they were out in the street Blake asked nervously:

"Is she very ill?"

"Bad enough. But complete rest will bring her round."

"Thank God!"

"And now," said Hedford, "I must leave you. You had better go straight to the Shelbourne, and wait till I get there. I have an interview, without previous arrangement, to bring off, and it may take me some time."

"Has it anything to do with her?"

"Well, indirectly—yes! Good-bye for the present."

Miss Lilian Marsh refused point-blank to receive Surgeon-Colonel Hedford when his card was handed to her. As that person himself, however, was already in the room, there was no alternative but to endure the visit. The visitor introduced his business without delay, explaining in a word that he had just dropped in on his way to the nearest magistrate to swear an information charging one, Lilian Marsh, with attempting to murder Ethel Hamilton. He added that he would be glad to hear if Miss Marsh had any remarks to make before he proceeded further in the matter. The girl nearly fainted, but she controlled her emotion by a desperate effort. A minute or two elapsed ere she could speak.

Hedford used the interval to say quietly: "Please remember that if Miss Hamilton's statement had been made to the doctors attending her instead of to me, the first you would have heard of it would have been from the constable who arrested you."

"Then I will tell you all—all I tried to say to you to-day, and should have said. I think you will believe me. You will believe me, for I shall tell you the truth, the whole truth; and is it likely that a girl like me could impose a lie upon a man like you?"

"Candidly, it is rather unlikely," Hedford admitted blandly.

"I nursed her loyally," Miss Marsh continued, "just because our little professional jealousies had made us sometimes rather unfair to each other, and I wanted to atone for any faults on my side. I know she would have done the same for me. On Tuesday night, how-

ever, I was worn out, and I fell asleep and had a dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was giving her the sleeping draught, and that something I could not resist compelled me to empty the whole

treme lethargy following hysteria. If I had any doubt as to the origin of the 'complications' in Miss Hamilton's case it has been removed. The first time she was able to speak she accused me of poisoning her, and described accurately though incoherently every incident in



"SHE STOPPED SHORT ON SEEING BLAKE"

week's supply into the tumbler, and she drank it; and a voice said to me: 'You shall play Ophelia now;' and there was a lot more of the hideous nightmare, and when I awoke Ethel Hamilton seemed to be dead, and—God help me!—all the six powder papers were empty. The doctors were surprised at such ex-

my dream. I telegraphed to you because she threatened that unless I did so she would tell the doctors. Now, Colonel Hedford, that is the whole truth, you won't—you won't inform on me?"

"O, no—not at all; because I believe your story. Miss Hamilton, indeed, has already told me the salient features of it.

Before she did so, however, I suspected that she was suffering from sulphonal poisoning, but, of course, it was a revelation to learn how it had been administered. How did you account for the missing powders?"

"I was desperate, and afraid of being tried for my life. I had another batch made up by the same chemist."

"By the way, do you know what strength they were, these powders?"

"Yes, fifteen grains each."

"Good heaven! Ninety grains of sulphonal for a weak girl. It is no wonder she is thoroughly stupified."

When Hedford was taking his leave he assured Miss Marsh she need not now fear for the fate of the victim whose life she had nearly taken. And he was thanked with so much gratitude that he felt genuinely sorry for this utterly friendless girl who had found herself in a position of serious peril without a single adviser. She asked him if he had really suspected her, admitting that her manner must have seemed suspicious.

"Yes," said Hedford, "that's just the reason I never really suspected you for a moment of any evil purpose. Your manner was so undisguisedly suspicious. Poor child, you would make a sorry rogue, however good an actress you may be on the stage. The rascal in real life wants more than histrionic ability—he wants rascality."

Thus Miss Marsh was not arrested for attempted murder, and Miss Hamilton recovered speedily under the confidence Colonel Hedford's presence inspired. Ophelia was played by Lilian Marsh till the end of the tour with advantage to herself and the management. Hedford returned to Salchester as soon as his patient was convalescent, and Blake soon after ran over on a short visit. The shooting in Mayo was not altogether finished, but Salchester was within easy distance of London, where Miss Hamilton was now playing a light part. So Blake was content to forego the remainder of the season's sport whereto his prepaid rent entitled him.

One evening in Hedford's study, when the host and his guest were smoking cigars and sampling a special brand of Irish whisky Blake had brought over, the guest said lazily:

"About this craze of yours, Hedford,

this quasi-detective business: do you find it pays?"

"It pays well enough—sometimes. But I have not followed it altogether for payment."

"For amusement?"

"Not altogether."

"For what, then?"

"A little of both, and a great deal of something else."

"And the something else is?"

"That, I fear, you would not quite understand. But I'll go on as if I thought you would. It is the cause which obliges the average man to do his duty without knowing why he does it; the satisfaction of the altruistic instinct which is just as natural, and vastly more beneficent, than the egoistic instinct."

"Put in smaller change, please. I am not well posted in the phraseology of these new, high-falutin' fads," Blake said lazily, flicking the ash of his cigar.

"All new ideas are considered high-falutin' fads by human fossils—pardon me," Hedford was nettled.

"Rough on me, but no matter. Go on." Blake stretched out his legs and spread his hands before the cheerful blaze of the study fire. "Seems to me," he continued, "a man must look out for himself even in the highest form of civilisation. There is a line to be drawn somewhere, surely."

"There is a line to be drawn, and it should be drawn through that point which leaves fools on one side and knaves on the other. The trouble is that even yet the knaves have it all their own way, and men of less egoistic instincts must rank with the fools or be unclassified—that is, average men. Of course, philanthropy on a grand scale may gain a man some credit, and philosophy does not land him immediately in gaol or on the scaffold, as it did five centuries ago; but it is still a troublesome thing to go about the world with. By and bye it will be less of a nuisance to its professor and more of a credential—"

"Come in!"

Chundra Dass opened the door, salaamed, and said:

"Lady, sahib—must see you—most important."

Ethel Hamilton entered the room. She stopped short on seeing Blake, and stammered something unintelligible. The men arose, and Colonel Hedford offered

his visitor a chair. She did not appear to notice it, but remained standing.

"I was passing through on my way to town after a short holiday. I found that I could get a late train on this night in the week. I wanted to see you about—about my health. Miss Plymouth thought it would be wise. We are stopping at the Royal. So I just called. I had no idea of seeing you, Mr. Blake."

Blake muttered a few commonplaces, and then, pulling out his watch, remarked that he had just time to go to the post-office to see if any letters or telegrams had arrived for him. After he left the room they talked on trivial subjects for some time. Ethel Hamilton was then silent for a minute. It was with a strong effort that she said steadily:

"I have heard by chance that you are going back to India?"

"Not exactly to India."

"Oh, well, to the East. And I could not let you go without wishing you good-bye, and—does *he* know?"

"No, I don't think I have mentioned it to him."

There was a long pause. The girl spoke again, this time very steadily and without effort.

"You saved my life. That is only the least of the many services you have done me. You are going away for ever. I do not wish you to go."

"Thank you. I am sure you do not wish it. But I must go."

"Even if I—if I—wish you to remain?"

"Yes," said Hedford, decisively. "For that reason if for none else. Dear girl, why should we—you and I—talk like strangers. I would not accept the sacrifice. I have devoted my life to a branch of science. I will not offer you—I will not permit you to accept out of gratitude and generosity—the poor remnant of that life which is left." He bent down and kissed her forehead gently, and said "Good-bye!"



"AND I AM READY"

Blake was standing at the door. They had not heard it open. He glared savagely at them. The girl took both of Hedford's hands in hers and whispered with a sob "Good-bye! God bless you!" She passed Blake without a glance, much less a word.

"So this is your altruistic philosophy, most wise professor—a girl that I was as good as engaged to!" Blake said in a low, bitter voice.

"I hope you are good enough to be engaged to her," Hedford replied drily.

Blake began again fiercely, but Hedford silenced him with a gesture. "Listen to me, boy, before you say anything you should be sorry for. That girl would have—well, would have married me, old as I am, from gratitude. I could not permit that. I prefer that she should marry you for what is called love at your time of life."

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford was smoking one of his strong cigars in the room which had been his studio. It was partly dismantled, but still recognisable as the sanctum of a man of science. He looked round the familiar room with saddened eyes. Many a secret of science he had therein mastered: many a pleasant hour of calm, philosophic thought he had therein enjoyed. And he was leaving it all to bury himself once more in the East—for the sake of science? Not at all! Because a girl liked him, but loved another man. And all his science: what did it count for now? An object in life? No, only a resource. And his philosophy? Scattered to the winds!

It was rather pathetic.

"Carriage ready, sahib," Chundra Dass said softly.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford threw away his half-smoked cigar, saying:

"And I am ready."



"My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

V.—MISS ADA REHAN.

IT is not pleasant to be compelled to shatter illusions, particularly when they happen to be the reverse of harmful to the illusionised. But I am forced, at the outset, to slay the popular fallacy that Miss Ada Rehan is

Augustin Daly's famous leading lady is Transatlantic by adoption, and not by birth.

She herself is emphatic upon the point—and you will admit that she ought to know? Neither does she endeavour to



AS LADY TEAZLE

an American by birth. The United States have given to us several very charming actresses, notably that typical "blue-grass country girl," Miss Elizabeth Robins; but Truth—surely the lodestar of the lonely Interviewer's existence!—compels me to state that Mr.

conceal the interesting fact that she was born into this grey old world as long ago as April 22, 1860. "I was born at Limerick," she told me, "and none of my progenitors were ever on the stage." Miss Rehan's parents sailed away from Limerick to New York on or about that

young lady's fifth birthday, and she was sent to a school in Brooklyn. And at what age do you think she essayed her first appearance? Thirteen! The circumstances were very much out of the

Wood's Museum, in New York. It is interesting to recall that "Wood's Museum" was transformed into "Daly's Theatre" six years later, by which time Miss Rehan had established her claim to be considered one of the leading artists of the day.

She spent the season of 1873-74-75 at the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, versatility being her manifest quality. She subsequently acted in no less distinguished company than that of Edwin Booth, Adelaine Neilson, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, and John Brougham. Her future was now assured.

In 1877, Mr. Augustin Daly chanced to see her while she was acting at Albough's Theatre, Albany, N.Y. In the April of 1879 he saw her again, this time at the Grand Opera House, in New York City, where *Pique* was then being played by Miss Davenport, with Miss Rehan in the character of Mary Standish. On



AS PEGGY IN "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

common, and especially so as they changed the whole current of her existence. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Oliver Doud Byron, was producing a drama, entitled *Across the Continent*, and it chanced one evening that a performer fell ill. At a moment's notice, this "soulless amphitryon" stepped into the breach so created.

"And what happened?" demanded the Interviewer.

It is true that the *débutante's* part was a small one: how could it be otherwise? But that indescribable quality which the adaptor of *The Chili Widow* would call "her subtle electric charm" told, and the child performer scored a decided success. Her dramatic talent and readiness of resource were clearly revealed to audience and critics alike, and so it was determined that she should proceed. And proceed she did! During that same season (1873) the child appeared with her brother-in-law in a play called *Thoroughbred*, at

September 17, 1879, after a "suspension" of about two years, Daly's Theatre was opened upon its present site, at Thirtieth Street and Broadway, the subject of this sketch making her initial appearance there as Nelly Beers, in *Young Love's Dream*. From that memorable night to this she has been recognised as the leading lady of Daly's Theatre, and though she has played with enormous success in Paris, Berlin, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and elsewhere, no plaudits sound, perhaps, so sweet in her ears as those received in the home of her adoption—America.

"Let it suffice," protested Miss Rehan, "that since 1874 I have played upwards of two hundred different characters." But it was not allowed to suffice, as I made her name a few of them, including Miss Hoyden, Peggy Thrift, Annis Austin, Cousin Val (*The Railroad of Love*), Donna Antonia, Doris, Helena, Katherine, Lady Teazle, Rosalind, Viola, Desdemona,

Ophelia, Oriana, Queen Elizabeth, Telka Essoff, Una Urquhart, Virginia, and Xantippi. What a record! Dramatic England may well feel jealous of America's acquisition. But it is doubtful whether any one of her countless impersonations has filled Ada Rehan with more genuine pleasure than that of Maid Marian in Tennyson's last drama, the romantic play entitled *The Foresters*, which achieved a brilliant success as produced by Mr. Daly, in New York, and afterwards in London. In the words of one of Tennyson's biographers: "Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and the life under the greenwood tree must have conveyed

something of the charm of English country-life in the olden time to American audiences, whose ancestors' life indeed it was."

I cannot conclude this brief appreciation without referring to an incident which happened while I was seated one evening at the hospitable table of Mr. John Burns, at Lavender Hill. "The

Battersea Sybarite" is quite a theatrical authority—did he not stolidly sit in the gallery at the Avenue, after Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had failed to send him seats for his assistance in the "labour aspects" of *The Crusaders*?—but on this occasion it was Mrs. Burns who "had the floor." She had been to see one of Miss Rehan's "farewells," at the Leicester Square Theatre, and she could not forget it. "Dear Ada!" she exclaimed, "I could not control myself and the tears fairly gushed from my eyes."

If her vibrating and characteristic voice constitute her principal charm for the playgoer, it is by no means this gifted lady's solitary claim to rank among the greatest exponents of her art. If not actually a beautiful woman, she possesses in full measure the rare and indefinable gift of "magnetism," linked to a stage presence of singular stateliness. It is in the interpretation of Shakespearian characters that her most striking successes have ever been achieved.



AS COUNTESS GUCKI



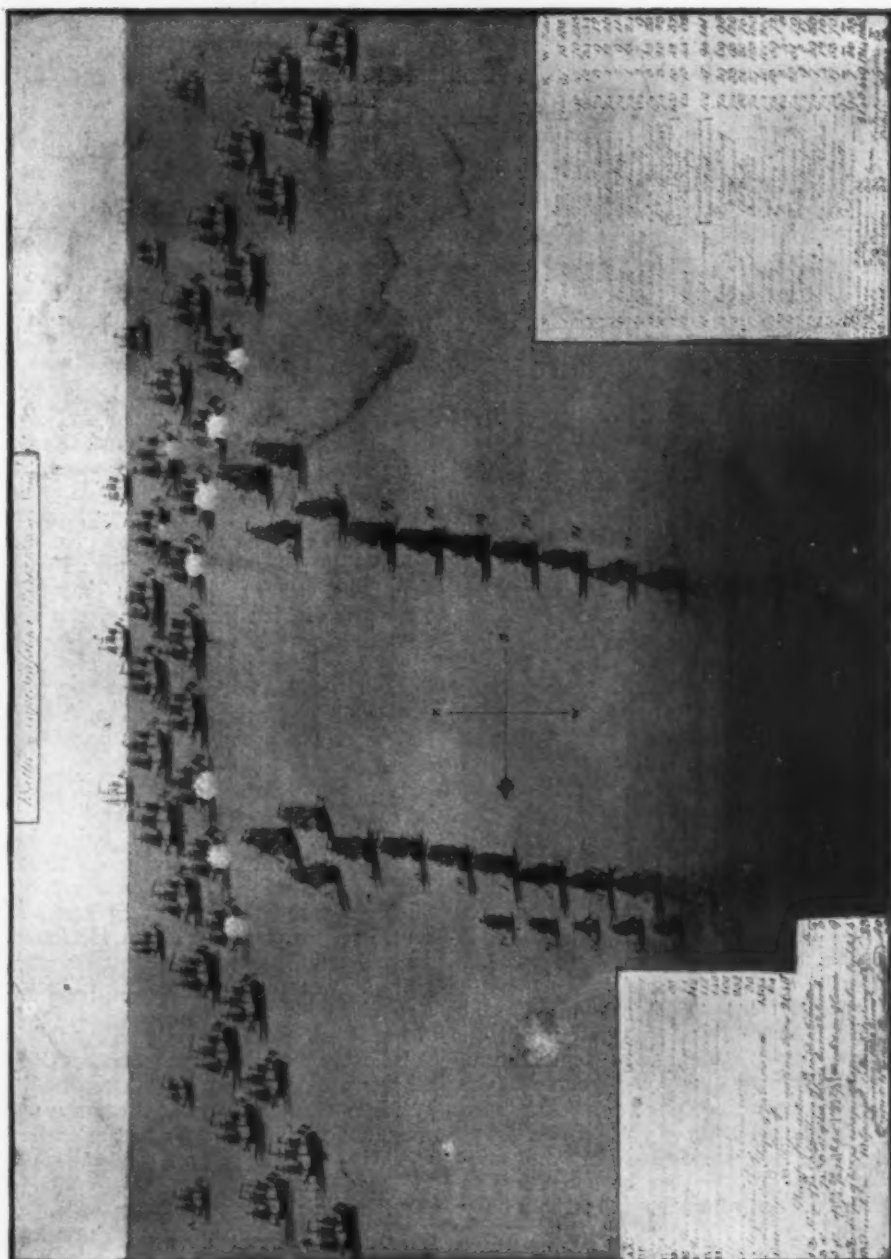
Trafalgar.

BY permission of Mr. Wynfold B. Grimaldi, a descendant of the painter, we are enabled to publish this remarkable picture of the squadrons of England and the allied fleets of France and Spain immediately before the battle of Trafalgar. After Lord Nelson's memorable cruise of a year and a-half before Toulon, and during a brief absence of the British fleet, in March, 1805, Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, seizing his opportunity, put out to sea and got clear away to Gibraltar, to Cadiz, and to Martinique, where he hoped to join the fleet from Brest. Nelson was behind him, however, and Villeneuve, deceived as to the strength of the enemy, hastily returned from the West Indies to Europe. Nelson followed, and outsailing the foe arrived off Cadiz some days before the Frenchman. He then went north, reinforced the British fleet off Brest, and himself returned to England. But his leisure lasted a few weeks only, and on hearing that Villeneuve had reached Cadiz, he resumed command. A great battle was now imminent and the English leader aspired to more than victory. He designed no less than the annihilation of the opposing fleets. Villeneuve at length reluctantly took the sea, being urged thereto by repeated orders; and learning that some of the British fleet had departed for Gibraltar, he chose this opportunity to leave Cadiz. The memorable dawn of the 21st October, 1805, found Lord Nelson in command of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, four frigates, one schooner and one cutter; while against him Spain and France under Villeneuve were arrayed with three and thirty sail-of-the-line, five frigates and two brigs. The opposing forces sighted each other off Cape Trafalgar as morning broke, and Nelson, who had several days before explained his scheme of attack to his captains and other officers, at once made the signal to bear up towards the enemy.

But light and baffling winds delayed immediate approach, and it was noon before the lee division of the British Fleet, commanded by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, had broken through the rear of the Franco-Spanish line of battle. Villeneuve formed his fleet in a

double line in close order, as the old painting shows, while Nelson attacked in two columns; and while Collingwood led the first division, he designed to overawe the opposing van with the second. Finding, however, that the enemy's foremost vessels had no immediate intention of turning to support their rear, he bore up and threw himself immediately upon the allied squadron's centre. The hero's own vessel, the *Victory*, quickly broke the enemy's line, passed astern of the rival leader's flag-ship, and fell foul of the *Redoubtable*, a big three-decker of seventy-four guns. Here, standing on the *Victory's* quarter-deck in conversation with her commander, Captain Hardy, Nelson was exposed to the heavy musketry fire from the enemy's tops, and anon met death. He fell mortally wounded by a ball which struck him on the left epaulette, and travelling obliquely downwards into his body, passed through the spine. For three hours Nelson lingered in the cock-pit of the *Victory*, while the roar of the battle thundered in his dying ears and life slowly ebbed from his body. But though a successful termination to the tremendous and unequal battle was by no means assured when the English leader fell, yet ere he breathed his last the issue had been put beyond doubt, and the splendid result of his genius came to his ear while still he could receive it and rejoice. A decisive and complete victory rewarded the English arms. No less than twenty of the enemy's sail-of-the-line had struck their colours before Nelson expired, and of the total armament but a few crippled vessels succeeded in making good their escape. The British total of killed was returned at fifteen thousand and eighty-seven officers and men, by far the largest separate loss being incurred by Nelson's flag-ship.

The illustration of this remarkable naval encounter was the work of Mr. William Grimaldi, R.A., Painter Extraordinary to George IV.; and if as a work of art it possesses no considerable claim to our attention, as an interesting and veracious representation of the positions of the squadrons engaged at Trafalgar on the commencement of that historic conflict it may challenge careful attention and command all praise.



THE LINE OF BATTLE AT TRAFALGAR

A Celestial Chat.

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL.

"WELL, old man, how goes it?" said the Comet.

"Still jogging along, old chap," answered the Sun.

"Any news since my last round?"

"Don't think so."

"I suppose you know I've been away thirty-five millions of years?"

"What's that after all? You look as boyish as ever."

The Comet showed pleasure. He prided himself on his youth, and was wont to dress young, and talk young, and behave young. Many constellations and nebulae invited to guess at his age, took him for not an hour more than fifty million years old, whereas, in reality, he was nearly thirty times as much.

"It's the exercise," he said; "nothing like it for keeping one agile and youthful. I've been eighty-three trillion, seventy-six billion, twenty-nine hundred millions of millions of quadrillions of miles since I saw you last. I attribute my health and—ahem!—good looks entirely to regular exercise."

"I wish I could have a run round with you," answered the Sun, "but I can't leave the System. I stroll my modest four hundred to five hundred million miles through space every year, but, of course, it's not enough to do any practical good."

"Lord! what a sedentary life," said the Comet: "don't you find it tell on your liver? With your temperature, too, you ought to make yourself take some reasonable exercise. I'm sure you'd get rid of those spots if you did."

"Ah! it's jolly easy for you free-lances to talk! You have nothing to think of but your own tail; I'm a busy man."

The Comet did not like this somewhat slighting allusion to his tail.

"As to that, my dear fellow, a tail fifty millions of miles long takes some watching, I can assure you. It isn't all beer and skittles going at the pace I do,

and keeping clear of everything and everybody. It wants tact and a cool head, anyway."

"Why, you wouldn't hurt anybody if you hit 'em," said the Sun, rather rudely; "everybody knows you could pack the whole of your tail into a Gladstone bag, and still leave room for your toothbrush and a change of linen."

"No," admitted the other, "I shouldn't hurt other people, but they might jolly well shatter me. I'm not a robust Comet for all my apparent physical strength. It's a trying life, and there are dangers. Why, you yourself, though you mean well, always singe my hair and give me a sharp attack of fever every time I pass you. But never mind me and my tail. How prospers it with you? How's the System?"

"Going strong; but sometimes I feel inclined to chuck the whole lot of 'em up—the little plagues! But I can't help feeling a bit proud of the inhabited ones."

"Ah, you've warmed some of them into life since I was last round?"

"O, yes. A few have quite interesting little things living on them. Mars, for instance; they are getting fairly advanced there. Saturn has put on frills since you were here. He found a small nebula which had lost its way, and now wears it like a collar." Saturn's a regular child of Nature.

"How's Venus? Lovely as ever?"

"Lovely enough, but more bother than all the rest of 'em put together. She'll get into trouble some of these days—there are half-a-dozen Comets after her as it is—no self-respect, you see—so different from Jupiter."

"He was always your favourite."

"No, no, I have no favourites, unless my own little Mercury may so be called. But Jupiter has such a distinguished way with him. No folly, no giddiness. Always the same. A thousand pities he's got such a wretched climate. I'm doing what I can, but I haven't yet been



"WELL, OLD MAN, HOW GOES IT?"



"HALF-A-DOZEN COMETS AFTER HER"

able to get anything to live on Jupiter but frogs, and a few of the lower reptiles."

"How's the Earth?"

"Don't ask me—the black sheep of

the System! The ingratitude of that planet! They've got a little dead cinder that circles round them, according to the laws of gravitation; and—would you believe it?—they think twice as much of

that cinder as they do of me! A fact. They call it the Moon and write poetry to it. The Earth people have, in fact, reached a trying stage. They are growing out of childhood, but still lie far removed from the solidity and reasoning powers proper to an adult. They are funny, too. Here's a bit of New Humour to take away with you. What d' you think they believed till the last few years?"

"Sure I don't know," said the Comet.

"That I went round them! They thought that they were the centre of the Universe, and that Creation circled round and round them, just in the same way that their little pet cinder, they call the Moon, goes round and round them!"

"Blessed if that isn't the funniest thing I've heard for ten million years!" said the Comet. "I'll make my little corner in Space fairly scream with that!" He was genuinely amused, and shook to such an extent that he gave rise to considerable disturbances on a large scale.

"Look out, old man! your upsetting my System!" said the Sun.

"Smother your system!" yelled the Comet. "That little pill of mud and water to think itself the centre of all things! Why don't you smash it or frizzle it up?"

"We must be patient. It knows somewhat better now. If it would only be commonly grateful and realise a little of what it owed me, I would overlook the bumpiousness. That's natural to all small things."

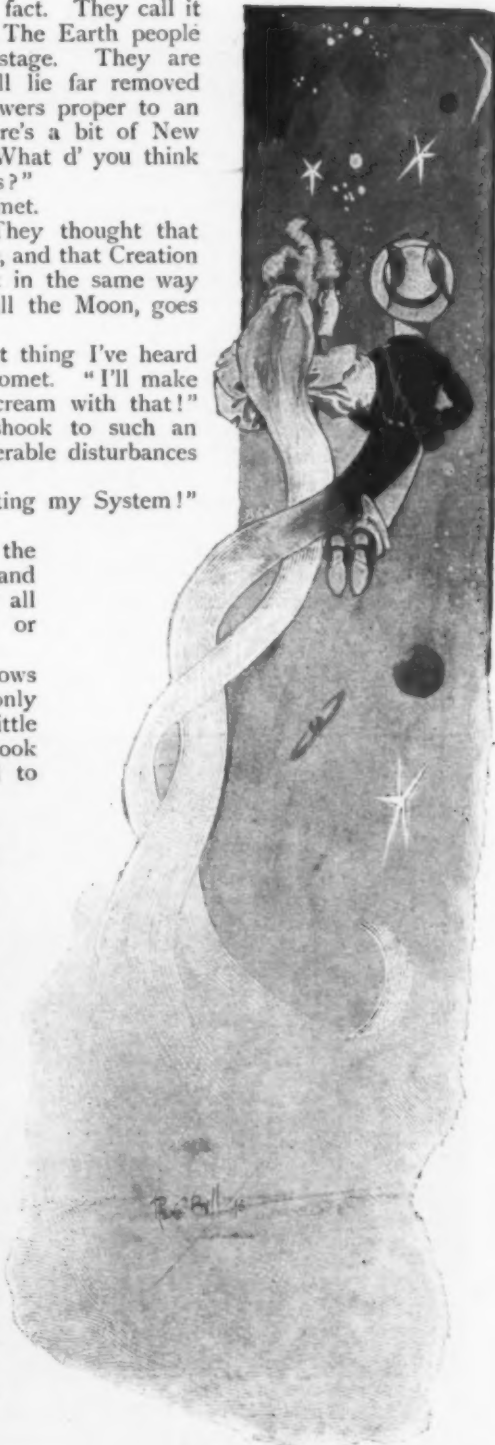
"I believe you. For sheer side, not to say impertinence, commend me to shooting-stars. Space is full of them and they go slogging about in clusters, as if God Almighty had designed the Universe for nothing but their especial amusement and convenience. Little cads! They always think it a huge joke to go right through me like a bullet through a piece of paper."

"But they can't hurt you."

"No, not physically; it's the moral disgrace of the thing. One feels so powerless against the little brutes; and satire's thrown away on 'em."

"They get precious small change out of me or my System either," answered the Sun. "I burn them up in billions and trillions myself: I light my cigars with 'em. And the Planets—they've all got their own atmospheres; and when a shooting star gets into an atmosphere, it's done for. You ought to cultivate an atmosphere."

"No time," said the Comet. "In



"ARM-IN ARM"

fact, I must be off as it is. "Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!"

"Any news in Space?"

"Only that the Milky Way has gone sour. It's to be called the Milky Whey in future!"

The Sun laughed, but not heartily. He had heard the Comet make this same joke on many previous occasions. Every thirty-five million of years, he was expected to smile at this paltry jest, and his good nature was breaking down under the strain.

"Eclipse me, if I'm not fairly sick of that!" said the Sun. "It wasn't too funny the first time he said it; now it's grown simply wearisome and sickening. Next time he comes round, I must really make an effort to shame him out of it. There should be lots of other good jokes knocking about in a place the size of Space."

Then the tail of the traveller vanished round the corner of one of the signs of the Zodiac, and the Sun resumed his regular occupation, and beamed upon his System as usual.

"He has got a warm heart and no pride, for he doesn't mind what he shines on," thought the Comet, as he followed his lonely and terrific way at the usual rate of progression. "Family cares are all very well; but they do tie a heavenly body down, and frightfully increase his responsibilities. I should never think it quite good enough myself. No System for me! To remember what a light-hearted chap that Sun was in the sweet old days, before he knew he had a System! Now he's as crusty as the Great Bear, and his outbursts of temper are horrible to witness. No, my idea is the best: see Space, and gather your rose-buds while you may."

So saying, he took off his hat to a Lady Comet, and the two proceeded arm-in-arm for a few hundred thousand miles. He told her about the Earth and the Sun; and, though a Comet without much sense of humour, she laughed without intermission for thirteen centuries afterwards.



DISPLAYING HIS GOOD POINTS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MCLELLAN, CANONBURY, N.

Of Famous Dwarfs.



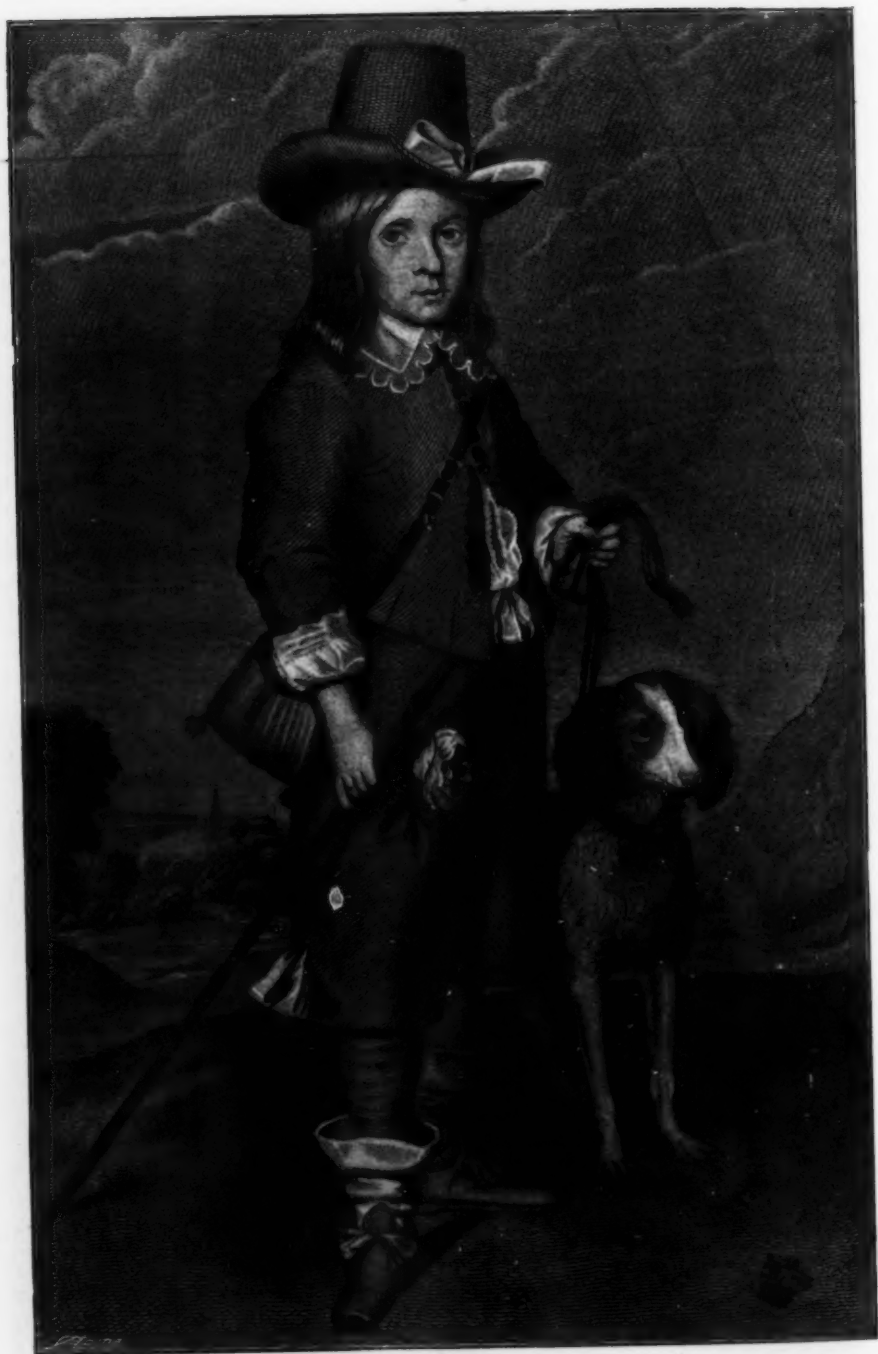
HERE is no shorter road to fame than that of being a dwarf, and it would appear also (if you take your information from the only available source—the placards invented and set forth by dead and gone showmen) that to be a dwarf is necessarily to possess accomplishments, such as make fame no less than your honest due. Of the giant nothing is demanded save that he shall be big in stature. He need not even have strength in proportion to his bodily development; and his brain may be merely contemptible. He is a giant, and that suffices. Of the dwarf, however, it is expected that he shall be an accomplished little gentleman; and very few of the miniature men and women who have been successful as shows have failed to recognise and perform the duty imposed on them.

Sometimes, of course, your dwarf is merely an unhappily deformed person, as was the case with him of Montserrat, of whom it was written: "The Manikin, though 32 years of age, did not exceed two feet in height, of which one-third was occupied by his misshapen head; his arms reached nearly to the ground, and his hands were of an unusually large size. . . . Anger and cupidity were the only feelings which seemed to animate him. The countenance was of the most repelling ugliness, dark in complexion, with covert angry eyebrows, flat, thick nose, with lips of an unearthly grey, the under one over-hanging his chin. His sisters were remarkably fine, handsome women." Jeffrey Hudson, again, who was a sort of Court jester in the days of the Second Charles, would appear to have belonged to the same class. His famous duel, in which he killed his man, and the story of how he was concealed under the crust of a capacious pie and served before the King, have made him one of the best known of all the dwarfs.

But these, to judge by the showmen's descriptions of the others, are the exceptions. It may be, indeed, that in the case of dwarfs the people called upon to write of them felt themselves bound to display a great deal of charity. The famous Friesland dwarf, "Admiral Tom Thumb," as he was called, was born in 1839, and finished growing at the mature age of four. At ten he visited England, and had the honour of a Royal Command, appearing at Buckingham Palace before the Queen and the Prince Consort. His height was twenty-six inches, and, by a singular coincidence, he weighed just one pound avoirdupois for each inch of his height. He returned to England in 1875, when he appeared at the Horn's Assembly Rooms, Kennington. It was then said of him that he was peculiarly intelligent, and spoke five languages fluently, these being—French, English, Dutch, German, and Italian. It is curious to note that, according to those who exhibited him, his height, so far from increasing with the lapse of years, actually grew less by two inches in the interval between his two visits to this country. Altogether a wonderful person, but you must judge from his picture, here reproduced, if it was not a very charitable writer who described his appearance as being "shrewd yet pleasing." He has a distinct look of President Kruger.

Born in the same year, in Benares, Mahomet Baux, "the miniature man of India," was at Cawnpore in the days of the Mutiny, and "witnessed the Horrible Massacre of our Fathers, Mothers, and Children, by that Monster in human shape, the notorious Nana Sahib." The poor little gentleman's career in this country cannot have been a happy one, for we find him on show behind the bar at the Sir John Falstaff, in what was then Brydges Street, Strand. The English climate does not seem to have suited him, and in 1865 he died of consumption, at Lambeth. He was thirty-seven inches in height.

One lady there is whose picture seems to justify her name, "The Corsican Fairy."



JEFFREY HUDSON



THE FRIESLAND DWARF

She appeared in England about 1773, and a newspaper cutting of the date shows how she was described to the good people of Marlborough when she visited the town. "This most astonishing Part of the human Species was born in the Island of Corsica, in the Year 1743. She is only Thirty-four Inches high, weighs but Twenty-six Pounds, and a Child of two Years of Age has larger Hands and Feet. . . . She is possessed of a great deal of Vivacity and Spirits, can speak Italian and French, and gives the inquisitive Mind an agreeable Entertainment. . . . At the request of Ladies, etc., she moves a Minuet, etc., with the greatest Elegance." The last item of information about her is that in the spring of 1776 she was being exhibited at Netherbow, "price reduced."

Another famous dwarf of the last century was the Polish Count Boruwlaski, who at his birth was only eight inches long, and at one year was but eleven inches. He went on growing rather longer than is usual, and at 30 measured three and thirty inches. He had a brother only three inches taller than himself, who played the part

of steward to a Polish noblewoman. His sister unhappily died at about 20 years of age, being at that time just six and twenty inches in stature. There were other brothers and sisters of the ordinary height. Boruwlaski had quite a romantic career. His parents being ruined he was taken under the protection of some people of high estate, but, at the age of 20, lost their favour by marrying a lady with whom he had fallen madly in love, and who was destined to bear him two children.

He was supported for some years after this by the presents of his illustrious friends and patrons, together with an annuity given him by the King of Poland. But these resources proved rather precarious, and in 1782, at the suggestion of the British Ambassador at Vienna, he came to England, bearing letters of introduction to divers persons of high standing at the British Court. He did well for six years—so well, indeed, that an ex-



"THE CORSICAN FAIRY"

aggerated report of his prosperity caused the King of Poland to cut off his pension—but the edge of the public's curiosity was blunted at the end of that period, and in 1788 he issued his memoirs, and made a very piteous appeal to the general charity.

We come to the dwarfs of more modern days, among whom the best known was Charles Stratton, known to the public as General Tom Thumb. He was born in America in 1838, and made his first appearance on this side of the

he is said to have been thirty-one inches in height; and it was then that he married Miss Lavinia Warren, a lady some five years his junior. The following is a description penned by one of her admirers: "This little lady measures but thirty-two inches in height, and weighs twenty-nine pounds. The reader may choose from his lady acquaintances a sparkling woman, with dark hair and black eyes, symmetrical figure, and soft voice, and in his imagination reduce her to these dimensions, having her mental and moral faculties fully expanded, and he will have an idea of this charming little woman; or he may reverse the picture, and select a child of perfect mould, with a finely arched brow, dimpled cheeks, large lustrous eyes, a nicely chiselled mouth, a rich harvest of hair, and suddenly endow her with all the attributes of womanhood—a heart to love, a head to conceive, and a hand to execute—giving her wit, imagination, humour, and judgment. He may fancy such a child using elegant language—appreciating music, poetry, eloquence, painting and statuary—travelling unattended (as she has done from Boston to Buffalo), going through the streets shopping, waltzing in the ball-room, singing sentimental and patriotic songs, writing letters to friends, and keeping a journal." Truly an accomplished woman, and one with whom the admirable General must have been proud to mate!



THE CELEBRATED POLISH DWARF

Channel in his tenth year, when he was patronised by the Queen and Royal Family. No man of real public importance filled in his particular day a place of greater prominence. His portrait, taken side by side with a tall Lifeguard, in the character of Napoleon, as a Grecian statue, and so on and so on, appeared everywhere, and he achieved the crowning honour of inspiring more than one *Punch* caricaturist. The figures as to his height and weight at divers points in his career are a little conflicting, but it would appear that he was by no means the smallest of the little people whose histories are here chronicled. In 1863

was her sister, Minnie Warren, while another of the guests at the wedding, of the General was Commodore Nutt, who, at the age of 20, was but twenty-nine inches in height; the salary at which he was engaged by Barnum was said to have been 10,000 dollars per annum, for a three years' engagement. He, too, if those who knew him can be trusted, was a gifted person. "He converses," it was said, "with grace, and dignity, and intelligence, on the manufactures and condition of his native state; before he allowed himself to be exhibited he did his work on the farm—his father being a highly respectable farmer—and,

having quite a passion for horses, he especially delighted in driving the team."

These four wonderful persons were all present at the wedding of General Tom Thumb, and so, if you choose to believe the records, were "many of the celebrities of the country, including the President, the Members of the Cabinet, and the

being invited to Marlborough House; and in France, General Tom Thumb had the honour of dining with the Emperor. His wife presented him, in 1863, with a healthy daughter, whose weight at birth was no more than three pounds.

The British public is nowadays not infrequently accused of being frivolous, but its desire to be amused would not

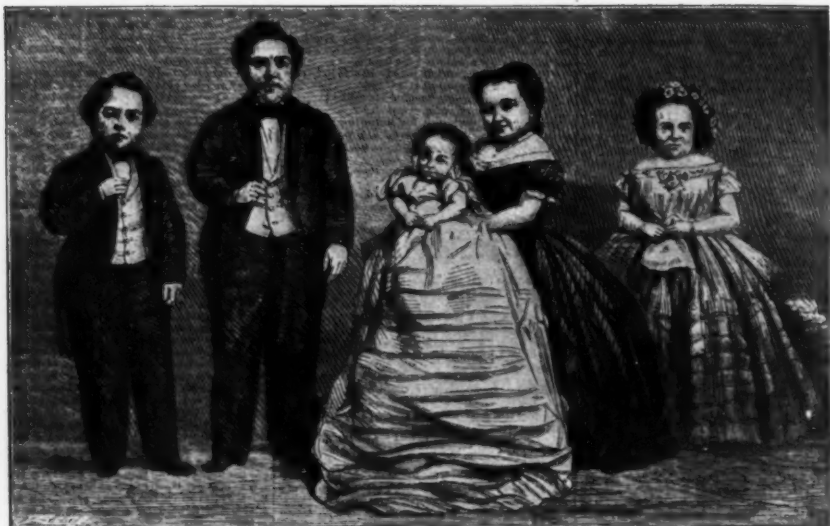


GENERAL TOM THUMB AND THE QUEEN

Foreign Ministers." When the ceremony was over they drove to the Metropolitan Hotel, and three, betwixt one o'clock and three, received some five thousand friends.

They visited the White House, on the invitation of the President, where they were introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, the Secretaries of State, senators, and generals. In England also they were well received,

lead it to take its dwarfs so seriously as did the good people of the sixties. They were as interested in all that appertained to Tom Thumb as if he had been a real general, and a very big one at that. The illustrated papers of the time all give pictures of a miniature carriage that was made for him in August, 1844, and you learn that the arms of the general—who was not at that time ten years of age—



COMMODORE NUTT, GENERAL TOM THUMB, MRS. STRATTON, AND MISS MINNIE WARREN

consisted of Britannia and the Goddess of Liberty, supported by the British Lion and the American Eagle; Crest: the Rising Sun, and the British and American Flags; Motto: Go Ahead! *Punch* was most angry that "the son of a Yankee carpenter" should dare to assume such armorial splendour, and especially that Barnum, with the ready instinct of the born showman, promptly added certain gifts made by our Queen to Tom Thumb to the other attractions of his show.

Space grows limited, but the two dwarfs who have to be mentioned last are excellent examples of their kind. You might fancy that Nature, perceiving that the public interest in her "freaks" was rapidly waning, resolved to make a last desperate effort to revive it. At any rate, Uffner's American dwarfs, who were on show in Piccadilly in 1881, quite beat the record—a fact which is presumably remembered with pride in the home of Tom Thumb. Of course they were intelligent, charming, and the rest. The

lady, Lucia Zarate, weighed four and three-quarter pounds at the age of 19, and her companion, General Mite, weighed only nine pounds at the age of 17. After which marvel it can hardly be expected that Nature, who failed to convulse the earth by it, will ever again take the trouble to attempt to create a sensation by this particular means.

Another instance culled from the papers since the above was written may be added, in conclusion, to show how the public taste has changed. Robert Malone was two inches shorter than the famous Tom Thumb, and for some time travelled with a waxwork show. Then he got an engagement with a variety company that appeared at the Theatre Royal, Seaham Harbour. Bad times ensued, and the company was broken up. As for Malone, he was found dead in a village hard by, having died of destitution—a politer name for starvation—because no Barnum had found it worth while to take him up.



Paris Statues.



IV.—THE FONTAINE MOLIÈRE IN THE RUE RICHELIEU

The Mother of the "Lurline's" Mate.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY G. HAWLEY.

A THREE days' gale to an average clipper-ship is but a small matter; given sea room it is simply a case of oilskins, some hard work aloft, and another hand at the wheel; likewise an extra amount of profanity. But call a ship the *Lurline*, and load her up with iron rails and coal, and then a three days' gale becomes another matter.

Thus on the evening of the third day and forty-two out from the Island of Docks to Buenos Ayres, the clipper *Lurline* came wallowing from the horizon. She had a top-gallant sail set on the stump of her foremast. That was the only sail and the only stick left upright. Further, she had one side out and the other side in: the cargo had shifted. And so the ill-omened figure-head bowed and swooped sidelong at the white foam bed under the bows. Sometimes the carven image dipped deep in the green welter and rose up with dripping arms. In the position of the arms was a gesture of entreaty—downwards.

Before the sun rose again *Lurline* was to have her wish.

On the bare deck four men steadily and monotonously worked at the main pump. One man was at the wheel, lashed—sometimes outlined against the dark sky, sometimes against a chasing white lipped sea. On one side of the poop was the dead body of the captain. The rest of the crew, some in oilskins, some without, some sea-booted, some barefooted, crouched and hung on under the shelter of the bulwarks in the waist. The third mate and five hands had gone out with the falling masts the night before.

No one could see the white figure's gesture; besides, it did not matter, for they all knew that the *Lurline* was a thing beyond hope. So they chewed and smoked, and in turns got up without emotion and replaced the men who cried "Spell O!" at the pump.

In the cabin it was nearly dark. The first and second mates sat at either side

of the table. The place was in that condition peculiar to house-leaving time: remnants of many meals on the table; things heaped and huddled in corners; drawers half opened; broken pots ground up under sea-boot heels; and over all a sediment of half-burnt matches and spilt tobacco. The second mate was what is called on shore a little dapper man. His chief point was a fine moustache. The other man was bigger and coarser; pleasing only in the eyes of women who love the "heavy hand." These two men were finishing a meal of raw ham and sea biscuits, and at the same time settling a matter peculiar to the Saxon—death that did not spell glory.

"Now then, Jimmy," said the first mate, "that's all bunkum. Here's the old wind jammer ready to slump under our feet any minute. There's the blanked coast 60 miles to leeward. We've one boat left and two officers; one goes with all as can crowd into her; one stays here. I'm that one. The old man's dead as a pike-staff, and me being boss now, I'm . . . Grab the bottle, Jimmy! Scott, she's going!" The two men stared in one another's eyes, then looked at the doorway. The ship slowly and wearily recovered from the deadly lurch. The mates in the same manner recovered their old position; and all the time they remained in the cabin their eyes never left the doorway.

The table was quite cleared.

"Look here, Dhooli," said the second officer, "you can just as well crowd in. One more won't make the difference——"

"Quit, Jimmy! I know down to a seizing what that boat will carry. And you'll have to balance your moustache to a hair without me on board. Here! come out of this, she's beginning another."

They scrambled through the alley-way as the ship commenced another evil lurch. As they appeared on deck all heads in the waist turned to them for the verdict.

"It's out boat, men," cried Dhooli.



"THE 'LURLINE' CAME WALLOWING FROM THE HORIZON"

"Hold on though; we mustn't leave the old man like a dunnage mat."

There was no prayer book on board, and so the mate, having a bad memory of such things, did what his lights showed unto him. The men steadied the body on the rail, and the mate began:

"This old man was captain. He did what he had to do; also what the owners allowed him. He was a good seaman, but hadn't much time for church-going. If he's done bad things don't let his V.G. discharges be forgotten."

The mate held up his hand and the body rolled into the deep. He finished with "For ever and ever, Amen." He remembered that phrase: it came from a far time—of nightly journeys up a long stairway, he holding his little nightdress and stretching his little legs from stair to stair after the mother, she holding the candle at every landing and looking down with smiling face at his toiling figure.

He took no hand in the launching of the boat. The night shadows were creeping round the derelict and *Lurline* at the bows was very near home. All save the second mate had got in and they were baling already.

"You know the course, Jimmy? Its a pretty mean bit of coast to make, but that's better than sea-weed and deep sea soundings." The two men's hands were clasped and they looked in one another's eyes.

"There's the old lady, Jimmy. You'll not forget she was just as much your mother as mine?"

And Jimmy only said, "I'm not a rat!" and forthwith to the calling of the men he dropped into the surging boat. There was a chorus of shouting, "There's squeezing room for you too, sir—we'll chuck the breaker over."

"I weigh thirteen stone," said the man on the ship, "and the breaker weighs only four. I'd sink you." He cast off the painter, and the boat swooped down the hollow. But they kept near till the night had swallowed up the low mass of the ship and the two figures—one at either end—*Lurline* swooping down, dim, white, and the mate at the wheel, dusky, dark, sweeping up against the torn scud. At length no man could see more than the next breaker running out of the darkness; so they pulled away, and their time not being due, they passed in safety

over the outlying mudbanks and churning rollers which stretch so many dreary miles to seaward from the coast of Guiana. They landed in the Corentyn River, handed over the boat to Lloyds' agent, found the British Consul, and then went home.

The Island of Docks, like other places, has its "lover's walk." There is not much scenery; but scenery is simply wanton waste on lovers. Now Jimmy was back and his girl was marching him out in full parade, other girls being envious, as Jimmy had become a public man in consequence of a wet afternoon in the *White Hart*, and a reporter short of copy.

The young lady was decidedly pretty, and did credit to Jimmy's taste. A great mistake is to suppose that "prettiness" is not compatible with brain. Jimmy looked into the blue eyes and knew no more of what was underneath than he knew of the depth of the sea by merely looking at it. But both eyes and sea can be sounded, and it was Jimmy's luck to sound blue eyes that night.

He was bothered. Not a trace could be found of Dhooli's mother. The case was not unusual. Half-pay stopped with the red ink line crossing the *Lurline's* name in the register. Neighbours testified to quiet sales of household things for many weeks. Then a larger sale at the wish of a gentleman with a certain blue paper. After that the old lady had gone down the street and no one had seen her since. "But," said Jimmy to his girl, "I've got to find her, then we'll just make her a decent home with us when we're married."

The blue eyes grew thoughtful. "How are you going to do it, Jimmy—to afford it, I mean?"

"O! easy enough!"

"But we can't afford it in any way that I can see," said Blue Eyes decisively. Jimmy did not notice the "we."

"Well, we needn't live in a big house. Just take a nice small comfortable affair. I don't want a hotel when I come home."

And therein lay all the difference—and Jimmy's ignorance. For what was the good of Blue Eyes getting married unless it were to have the sweet joy of showing her friends a house better than theirs? It was a critical moment and Jimmy must be stopped.



"THE HEAD THAT WASN'T DROWNED MADE ANSWER"

"You know, dear, she has no right to expect you to keep her. It was wrong of him to get you to promise. Indeed, I'd tell him so if he were here, for he knew you were easily led. I once spoke my mind to him about you." Blue Eyes did not see Jimmy's face, or she would have stopped. "Why can't she go to the

widows' alms-house? You know I can't have her in my house, as her friends are not my sort of people." Blue Eyes finished with a firm nod of her pretty head.

Jimmy's memory was busy with a grim picture; the water-sodden wreck, with the dark figure waving its cap

against the racing scud, and fading into the night. It "case-hardened" his heart, and in that moment Jimmy became a man.

A woman must have the last word, and after a long silence, while Jimmy's heart was cooling from the man making process, Blue Eyes had hers. "Jimmy! you've got to choose between her and me."

"Then God help you when you're some other man's widow! You'll never be mine," and Jimmy was several strides away before Blue Eyes could recover. That was why he never heard her calling him back.

Jimmy took counsel with the reporter and they hunted together. This was good for the pressman, for the sailor set great store by "feeding hands well if you want work done well." When his ship sailed Jimmy had no girl on the pier-head to see him off, but his new friend, with his thin coat tightly buttoned, stood shivering in the damp wind watching the ship fade into the south-west squalls. Then he resumed his bread and tea dinners.

Jimmy's new ship went hunting olive oil up the Levant, and it was midsummer before she returned. The pressman was duly on the pier-head.

"What news?" asked Jimmy from the foc'sle head.

"None!"

"We'll try together now," said Jimmy, and helped his friend up the side as the ship passed into the dock. The pressman was installed in the mate's berth, with a box of cigars and a bottle to kill time with until Jimmy had got the ship moored. At length he came rattling down the steps. "Now then! tumble on the bunk while I dress."

And Jimmy stripped, splashed, and dragged on his things, seized a handful of cigars and bounced on deck with him. It was a peaceful summer's night, with here and there a soft cloud drifting across the moon. The two men picked their way along the quay and came to the massive lock gates. The tide was running low, and to save time they crossed on the gates.

It was a place of dark hollow shadows and sound of churning water far below. The gate was narrow, with a rail only on the dock side of it. It was customary when people met on it that the right-hand man kept in, and stopped while the

other grasped his arm and passed on. Jimmy was in front and a man had halted to give him passage. The moon came out from a cloud as the mate took the man's arm to pass, and looking up he saw Dhooli, of the *Lurline*, who was saying:

"You little devil, where's my mother?" and Jimmy said nothing, for Dhooli's hand was on his throat and never left its hold till both men struck the sluicing water deep down.

The pressman, sick, and shuddering from head to foot, clung to the rail; but then, since the morning he had only broken his fast with Jimmy's bottle and cigars. He got down on his knees, still clutching the rail, and then laid all his length and peered over into the seething bed of water far below. He could feel his heart thumping against the planks. A strip of moonlight fell between two high warehouses and lit up a square patch of the water. At this point the big chains to the gate crossed one another, and the pressman saw two heads stationary amid the huddle of water that was like nothing else but molten silver.

The two mates hung on with arms and legs to their respective chains. There was about a yard between them, but that was as good as a whole continent as regarded any more fighting. The water sluiced above their heads for half a minute together. In a lull, Jimmy gasped out the answer to the question asked thirty-six feet above.

"Can't find her nohow. I've been trying and trying. I was going on a hunt again to-night. Why arn't you drowned?"

And the head that was not drowned made answer after the next rush left it clear: "I saw a steamer's lights about midnight, so I set fire to the cabin and got some sticks together to float me. But they got me off just at daybreak as she slumped. How are we going to get out of this?"

Jimmy tried to crane his head round, but the mate's grip had bruised his throat too much, so he cried out: "Let's try shinning up the chains."

The pressman saw the two heads emerge and begin to crawl up the chains to either side. He crawled shakily on his hands and knees until he had got the broad and solid quayside under him; then he rose up. Jimmy was shouting to him to get a life-buoy rope from its

standard, and presently Jimmy was up. They both went to the other side and helped the mate over the edge.

"This," said Jimmy, by way of introduction, "is the mate that was drowned on the *Lurline*."

The reporter was glowing. Under his breath he said, "And I'm going to be drowned too—in copy." He seized the sailors by either arm. "Now where can we go? I'll have all this in the morning edition. Come along; here's some timbers under a lamp-post. You two sit, and I'll write—hold on! I think I'll sit—feel a wee bit queer."

"Catch hold," cried Jimmy, and the sailors carried the fainting pressman back to the ship, and laid him on the berth.

"He wants a good feed by the look of him," said Dhooli. So the watchman was despatched to the nearest hotel, and when the man of ink looked round again, he saw the table spread and the big mate with a blanket tied round him, while Jimmy was filling the plates.

It was the third day of the search. Three continuous days of good feeding converted the pressman into a magazine of energy. He met the mates at the appointed bar: "I've got a clue."

"Come along," said they, and he lead them off. Trinity House Lane, Postern Gate, and Dagger Lane, brought them into Blanket Row—once the dwelling place of prosperous merchants, but now a hive of tangled foreigners, and all who live from day to day. They went on down a narrow alley-way, reeking with the smell of blood and cattle, where children were as thick as flies. They stumbled up a dark staircase, opening out into big long rooms, sweet here with the smell of flax and hemp and clean sails; and up, until a little landing window flashed a sight of crowded masts and gleaming waters beyond the rough sea of slates and tiles. The last flight of stairs led into the attic. Somehow these heavy-footed men went softly up there. The door was ajar, and the reporter whispered, "Just see if we're right." The two mates peeped in. It was a bare-floored room with a single table and chair. A grey-haired woman sat with a piece of sewing fallen from her hands. She was looking through the window at the masts beyond. There was sorrow on her face, but not querulous repining. The big mate opened the door silently. The slight noise made her turn round, and

she got up trembling and held by the table.

"Mother!" said the big mate, and the grey-haired woman held out her arms and could not speak. Jimmy and the reporter shut the door and started to interview the sail-makers below with feverish energy. The pressman had just come back with a bucket of beer—for, as Jimmy said, roping storm-cloth is hot work—when Dhooli called down to Jimmy to go up. The pressman went out again for two cabs, and came back in time to see Dhooli coming down and his mother following—she smiling down at him as of old, but now it was he who waited at the landings.

The procession of two cabs was carefully started and as carefully piloted until Blanket Row was cleared, as children had to be weeded out from under the wheels, from under the horses, and all around them. They halted at a swell ladies' shop. Dhooli's mother, all smiles and tears, was duly escorted in by the three men and placed in the hands of the assistants.

"What kind of dress?" said the young lady.

"That kind you would like to see your mother in."

So the men sat astride the chairs—wrong way on—in the middle of the shop, and fluttered all the hearts beneath the tight trim bodices behind the counter with contagious enthusiasm. Jimmy even went so far as proposing drinks, but this was shyly, blushing refused; and no harm done, for these were sailor men.

When Dhooli's mother re-entered, and was turned round by the mistress of ceremonies for their inspection, Jimmy was deep in the theory and practice of fancy knots performed on ribbon. And the rustling silk dress claiming all attention, Jimmy taking scissors, cut, not the ribbon, but a lock of hair.

"Vittoria Hotel next!"

The pressman presided at the dinner. He did nearly all the speaking and sat up all night after, with a wet towel round his head, building up a column and a half of "copy." The sub-editor cut it down to fifteen lines.

"But," said the chief, "I think we can give him a place on the staff."

At the same time he received another appointment—Port Superintendent to Dhooli's mother.



CONCERNING "REVIEW COPIES."

THE BOOK BUYER.

I HAD often wondered what happened to the books that the publishers sent out for review ever since, in a second-hand bookshop, I had purchased a book which bore the stamp "With the publisher's compliments." I knew the publisher had not anticipated the book falling into my hands, although I am on very good terms indeed with all the publishers whom I have the good fortune to know. Pricked with sudden curiosity I determined to call on Mrs. Hindley in Holywell Street, known to all collectors as Booksellers' Row, because I was certain that she would know all that was to be known on the subject. Besides, a publisher had once told me that Mrs. Hindley was one of his best customers. When I told her this she laughed, saying, "You see I always pay promptly." Then with that inquisitiveness which has always been my bane, I asked Mrs. Hindley how many books she sold in a year.

"Well," she said, after considering for a moment or two, "that is scarcely a fair question, but we sell a great many every day."

"And are these all books 'with the publisher's compliments?'" I asked.

"No, you must not infer that," she said. "Our trade is a peculiar one. We do a great deal of business with editors and reviewers, buying from them the books which have been sent to them for review. But we also do a considerable trade directly with the publishers, which is infinitely more agreeable to the publishers, though not ostensibly 'with their compliments.' We have also a large

stock of travels, old and new, biographies and other works."

"Do you get many review copies which have not been cut?"

"We get a few," she smiled. "But I don't think that is fair on the publishers."

"You give a higher price for them, I suppose?"

"Well, that depends on the books," she rejoined. "But the difference is not so very great after all; and, personally, I prefer to see them cut. However, it does not always mean that the book has not been properly reviewed because the pages are uncut. I have known a man get the books he wished to review from Mudie's, and so be able to sell his review copies uncut. I think he's an editor."

"Editors are a bad lot," I remarked with feeling.

"O, no," said Mrs. Hindley; "I like all my editors very much. I don't know one who isn't a gentleman."

"And what about your other customers?" I asked. "Who are the principal buyers of review copies?"

"All sorts and conditions of men," she answered. "But we sell a number to various libraries, and the American agents are very good buyers, too."

"Do you find that when the publisher has stamped his compliments on the book he thereby renders it less saleable?"

"Curiously enough," she said, "the American agents won't buy a book stamped with the publisher's name. For what reason I don't know, unless it be that the instincts of the collector are so

keen on the other side of the Atlantic that any volume with a flaw is rejected. The books they like to buy are standard works, and books which, though published several years ago, like Fitzgerald's *History of the English Stage*, are still selling. Of course, they don't buy books which are published simultaneously in America and this country. But a book which they would otherwise buy is completely spoilt for them by 'the publisher's compliments.'

"And what sort of book has the largest sale?"

"Travels, biographies and novels. A good one-volume novel sells better than almost anything else. There is hardly any demand now for three-volume novels, although the price of them has been so much reduced. Formerly a three-volume

novel was published at 31s. 6d., now it is published at 18s. Now and again someone comes who prefers to buy a three-volume novel to any other; but such customers are getting scarce."

"Poets as dull as ever?" I asked gaily.

"Yes," she sighed, "the poor poets; they get into the dead-list sooner than the others, though I keep them on my shelves as long as I can. Sometimes they sell in 6d. box, but often they won't go at any price."

"Finally, Mrs. Hindley," I asked, "have you a grievance against anyone in the matter of books?"

"No," she laughed; "I have no grievance whatever; and even if I had one, I would not care to air it by rushing into print."

THE REVIEWER.

As I was leaving the shop, a man I knew entered with a large bundle under his arm. I waited for him outside. He appeared in a few minutes with a smiling face and greeted me heartily.

"Been selling your review copies?" I asked him. His brow darkened.

"Now, look here, Paul Pry," he said, threateningly. "You mind your own business."

"That's exactly what I am doing," I replied, sweetly. "What sort of book do you prefer to review?"

"Books that can be described as literature," he replied, haughtily.

"Ah!" said I, innocently. "I meant which books do you get the biggest price for?"

"That depends on the publisher's name and the price the book is published at," he answered, meekly; for he saw I would stand no nonsense.

"Are you the man that doesn't cut your review books, and subscribes to Mudie's?"

"Certainly not," he burst out, angrily. "What next, I wonder!"

"But you get a better price for a book with uncut pages."

"Yes, you do," he admitted; and then he could have bitten his tongue out. "Besides, I often get the same book to review for several journals; and I am not going to cut more than one copy." Then, after a pause, "Look here," he went on; "I sell the books I don't care

for; and the few books that are really worth anything to me I keep."

"That's all right," I repeated.

"You've no idea of the amount of drivel that passes through my hands in the course of a year; and even what you might describe as fairly good stuff you don't want to burden your shelves with. A man's own library ought to be an awfully select affair. Well, Providence invented Mrs. Hindley to be the poor reviewer's friend. He takes the books to her he does not want, and receives what she gives him with a thankful heart."

"That's all right," I said.

"Paul," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder and speaking with a pathetic catch in his voice, "it's not all right, but it might be worse."

"Have you any particular grievance?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "two. First, I have a grievance against one or two editors I know, who have the incredible impudence to demand the return of the books they send me for review. If I ever had returned any I might have more to say on that point; but, as I never returned a book in my life, I think it is enough to mention the fact. My other grievance is against the publishers who stamp their formal compliments on the books they send out for review. I sometimes lie in my bed and try to calculate the sound money I have lost by these cursed compliments."

"Well, I am going to call on a publisher," I said, "and I'll tell him what you say."

"Do," he said, warmly. "Tell him it means at least a shilling on every copy."

THE PUBLISHER.

The publisher was sitting at his desk playing with his nails.

"Not much doing just now," I remarked.

"No," he said, "not much. But my last book has done very well."

"How many review copies do you send out?"

"About fifty."

"Why do you stamp your compliments on them?"

"Personally I don't. Some papers made a row about it a little while ago, so I don't mind humouring them, though I despise them with all my heart."

"Then you have a grievance?"

"Yes," he said; "I have a distinct

grievance. Some editors receive the books you send out and keep them. They don't give them a notice, but sell them to the second-hand booksellers. That is simple robbery. Another complaint I make is that the review copies find their way to the bookstalls with indecent haste. I think editors and reviewers might at least let a month pass before they sell their copies. But sometimes I have seen a book of mine for sale at less than its published price before it has been issued to the public. What do you call that?"

"Disgraceful," I said.

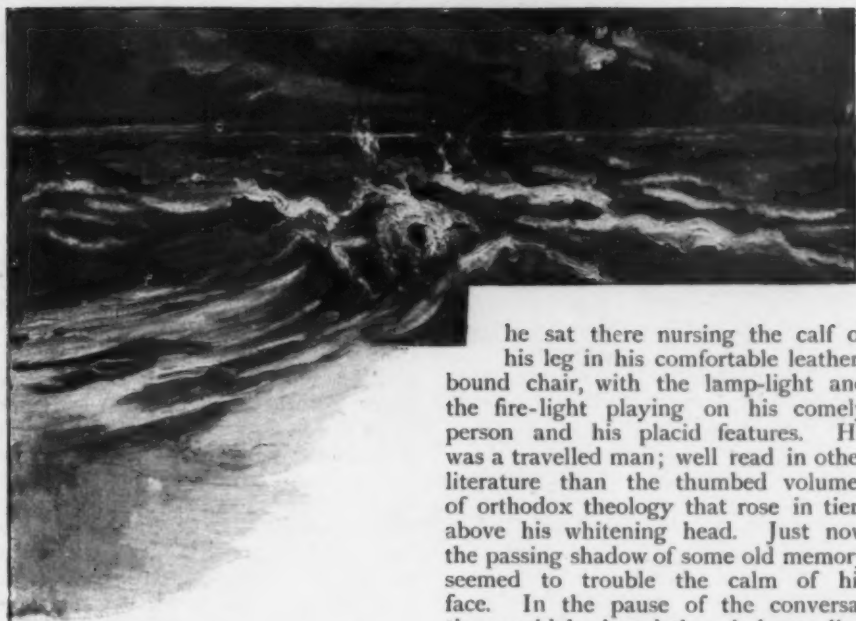
"Your language is mild," he said; "but then you are not a publisher."

SONG.

THE heart my love had broken
I took from her again,
Nor left with her a token
Of hope that turned to pain.

But when I turned to wander
Where I was fain to go,
Upon my love to ponder
That did maltreat me so,

The vows that I had spoken
While yet she played with me,
Remained, a bond unbroken
And still I am not free.



Sorrow on the Sea.

WRITTEN BY JOHN GEDDIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

I STARED across the hearth at my old friend, the Parish Minister, in some surprise. Our talk by the fire in the manse study that New Year's Eve had turned upon the superstitions that flourished so rankly among the fisher and sea-faring folk in the village below. To me it seemed that these survivals of elder faiths and pagan customs, these beliefs in omens, warnings, and spells, and in malign and unlucky influences drawn from the sea or dwelling in the darkness, should be rooted out as weeds that choke the reason and poison the happiness of men. But my friend had shaken his head.

"Wait till you have had the cure of souls for thirty years in a seaside parish," he had said. "There is more in earth and heaven—aye, and in the sea!—than is dreamed of in your philosophy. Weed as you like, you will find these things grow again. They spring from the depths of human experience. The truth is in them."

The Minister was the last man you would have suspected of mysticism, as

he sat there nursing the calf of his leg in his comfortable leather-bound chair, with the lamp-light and the fire-light playing on his comely person and his placid features. He was a travelled man; well read in other literature than the thumbed volumes of orthodox theology that rose in tiers above his whitening head. Just now the passing shadow of some old memory seemed to trouble the calm of his face. In the pause of the conversation, could be heard the wind prowling and wailing in the manse shrubberies, and the creaking of the broken limb of the old ash tree by the churchyard gate. Through all, and below all, came the hoarse, disconsolate undertone of the sea, sobbing on its rocks and searching its caves. Small wonder, I thought, that with such an unquiet neighbour outside, superstition floods the village and rises to the level of the manse fireside. A bachelor life, spent in this out of the way spot, might leave the soundest brain worm-eaten with fancies. The Minister looked up and caught my eye and smiled.

"You wonder," he said, answering my thought, "that I pay any heed to these old freits. But you know that I have a dash of Highland blood in me. Besides, I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and therefore of the stuff warlocks are made of. I should be proof against spells, and a fit messenger between the quick and the dead. Shall I tell you something that happened to me in this room, in this very chair?"

I begged him to proceed.

"I was sitting here," he began, "late on a Friday night, getting ready my Sunday sermon. Somehow I could not settle my thoughts on my work. I had an uneasy feeling that something was about to happen. My nerves were at tension, and I started every time the gnarled knuckles of the old pear-tree tapped peremptorily

on the pane. My discourse made no progress. It was such a night as this, only later in the year, and the sough of the wind and sea was louder. Suddenly—it must have been near midnight—a sharp peal came to the door-bell. Kirsty, the housekeeper, had long gone to bed, and I rose and answered the summons. As I opened the door a gust of moist salt air rushed past me into the house. The night was pitch dark, and on the step without I could just make out, by the light I carried in my hand, the figure of a man wrapped in a long cloak.

"'You are wanted,' he said, in a voice hoarse and indistinct.

"'Who wants me?'

"'A woman.'

"'Who is she? Where is she?'

"'Down by the shore,' he said, answering only my second question. 'It is a soul in great anguish,' he added, as I hesitated.

"I put on my overcoat and followed him into the street. My companion kept a pace or two ahead of me, and in the shadow of the houses he looked little other than a wisp of thicker darkness. My own steps struck fire out of the rough cobble stones, as we descended the steep way to the harbour. The feet of my guide made only a faint soft pattering beside me. I did not wonder at this; for you know that it is the custom among our fisher people to walk barefooted until the cold forces them into shoes. We reached the long row of houses by the harbour which we call the Shore. At the last of the line I halted. My companion was leading me past it, out upon the open and rocky coast under the line of red cliffs, where there is no human habitation for a mile and more.

"'A soul in anguish!' he repeated, urgently and imploringly.

"I remembered that gypsies and tramps still occasionally seek shelter for the night in the caves that had once housed the ancient dwellers in the land, who have left traces of themselves graven on the walls in the form of rude symbols and sculptures. No doubt one of those wanderers was in distress of mind or body: and you know that I am doctor as well as pastor of the place. I followed, and away from the shadow of the narrow streets and heavy forestairs the way became slightly clearer. There was a wan light shining through the driving clouds,

and it was dimly reflected from the patches of sand among the sea-weed, and the hoary fringes of the broken waves that came creeping between the rocks. I found myself close to the water's edge, at a part of the shore that did not seem familiar to me. A portal opened into the cliff, and at the heels of my companion I entered.

"To my astonishment I found myself in a large apartment thronged with people. It was filled with a curious light, greenish and uncertain, and the figures of the occupants also looked wavering and indistinct, like shapes seen through water. Most, or all of them appeared to be those of women, with bent heads, downcast eyes, and clinging garments. There was no mistaking the central figure of the group—her for whom my aid had been so strangely invoked. She was stretched on a couch of what looked like green sea-mosses. Her face would have shown young and fair, had it not been so deathly pale—white as the foam on the rocks outside—as indeed were the faces of all the company. Her hair was dishevelled and her fingers were tightly clutched in it. There was a light froth on her lips; from them came a low measured wail, wherewith her bosom rose and fell. Her attendants, as I judged them, repeated the sound, as they knelt by her, or hung over her; and the voice of the sea without chimed in with the weird chant.

"I tried to speak the conventional words of consolation to a soul in pain. But the first syllables I uttered drew a shriek of agony from the girl on the couch, and the prayer stuck in my throat. The stately figure of a woman came forward. She was clad in some waving and shimmering garment that fell to her feet. Like the others, she was of an exceeding pallor; like them, also, she kept her eyes veiled. She beckoned me to be silent and depart.

"'You have seen enough,' she said. 'To-morrow you will know what is wanted. Come again.'

"I have a confused remembrance of struggling homeward in the darkness, and of flinging myself into my chair. Next morning I would have set all down to a wild dream, but Kirsty brought me my overcoat, still damp and heavy with the spray of the salt water.

"'You'll hae been at your auld tricks—oot and down by the shore at an hour



"I FOUND MYSELF CLOSE TO THE WATER'S EDGE"

when decent folks are in their beds,' she said, in that tone of indulgent chiding which she uses for my good. 'You'll be turning ill again on our hands.'

"I took the way down to the shore. At the doorstep of the last cottage of the village a chubby little fisher lad of four was seated playing with a comb. I looked at it attentively. It was of singular and apparently foreign design and workmanship. The mother told me he had found it yesterday on the beach.

"He tauld us a queer tale aboot ladies chasin' him. It maun hae been the sea-maws. They were unco' thrang yestreen on the Lang Craig and the inshore rocks. Tak' it awa wi' you, sir, if you can get it frae him. It's no mowse.'

"For the consideration of a piece of silver, the little fellow reluctantly parted with the comb, and I carried it home with me. It lay beside me on the table that evening when I tackled again the interrupted task of writing my sermon. My eyes were fascinated by this piece of salvage from the sea, and I found myself tracing on the paper the curious patterns and mysterious emblems engraved on it, instead of following the heads of my text. My ears, too, I confess, were listening for the summons. At last it came—the same peal of the bell; the same dark messenger at the door. This time I made no delay, and asked no questions. I was eager to penetrate the secret of the cave and the dumb sorrow that abode in it. I found everything within as I had left it the previous midnight: the pale green light, the flickering shadows, the prone and weeping figures about the couch, the inarticulate wailing cry that rose and sunk, filling the place with the spirit of desolate yearning. Again the stately lady came forward, and again I felt at her approach a sense of clamminess and cold: her presence was like the chill breath of a sea-haar. Without raising her eyes or opening her lips she stretched forth her hand. In mine was the lost comb. Unconsciously I had caught it up from the table on leaving the house, but, until this moment, my thoughts had not connected it with the grief in the sea cave.

"The instant it left my grasp I was aware of a change. The drear ululation ceased. The prostrate bodies that had lain like a field of reeds bent one way with the breeze, or like masses of tangle streaming with the tide, rose slowly.

Their outstretched limbs and fluttering garments, as they drew nearer me from all sides, had the hungry, insinuating movements of the arms of polypi. Even the sea had suddenly changed its note: its voice grew shrill and ravenous. My wonder and curiosity gave place to fear. I was filled with an over-mastering desire to escape from these enigmatical people. My hostess, as I may call her, pressed me to take a present from her hands. I refused. She begged me to eat or to drink at parting. Still I declined, until, to disarm what seemed like rising anger at my discourtesy, I stretched forth my hand to take from hers a goblet, holding a ruby-coloured liquid.

"For a single instant the downcast eyes were raised and looked into mine; and from under the straight and narrow lids there flashed a gleam of such unearthly hate and malevolence that I dropped the cup and fled.

"I remember stumbling over the rocks and slipping on the wet coils of seaweed in my feverish haste to leave the accursed place behind me. Then I was back in the study and in my chair, with panting breath and beating heart. Again I could have thought it an evil dream. But when I looked down at my feet, my boots were soaked with mud and salt water, and to one of them clung a green flake of sea moss. And when I turned to the table, the comb was gone."

"Well," I said, "you fell asleep, and had a bad dream."

The Minister smiled. "What do you make of the wet overcoat?" he asked.

"You took a stroll down to the sea-side and forgot. Or, perhaps you walked in your sleep."

"And what of the missing comb?"

"You mislaid it—perhaps flung into the sea." My friend looked at me pityingly.

"You are one of those who seeing will not know, and hearing will not believe. I wonder what you will say to the sequel."

"There is a sequel, then?"

"Next morning, as Dauvit was putting on my gown in the vestry, a letter was brought to me. As far as I can remember, it bore simply the words 'For the Lifeboat,' in printed characters. Within was a hundred pound Bank of England note. Such a thing is a ferlie indeed in these parts. But this particular note,



"A GOBLET HOLDING A RUBY-COLOURED LIQUID"

though legible, was marvellously stained and bleached, you would have said with foul weather and salt water. I looked round me for the envelope, but Dauvit had picked it up, and thrust it into the stove. He does not like to see papers fluttering about, either in the vestry or in the pulpit. The letter had been found on the manse doorstep. I never got any clue concerning either sender or messenger."

I laughed outright.

"Then do your mermaids — for I suppose these were mermaids — keep pen and ink and paper down in their watery caves? Are they taught the three R's; and have they bank-books and notes of issue like commonplace mortals?"

The Minister did not relish the joke.

"At that time," he went on gravely, "I was the local treasurer of the fund for planting a life-boat at Partanraw, in the next parish. The scheme had stuck for the want of subscriptions, and just this sum was needed to launch the boat. I was tempted; and I sent in the hundred pounds as the gift of an anonymous donor."

"What on earth else could you have with it?" I asked.

The expression of pain I had noticed once before on my friend's face passed across it.

"I would to heaven I had thrust it into the fire!" he cried, with startling energy. "The evil thing brought sorrow to many a fireside, and to mine among the rest."

Then I remembered what had happened: at the time it had been a nine days' wonder. The new lifeboat went out on her first trip on a wild day of storm to the aid of a vessel that appeared in the offing flying signals of distress. The ship disappeared, phantom-like, in the spin drift, and nothing was ever seen or heard of her. But the boat foundered, and her gallant crew perished to a man.

"The father of little Sandy Farquhar held the tiller," said the Minister, as if speaking to himself. "I found him myself, flung dead at the foot of the Devil's Rock. Who sent that bribe?" he asked, turning almost fiercely on me.

"No doubt it was sent by some good Samaritan who trusted you and did not wish his charitable deed to be known."

"And on the Sabbath morning!" cried my host, with scorn ineffable. "A likely story!"

This was unanswerable





ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.

IT was as hot as it always is—even on the most unprovoked occasions—in the Galleries of the Luxembourg, and one was glad to get out again into the glorious Gardens, and to idle carelessly on the chairs and watch little Paris at play. It is the great playground for the children, and it is the place that one seeks out when tired of the city and its electric light frivolity. It is the prettiest play spot in the world, and the amusements of the little ones of France are of the prettiest. Games of every description were in progress, and here was the laughter of children and the sound of disputes, that to the little ones meant worlds, over every boat that was sent sailing across the lake, and every top thrown down, which might, could or should have won the contest, but which did not.

She alone seemed grieved, and she was small to have all the sadness her little face depicted. She pushed along a little perambulator containing an india-rubber dolly, and she stopped in front of me, and then putting her finger in her mouth, as though she was punishing herself for her unseemly conduct, she dragged the doll out by one leg and laid it down by my side.

"He's very ill," she commenced, in lisping French. "He never cries. Once

he cried always when I squeezed him. But he is no good now." It seemed to puzzle the little mite so much indeed that she took off every stitch of clothing he possessed, and laid him on my knees and silently hinted that a diagnosis was possible. I attended to its small wants, and when it screamed and squeaked each time she banged it she seemed convinced that his health was restored, and toddled off without saying a word, but from time to time nodded back. She had only done what any child in any country would have done—found means of putting an adult to some practical use. To children we must seem lonely and hopeless with never a hoop by our side nor a top in our pockets. But a minute later she came running back, for she had heard the cry of "A la noce! a la noce!"

The song grew fainter as the procession, which increased in length every minute, wound slowly away down the avenues of the Gardens. It was a pretty little ceremony while it lasted and strangely human. He was a small atom of a Frenchman in a brown holland suit, with a large flowing tie, and she was a pretty little girl in white with her hair bound up with a blue ribbon. For a long time he had been casting amorous glances at her when they were at play, and she had not been quite indifferent.

This had been noted and referred to in many quiet whispers by their play-fellows, and it had been agreed that there could only be one happy ending, and that a marriage. The decision had been laid before them, and they had walked away together, and in very small voices had discussed the question together. She had concluded that the prospects of unlimited toys and sweets that he promised were attractive, and she had accepted him. So they came back, and their expectant companions had the

fully united for life, and then amid laughter and cheering the wedding procession was formed, the chant of "A la noce" bringing up every child in the Gardens who heard it. Nothing is more interesting in the great playground of Paris than these mock weddings, and the thing about it all that is so curious is that they remain together as man and wife so long as hoops and toys are their pleasures in life, and the slightest levity of conduct on the part of either would lead to a scandal throughout the whole



"A LA NOCE!"

desired opportunity of taking part in the little mock wedding. For the bride and bridegroom it seemed a very serious affair, and probably nothing was further from their thoughts than that a day would arrive when she would be somebody else's wife, and he far from her. There was no difficulty in finding the "priest," who walked up solemnly to the seat that had been converted into an altar, with sundry flowers and branches, and had signalled to the mites to approach. Solemn enough it all was then. They knelt down before him as he explained to them that they were law-

garden, and the desirability of his or her continuing as a recognised and accredited playmate would have to be brought up for discussion.

But this is merely one of a score of games played each afternoon in the gardens and parks of Paris. Many, though differing in detail, bear a strong family likeness to those of Britain. Still, the future French nation is more nurse-ridden and less boisterous. To their credit be it also said that they respect more keenly the life and limb of their seniors. They would never, for instance, dream of playing such a mur-



IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

derous game as "tip-cat" in the public street, nor calling out an adjoining *arrondissement* to meet them at cricket in a crowded thoroughfare. With their hoops also they are gentle, and practically stroke them into motion, while young John Bull beats them into a lightning pace, as though he were dealing with a mortal enemy past resistance. There is also another striking difference with marbles. The British boy fires it determinedly with his thumb nail, but his Paris brother squeezes it between his thumb and forefinger. This distinction will probably do much to lower the French youngsters' methods in the eyes of Britain under the [age of twelve; but every British mother's heart will go out in yearning when another difference is mentioned. There is a game in Britain, popular in all classes of child-life, which is decidedly and distinctly of a gambling nature. It is pitch-and-toss, with buttons as the stakes. Now, a British boy always carries a pocket-knife, and when he loses the buttons that did little or no harm when jingling in his pockets he must get others. How he gets them and where they come from is no secret: it is a housewife's sorrow. The French school-teacher knew well of this game, and he grieved for the mothers and hit upon a neat idea. He showed the children how much more amusing and exciting it would be if it were played with pens. This is how it is done. The pens are thrown into the air. Those that fall on their backs have to be lifted one by one by the pressure of the finger and dropped again, with the idea of turning them over in the process. If they fall on the front then the process is reversed. Those successfully dealt with become the property of the small gamester. The game is one of the greatest delights of little Paris, and it is no uncommon sight to see a crowd watching eagerly, and grown-up folk finding their fingers itching to improve on the performances of the players.

In hop-scotch, too, a good deal more count is taken of the real resistance of leather than in Britain, and instead of kicking the toes out of their boots the stone is carried between the feet from "Ciel" to "Enfer," as the respective goals are called. The French children have a decidedly prettier counterpart to the British dancing round in the ring, which seems to be specially designed for

producing giddiness and tumbles. They form a long line with hands interlocked, and then turn round and round in a perfectly military manner, attaining by degrees a tremendous pace.

Of all the more ambitious games none is more keenly disputed than the battle-dore and shuttlecock, played, however, with a ball and a kind of tambourine. It takes the place practically of every one of the athletic games that so thrive in our own schools. The skill obtained by mere toddlers is striking, and the ball is frequently kept moving for several minutes without one false stroke. It is decidedly exciting, and, from a child's point of view in imagining that he is put on this earth to be always moving, it leaves nothing to be desired. While it is in progress there is one long blend of laughter, cheering, scrambling, and cheeks are all aglow and small bodies tremble with pleasure. The game is too good to be forgotten, and when frocks have grown longer and knickerbockers are laid aside it is played with the old excitement on fashionable *plages* and on many lawns. A more violent version of this is the arm-football (to use a self-apparent contradiction), which has its head-quarters in the gardens of the Tuileries. The players stand fully twenty yards apart, and then the football is knocked into the air by a blow from the arm. The other players strike it again after the first dap and returns it, skying it to an extraordinary height. For those whose muscles are not in very fine condition it is best looked on and not joined in.

Who has not heard of Guignol—the French Punch and Judy? No piece that was ever mounted on the stage of any theatre has so sympathetic an audience, and it is the joy of the child's life—rich or poor—to follow with bated breath the comedy-tragedy in the Champs Elysées. But no matter what their station in life may be, one thing is certain, that nine-tenths of the audience will arrive with a brilliantly-coloured balloon flying. Wherever French children are assembled there will the whole landscape be dotted with balloons, and for Guignol the choicest are brought down by the Boulevard St. Germaine. Young folk and their less fortunate brothers and sisters who have personally conducted themselves to the Champs Elysées from some far-off bye-street would feel grieved if



they had not at least one for each party. And, speaking of Guignol, here is a strange and true little story that is very sad. At a great asylum for the blind in Paris the other day a fête was organised, and the inmates were asked how they would like to pass the day. There was a cry for the opera for the music, and the Comedie Française for the declamation, but it was noted that the majority were silent. "And what do you wish?" was asked, and the reply came, "Guignol, Guignol." All of them had lost their eyesight after they had once seen and learned to love Guignol, and years of darkness had not obliterated

GUIGNOL IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES

that reminiscence. They had their desire granted.

No article, however brief, on child-life in the *ville lumière*, would be complete without some description of a fight. It is only slightly more comical than a duel. There is a squabble, a slight skirmish, and then, with befitting ceremony, the

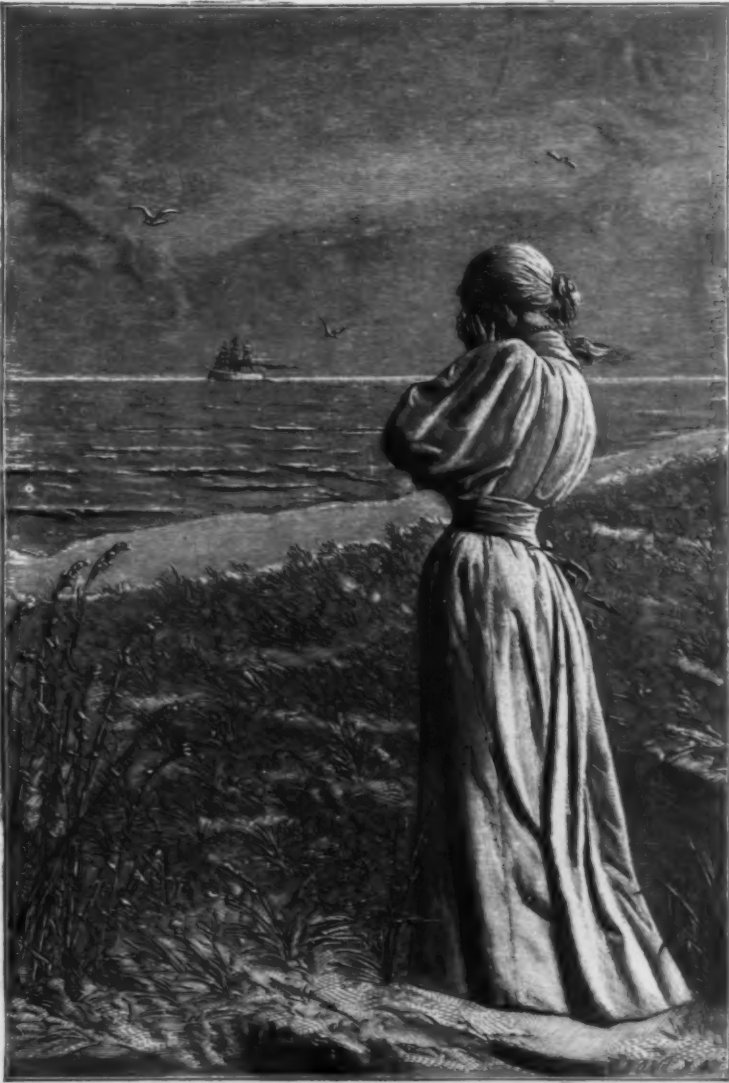
Then when they are several yards apart, one puts out his leg as though to trip his adversary up. The other retaliates by picking up a stone and looking dangerous — not that he has any intention of using it. Still, if he fell, it might strike his rival's toe, so honour is declared satisfied.



IN THE TUILERIES

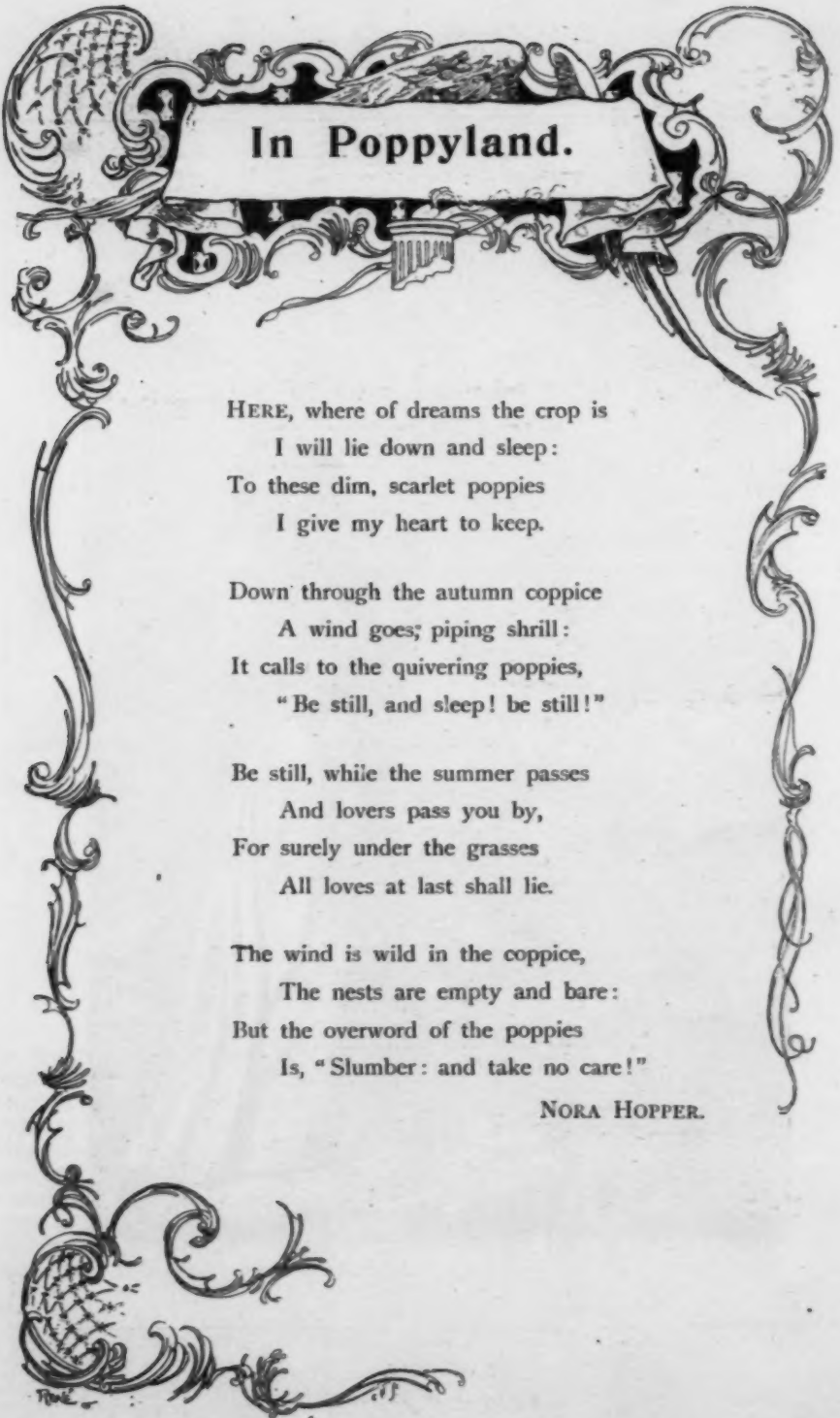
combatants divest themselves of their jackets. An admiring crowd assembles. Do you imagine that a blow will be struck? Never in the history of the Luxembourg Gardens has a black eye been seen. They manœuvre round and round, and from time to time open their arms as though to wrestle, but this is abandoned as ridiculous, as it would necessitate their touching one another.

The French are delightful little playmates, full of life and good nature, kind to the less fortunate, and so careful not to do or say anything that may hurt the feelings of one with an infirmity, and though in their play there is not quite enough of getting into your shirt sleeves to please an English boy critic, the childhood days of young Paris are very happy.



FAREWELL

ENGRAVED BY E. BONG



In Poppyland.

HERE, where of dreams the crop is
I will lie down and sleep:
To these dim, scarlet poppies
I give my heart to keep.

Down through the autumn coppice
A wind goes, piping shrill:
It calls to the quivering poppies,
"Be still, and sleep! be still!"

Be still, while the summer passes
And lovers pass you by,
For surely under the grasses
All loves at last shall lie.

The wind is wild in the coppice,
The nests are empty and bare:
But the overword of the poppies
Is, "Slumber: and take no care!"

NORA HOPPER.



OUR HERB MOON.

OFT repeated by Mr. Babbington-Bright was the theory that we eat too much; and he generally aired it after an especially good dinner, or when he felt complacently sleepy after lunch. Now, though I never try to confute any of my lord's opinions, I did not believe my catering to be at all more extravagant than climate necessitated and health demanded. Our living is of the simplest. Breakfast, with bacon and eggs or fish as staple dishes, is served at nine, or as soon thereafter as we get downstairs. Babs comes from school for lunch at one, and the servants dine then, so there is commonly soup and joint, or beef and pudding. Four-thirty brings afternoon tea. We have dinner at half-past seven, when sundry little dishes, ingeniously contrived by cook, appear on the table. I appeal to any housekeeper: Can any family live more plainly? Still Mr. Babbington-Bright would enforce his arguments in favour of simple living, and follow them by expressing a desire to try Vegetarianism for a spell.

"You see," he would say, lolling back in his chair contentedly, and puffing graceful smoke-rings; "we eat and drink too much, and indulge in foolish luxuries. We consume the wrong sorts of food, we imbibe the wrong kinds of drink. If we lived wholesomely on vegetable foods, and drank natural fluids, like milk or water, we would be much more healthy than we are."

I may mention in parentheses that, save for a sprained ankle three years ago, Mr. Babbington-Bright has never had an ailment.

"I suppose smoking comes under the

category of foolish luxuries?" I ventured.

"Tobacco, my dear girl, belongs to the vegetable kingdom, and is a necessity," he replied, with conscious superiority.

Hitherto I had been able to postpone the evil day on the plea that it was too early in the season for new fruits, and that autumn was the proper time for the experiment. One evening in the second week of September, however, he announced decisively that the hour had come, and that our Herb Moon would begin next day. Certainly I had to confess that there could not have been a more suitable date for the attempt; for most of our friends were out of town—so that there would be few claims on our hospitality—and fruits of the earth were abundant. Our resolve to devote ourselves to Vegetarianism for a month at least, having been formed, I interviewed cook on the subject. When I assured her the kitchen menu would remain unaltered, her face lost its dubious expression, and she threw herself into our scheme right heartily, promising to procure recipes, and to concoct dishes as tempting as the ingredients permitted.

The morning fixed for entrance on the Natural Life was wet and chilly; and the appearance of our Reformed Breakfast-table was not inspiring. At the end usually sacred to the shrine of the teapot stood a large milk jug; and the maid, while she had felt impelled to follow her traditions by setting cups and saucers, had tried to meet our newly-formulated desires by adding tumblers. In the place customarily occupied by the hot dish was a huge green melon,

flanked by dishes of walnuts and filberts. The rain battered against the window as Mr. Babbington-Bright, making a strong effort to look happy, carved the melon. I declined a slice, and slowly munched a piece of bread-and-butter, avoiding the cold milk. Babs, indeed, was the only member of the family who seemed to do justice to the viands. After watching him cheerfully stuffing himself alternately with slices of melon and nuts, I had perforce to remonstrate.

"Don't you think, Herbert, that boy will make himself ill by eating all this stuff?"

"Certainly not, dear. Nuts are the most natural food of all, and are recommended by many authorities as the most nourishing. Save that it is apt to become monotonous, it would be esteemed the perfect food," replied my husband, in didactic tone, as he manfully attacked a slab of melon. "But you don't seem to be eating anything, Muriel. Don't you feel well?"

"Herbert," I replied, apologetically, "I hope you won't think me shirking our experiment, but I really must have a cup of tea. I don't think I could begin the day without it."

The warm tea seemed to give everything a more cheerful aspect. Yet we did not linger over the meal as was our lazy wont. Just as we left the table a bright idea struck Herbert.

"Porridge! that's the correct thing for a Vegetarian Breakfast, of course. Stupid of us to forget it. Order porridge for to-morrow, will you, dear?"

Proceeding downstairs to confer with cook regarding the commissariat, I was surprised to see her dolorous look. On the table lay the Cookery Book, a ponderous tome lavishly interleaved with brilliantly coloured representations of highly indigestible dishes, from whose florid presentiments Babs is wont to compile an elaborate menu for his Birthday Dinner. It is cook's authority on every point appertaining to her realm. In truth she regards the Cookery Book with that respect usually reserved for Holy Writ, and reverences Mrs. Beeton as a High Priestess.

"Well, cook," I said, "have you thought of any nice dishes?"

Pointing to the open volume cook shook her head gravely. "Mrs. Beeton, ma'am, she don't think much of Vegetarians."

"Why, cook, how do you make that out?"

"Well, ma'am, in the book she gives heaps of bills of fare for every day in the week twice over in ordinary cookery, and there's only two Vegetarian Dinners for September in the whole book!"

"I fancy Mrs. Beeton found that after people had tried two they didn't want more. Well, suppose we begin with the two she does give. What are they? O! vegetable soup, potato pie, croquettes of hominy, stuffed tomatoes, stewed fruit, ground-rice pudding. That doesn't sound nice, but we must do as the Master wishes, of course."

"Of course, ma'am," cook acquiesced.

"We'll have the soup and potato pie, and some stewed apples and rice. That will do for luncheon. Then for dinner——"

"Tomato soup," murmured cook.

I took the hint.

"Yes; tomato soup and baked beans—haricot beans are nourishing, I know—and pancakes to dinner. That should do."

"Very good, ma'am," responded cook, resignedly. "I'll do my best to make 'em tasty."

It was with painful expectancy we met at lunch. Babs looked pale, and confessed to a slight pain, the result, no doubt, of his ultra-hygienic breakfast.

The soup was excellent, and the potato pie displayed a tempting exterior. It had a nicely decorated crust, but the filling was composed of a conglomerate mass of onions, celery, potatoes, sago and milk.

"Well, what else is there?" asked Mr. Babbington-Bright, when we had weighed the pie in the balance and found it wanting. "Stewed apples and ground-rice. Poor stuff, isn't it, dear? Couldn't we have had an apple dumpling or a roly-poly, or something substantial?"

"No, Herbert. These puddings need suet, and to us, as Vegetarians, suet is taboo."

"Bother!" was Herbert's only remark.

I don't think ever afternoon tea was more welcome than ours when it duly arrived that day. The thin bread-and-butter and sponge-cakes vanished in a twinkling, and more was demanded.

Dinner time also found us starving.

"The soup seems thin, Muriel. It is usually so good."

"That must be from the absence of

the stock. Cook was obliged to make it with butter and water to-day."

"And what in the name of goodness is 'stock'?"

"It's a kind of jelly obtained by stewing bones and scraps as a foundation for gravies and soups, but in our new regime we can't use bones, so of course —"

Mr. Babbington Bright merely grunted, as he began to consume the baked beans. But even the beans lacked their savour.

"Ask cook why the beans are not so crisp and nice to-night," I said to the maid who waited, and in a moment she brought back the unsatisfactory reply: "Cook says m'm, she's very sorry, please, but she used to put a slice of fat bacon over the beans when they were a-browning in the oven, and to-day she couldn't put nothing but parsley."

Dinner is a cheerful meal with us in ordinary circumstances. We enjoy it leisurely, with a pleasing consciousness that the day's work is over, and thereafter repair to the studio for a game of halma or of bezique. On this occasion neither of us was in a mood for amusement. Herbert sat gazing perplexedly at his big picture, whereof he confessed he had made a mess during the day; and I addled my brains over a woolly-headed problem novel, that began by finding a lot of folk wretched, and ended by leaving them distracted. We retired comparatively early. About two I awoke to find someone moving about the room. It was Mr. Babbington-Bright: like a penitential pilgrim, in a dressing-gown, with a lighted taper in his hand.

"What is wrong?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing," he replied, in a shame-faced sort of manner; "but I can't sleep. I believe I'm hungry."

"Hungry!" I exclaimed, instantly sitting up in bed. "So am I—ravenously. There's plenty of biscuits on the dining-room sideboard. Bring me some, too—a lot; but don't let the servants hear you."

In two or three minutes he returned bearing the biscuit-box and two tumblers of whisky and soda.

"Is this not forbidden in the bond?" I asked, as he handed me one.

Herbert's eyes twinkled over the rim of his glass as he replied:

"Muriel, what is happening now is a dream. You will have no recollection of this incident to-morrow, because it never occurred."

And like a good wife I took the hint. Rain had fallen in torrents all night, and the raw, unpleasant atmosphere of the morning inclined our hearts to regard the coming porridge with pleasant anticipation. But to our disappointment a stodgy mass of coarse, unsalted oatmeal, half-cooked, was served in a vegetable dish. The porridge was a failure. The grocer had mistaken the kind of grain ordered, and cook, having no previous experience of the fare, imagined it to be some kind of pudding, and was afraid to salt it. We breakfasted off what we could. Babs, nothing daunted by his sufferings of the previous day, tackled pears and bananas. But Mr. Babbington-Bright, I noticed, confined his attentions to rolls and milk, and merely trifled with a green fig. The forenoon passed dismally. Herbert hummed not nor whistled over his work, as was his practice. There was no gay prospect of a cosy repast to lighten the hours. As we walked into lunch our nostrils were assailed by a savoury odour that seemed to fill the air. Herbert smiled.

"Something eatable to-day. What is there for lunch, Mary?"

"Potato soup, sir, macaroni and cheese, and baked custard, sir."

"But what does that smell come from?"

"O, I think that is from the kitchen dinner, sir. We are to have a roast loin of pork." Then, hesitatingly, "Would you like me to bring up some of the apple sauce, sir?"

"O, bother the apple sauce," cried Herbert, recklessly burning his boats, "bring up the loin of pork!"

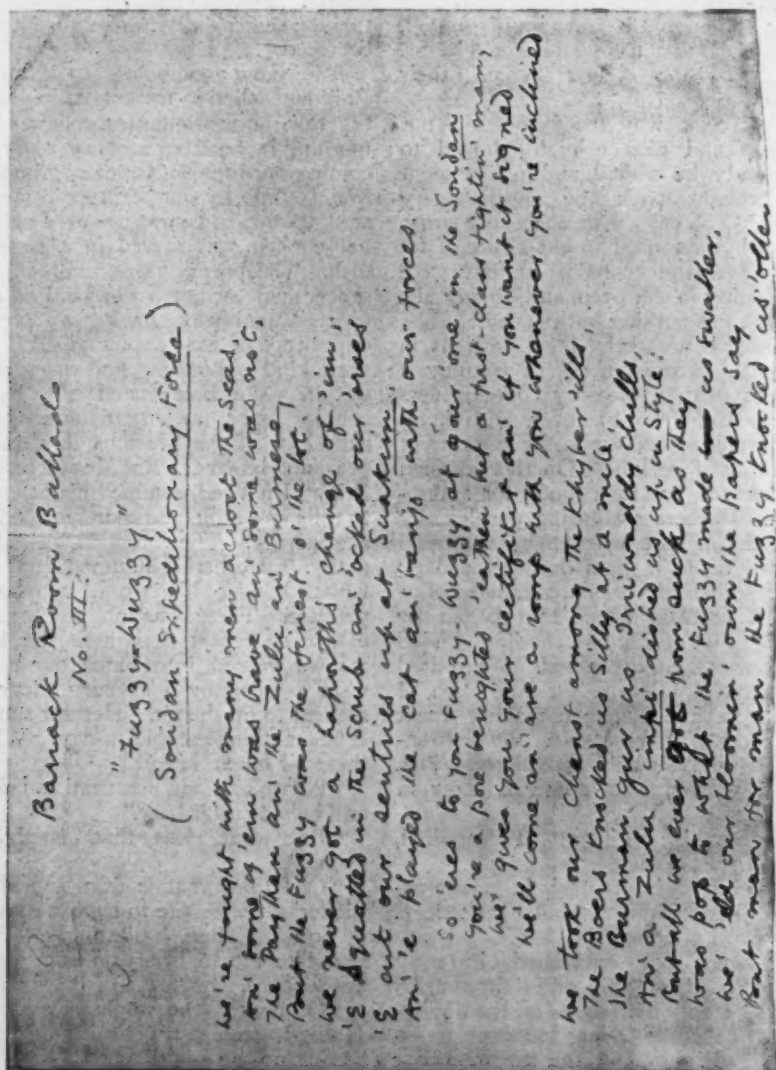
MURIEL BABBITON-BRIGHT.



"FUZZY-WUZZY."

THANKS to the combined kindness of the author and the publishers, we are enabled to present you with, not only the words of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's immortal "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," but print that famous number of

it will be remembered that from those Britons now hand to hand with him comes news that Fuzzy-Wuzzy has deteriorated; his magnificent pugnacity is a thing of the past, and he is said to lack something of his old "ginger" when



Barrack-Room Ballads in facsimile as it left the poet's hand. With interest alive and awake in the present Soudan Expedition and fresh news of the victory just recorded, you must study the stirring tribute to the shock-headed disciples of the Mahdi with peculiar interest, though

face to face with our present forces. Once let the fanatic lose grip in his gods; once let a shadow of doubt cross his strenuous mind as to the miraculous credentials of his Prophet, and the fire dies out of him. No miracle has swept their foes before them; no amount of direct prophetic or heavenly

protection keeps out a Martini bullet. So it may well be that poor Fuzzy-Wuzzy grows faint-hearted before his perishing cause and fading ideals. Mr. Kipling's

nature and characteristics of the savage forces then arrayed against us. It is satisfactory to hear that Messrs. Methuen and Company will soon publish the

Then sees to you Fuzzy Wuzzy an' the medals an' the kid!
 Our orders was to break you an' o' course we went an' did,
 But for all the odds again you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, you bruck the square.
 'E ain't got the papers of 'is name,
 'E ain't got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the stuff 'e's shown
 In work of 'is long two-handed sword;
 With 'is copper-headed shield an' sword spear,
 An' every day with Fuzzy on the march
 Will last
 So 'e's to you Fuzzy Wuzzy an' your friends with us no more,
 I have adint lost some mealmates we would 'elp you to telephone
 But give an' takes the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair
 For if you have lost more men us, you crumpled up the square!
 'E mokes at the smother when we let drive
 An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead,
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when a lie,
 An' 'e's generally shammmin' when 'e's dead,
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a daisy, 'e's a 'eant!
 'E's an injia-mutler 'e's on the spree
 'E's the only thing that doest cast a damn
 For a Regiment of Bullets to entreat.
 So 'e's to you Fuzzy Wuzzy at your home in the Soudan' map,
 You're a pore benighted 'allah but a first class fighter in 'air -
 An' 'e's to you Fuzzy Wuzzy with your 'ay-rick 'ead of 'air -
 Ye big black boundin' bigger for ye bruck a Bullets a square.

spirited tribute has very particular interest, for not only is it one of the finest pieces of work he ever put pen to, but it commemorates a true incident in Soudanese warfare, and sums up the

Second Series of Barrack-Room Ballads: Mr. Kipling's new verses will see the light during the present month. Let us pray that we shall find another "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" among them.

The Fashions of the Month.

IT is early, perhaps, to speak of furs, but ere the end of the month it will be well to see about them, as meteorologists predict a severe winter. The abundance and brilliance of berries this autumn is also considered a sign of coming storms. Sable is still the favourite fur, and is not like to be soon ousted from popular favour, since it is so eminently becoming. Capes of sable are being made deeper on the shoulder than we have had them for a winter or two. One lovely specimen is thickly bordered with tails, and has a huge high collar, and a couple of paws in front. Astrakhan, Persian-lamb, Baby-lamb, and Broad-tail, are likewise to be popular. One original cape in Astrakhan is cut rather full and hangs slightly below the waist. All round the edge little tabs of white kid are let into the Astrakhan, and these are prettily braided in black and gold. The large stand-up and turn-over collar is similarly trimmed, and the cape is lined with heliotrope brocade. Tabs of suède embroidered in black and red cord would also look well, and a lining of one of the red tartan silks might fittingly accompany it. Chinchilla, though carefully kept in the foreground by furriers, seems not to be largely worn. It is pretty on some, but too chilly in tone for the majority of complexions. The fact that it spoils with rain will not commend it to the economical. Blue fox is charmingly becoming to women of good complexions. A *pélérine* shape of fur cape will also be worn. For evening wear, for going in and out to theatres, nothing is so useful as a long cloak with large bishop sleeves that will cover everything, hanging in box-pleats from a yoke back and front. One in dark red velvet with skunk fur at the neck and sleeves is engaging. A ruffle of shot silk ribbon in red and gold inside the high fur-collar, and running down the front of the coat to the waist, is an excellent addition.

Ruffles of velvet, silk, or satin on coats and jackets form one of the innovations this winter. Plain double-breasted coats in cloth, with large revers and a single row of buttons, are also good, especially for those who travel from the suburbs to theatres and concerts, or have to drive along country roads to dinners and dances.

Mink-tail is extensively employed in trimming autumn gowns. One pretty dress in heliotrope cloth has an edging of mink-tail all round the hem. Above this there is some pretty braiding in heliotrope and cream put on in rectangularly crossing lines, broader near the hem and narrowing as it ascends, the skirt reminding one of the scaffolding of a church spire. The bodice is diversified. The vest, or rather chemisette, of pleated white satin, emerges out of one of dark heliotrope velvet. The velvet is cut away in rectangles from the satin, and in this way harmonises with the rectangular braiding on the skirt. Three square tabs of white satin hang over either sleeve. This is one of Redfern's prettiest autumn gowns. One of our illustrations shows an afternoon gown in black and white silk. The bodice has a white satin yoke covered with jet, and the sleeves and bodice are of chiffon. A neat, plain dress for morning wear is of a mixed dark tweed, with a vest of pale green cloth. The short coat-bodice has rounded points in front, and the vest is broader at the neck and comes to a point at the waist, so that the coat has a graceful curve from shoulder to waist, rounding out again below. The green vest is embroidered in two shades of green braid, and on the coat fronts outside the vest two narrow bits of cloth are let into the tweed, and curve in to the waist. Similar tiny bits of the cloth are let into the basque of the coat on either side behind and on either side in front. The basques of this coat are quite flat. Another of our illustrations

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyer Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



AFTERNOON GOWN

shows an evening gown. The skirt is of black moiré, and the bodice and sleeves of black lace. The bodice is trimmed with black satin. A dainty evening bodice is made of one of Liberty's printed velvets in a rich, deep shade of gold. It has a pretty fichu of coffee-coloured crape edged with lace. This drapes just as prettily as chiffon, and

is infinitely more durable. Liberty's velvet blouses are delicious, and he wisely makes them plain so that they can be varied by different lace collars and fichus. His printed silks—in quaint devices and collars—and his English silk and satin brocades are all charming and inexpensive for blouses.

Despite many prophecies that flat hats



EVENING GOWN

were coming in, and high hats going out, the latter seem in the meantime more firmly established in favour than ever. One admirable hat, in black felt with a square crown, has the brim turned up high at one side, and above this six fine black plumes curve and nod in bewitching fashion. Against the turned-up brim are large bows of black satin, and

there are more bows below the brim resting on the hair on the head. This hat has something of the effect of the incomparable one worn by Mrs. Siddons in her portrait in the National Gallery. White felts are charming for country wear just now ere the gloomy weather sets in, and are not so unprofitable as they look. They can be readily cleaned

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FLANNEL DRESSING GOWN

at home with a little French chalk. Rub a bit of the chalk into the felt. Take a fine white woollen rag, and then rub it in still better. When the hat has been well whitened, go over it with a soft brush to take away the chalk that has been left on the surface. A pretty white felt is trimmed with creamy French lace lined with white satin, and put on in

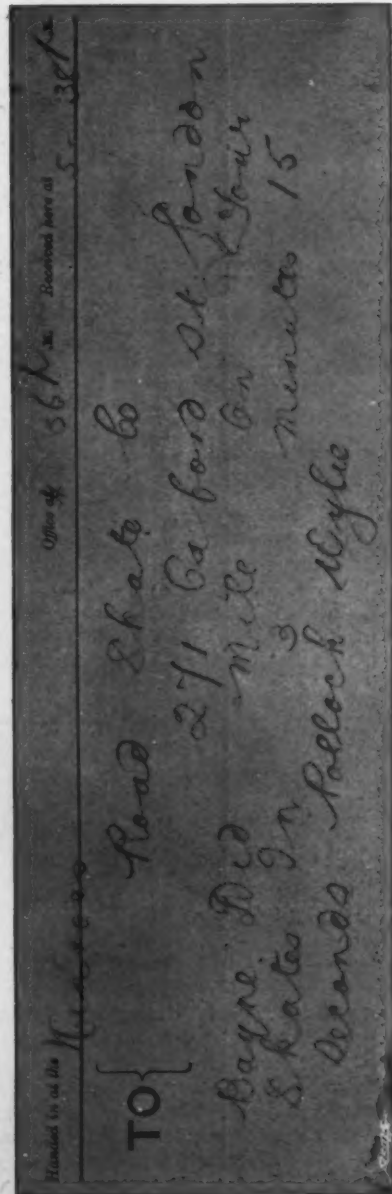
large bows. A narrow band of vivid green velvet is drawn sharply round the base of the brim, and there are knots of Neapolitan violets above and below the brim.

Bonnets are made with ample crowns and full trimmings in front, and are, indeed, larger than they have been for some time. One in green mirror velvet

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in two shades has its flat, loose crown trimmed with sequins. Round the face are three ruffles of velvet, two of light green and one of dark green in the middle. Three black plumes at one side supply the necessary sable touch without which nothing seems complete

crown, and a brim narrow at the right side, and turned up high at the left side. High plumes rise at the left, and another set appears from under the brim and falls over the hair behind. It resembles somewhat the riding hat worn by Di Vernon in ancient prints, and has



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA"

nowadays. A pretty little toque with a sequined crown has a vivid green bird of Paradise seated on the brim, while its tail waggles all over the crown. An extensive trimming of green ribbons and velvet completes a hat which is admirable as a caricature of present fashions. Another unique hat unites a huge

been fittingly named "The Amazon Hat." Plenty of pretty hats less startling are to be had, and the principal features are high crowns and lots of feathers. Flowers seem to be less used than for some time past. Loose crowns of cloth or velvet not too full, and not very high, and tilted at one side with a

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feather, are much worn on knock-about hats. A red cloth crown and a black velvet brim, with a high grey and white wing at one side, make a very useful hat. The new toques have narrow high crowns, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of velvet. Chenille hats are a novelty, but are not very pretty, and distinctly unprofitable. Red is largely used in millinery, and the flame and poppy tints are both fashionable and effective.

Road skating is like to have a vogue: and that at no distant date. Among ladies, indeed, this form of skating cannot fail to become one of the most fashionable of pastimes, since it is a pleasurable, graceful, and withal fascinating exercise. The Ritter Road Skate — of English manufacture — is well-nigh ideal in the matter of construction. It is arranged with fixings similar to those of the celebrated "Acme Ice Skates," and has the additional advantage of a leg-guard, which affords great support to the foot and ankle, so that even the most timid novice need have no fear. Adjustable ball bearings and an automatic brake are likewise brought into requisition in the construction of the "Ritter." Specimens can always be seen at the show-rooms of the Road Skate Company, 271, Oxford Street, W.

During the fine weather you shun the house as though every moment therein robbed you of some treasure. But in the autumn succeeds a mood calm and rational, wherein you deem it not wholly unworthy to occupy your leisure hours in pleasant indoor amusements. For the inclement weather has prevented all save the sturdiest from enjoying the pleasures of the open. Thus the piano must, for a while, replace the cycle as the servant of your pleasure. "Music hath charms," and with such excellent provision as has been made by Messrs. Chappell and Co., one were indeed hard to please who would not gladly lend ear. This firm, which has ever been noted for the untiring energy wherewith it has striven after improvement, may justly lay claim to the highest skill in manufacture. Thus the pianos now on view at 50, New Bond Street, W., are at once remarkable for elegance of design as for excellence of tone. Experience has proved that durability is also combined with the other qualities. You should not fail of paying a visit of inspection ere the Christmas rush comes — especially to see and hear "The New Piano," which produces a vastly increased volume of sound compared to the ordinary instrument.





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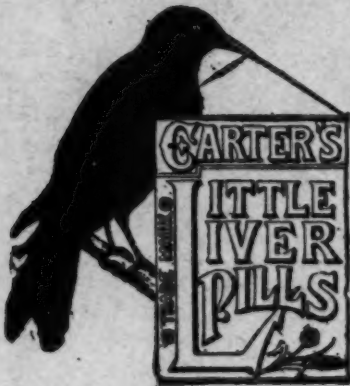
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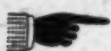
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VICTORIA DATE VINEGAR is not a cordial as the name might possibly suggest, but a Fragrant and PURE TABLE VINEGAR, delicate and soft in flavour, yet sufficiently strong for all Household purposes.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. A Tasting Sample will be sent POST FREE on receipt of application to
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A Little List of
Little Ills
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Carter's Little Liver Pills



Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and too Hearty Eating. A Perfect Remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pains in the Side and Back. They Regulate the Bowels.

SMALL PILL.

SMALL DOSE.

SMALL PRICE.

All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

But be **SURE** they **ARE**
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Exact Size and Exact Appearance of Package.



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For the Teeth

is a fragrant liquid. It cleanses the teeth and the spaces between the teeth as nothing else will do, and it keeps the lips and gums firm, rosy, and sweet.

The
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Ladies who desire the immense improvement in personal beauty which brilliant teeth and rosy lips impart cannot dispense with **SOZODONT**.

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IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS, EVERYWHERE
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Legal Guarantee.

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.

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THE CHRISTIAN GLOBE SAYS:

"A man employed at the Central Fish Market, London, was for three years helpless with Rheumatism, and after having been sent to three different hospitals, was declared incurable. After four days' use of St. Jacobs Oil he could move his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."

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ST. JACOBS OIL, in Yellow Wrappers, as supplied by us to the Imperial Stables of Russia, and to the trade generally for use on Horses, Cattle, and Dogs, is the same as that for Human use, except that it is stronger, more penetrating, and is not so perfectly clear in colour as that in White Wrappers for human use.



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RHEUMATISM.

SPRAINS.

STRAINS. BRUISES.

SORENESS.

STIFFNESS.

SORE THROAT.

CHEST COLDS.

NEURALGIA.

LUMBAGO.

BACKACHE.

HEADACHE.

FEETACHE.

And all Bodily Aches and Pains.

In cases of Gout Vogeler's Curative Compound should be taken internally in conjunction with St. Jacobs Oil used outwardly.

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